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IVY ORATION

REPUTATION IN OUR COLLEGE LIFE

There are few of us with personalities so extended that we are able to live in two worlds at once; so when we come to college, we let the college world of ambitions and ideals take the place for a while of the world of our previous environment, and at first it is its ambitions rather than its ideals that appeal to us. The ambitions of the college world center around achievement of some kind; its ideals concentrate in character. The ambitions play upon the ideals and give the ideal character a robustness born of action; the ideals modify the ambitions by showing us that achievement is glorious only as it represents character, and that, in Ruskin's words, "nothing is ever done beautifully that is done in rivalry, nor nobly that is done in pride". Yet the circumstances of our college life tend to lay stress on reputation. The college world is highly individualistic in spirit. Self-culture is its conscious purpose, requiring from each student a certain amount of concentration on herself,—a concentration which accentuates her own talents and develops her personality under the modifying influences of contact

with people and with thoughts. And one outcome of this emphasis on individuality, in our college life as well as in other kinds of life, is the development of reputation.

Most of us come to college with a *tabula rasa* on which to make our own mark; some few have antecedents with a reputation to bear the weight of; and other few come with a fame already heralded in the college by zealous friends. But the college, or more especially the class, reserves to itself the right of making up its own mind about us. This it does gradually by the aid of our looks,—if perchance we figure on the platform of our first class meeting,—by the aid of our recitations, our athletic acquirements, our dramatic talent, and our general deportment. It picks out in the first year or two those whom it considers to have been born great; it admires their genius, and honors it by making of it a yardstick on which to measure the lesser attainments of the majority. Then there is another class of those who have greatness thrust upon them. They come into prominence by some unexpected circumstance or coincidence of their environment; or a friend's confidence in their latent possibilities puts them in office; or the chance remark of an observer sets rolling the ball of favorable opinion, which gathers as it goes, and leaves behind it a track as ephemeral as its own substance. Vague things are these, and hard to analyze, where reputation springs up like a mushroom of one night's growth, with no apparent depth of earth. Yet it does not always meet with the mushroom's early fate. One is justified in a good deal of seemingly blind faith in human nature by finding how often a reputation meets its equal in reality. Reputation is a monster that may swell for a time, like Aesop's frog, on air; but if it is not to come to the same end, or shrink to emaciation as the result of its unnatural gymnastics, it must have more substantial stuffing; and it is very likely to get it. Many a student here meets so well the conditions of the greatness thrust upon her that one is convinced that many fail of greatness merely for lack of an opportunity to develop it.

There are, too, those who achieve greatness,—who work patiently, quietly, persistently, discouraged at times by the indifference their efforts meet, but never, in despair, believing that they are wasted; who work on until the day of the long-deserved recognition comes, until sheer merit wins acknowledgment. These are they in whom the class delights. "Nothing

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succeeds like success" is often as true in college as elsewhere ; but it is doubly true that here nothing succeeds with a class like the success of modest, persevering self-exertion. The class counts its geniuses with pride, and thanks a generous Providence if it has more of them than the other classes do ; but it is not responsible for them. Nor does it consider itself accountable for those whose greatness is not of their own making ; it takes a certain number of them for granted, and good-naturedly ascribes their creation to a lower order of divinity,—fate, fortune, or chance, or the spirit of things. But it holds itself peculiarly at one with the self-made architects of their own fate. In them it finds the fulfilment of the prophecy which lies in its own ideals,—the ideal of growth and the ideal of attainment in growth. In them it finds a hint of the solution of the great world problem, "the making of man", toward which each self-maker contributes ; and to them it vows its loyalty and aid.

And what of those who never have greatness in the college world ? That need be no augury for their future, as the lives of many men remind us. But among such are some who have been condemned, perhaps by a mistake on their own part or by the misfortune of circumstances, to be misunderstood by the majority,—misunderstood with that kind of misunderstanding which labels people as "freaks" and "snobs". Just what those terms mean it is difficult to say ; we have all heard them used so vaguely and indiscriminately that we sometimes think anybody who has not been called one or both by somebody at one time or another in her college course must be indeed a remarkable individual. Then there are those whom we consider uninteresting, principally because we never took the pains to find out whether they were or not. In fact, we are all freaks and snobs and uninteresting to some people ; and we lay the blame on their point of view and feel justified. This would be the place to stop and draw my first moral, if I intended to draw any.

Besides those who are misunderstood, there are those who are not well known, because their talents, however great or small, are not of the conspicuous kind or the kind adapted to college display. I once heard pity expressed for one such girl, whom I knew to be greatly valued in her own circle of friends, as a hearty, helpful companion, as one who did those "little kindnesses which most leave undone or despise". Yet if her talent

for home-making did find the end of her corridor in a campus house too small a sphere for the acquirement of a college reputation, who would not think her and the college and the world losers, were it to be bartered for the ability to score in basketball, to write a play, or paint a poster?

I do not mean to call such girls, merely because they are not well known, persons of no reputation; for reputation is a shadow which the sunlight of social environment anywhere, but especially at college, can not fail to cast. The differences are in size and definiteness and the distorting power of the angle at which it is cast. And what of this distortion? A shadow is harmless enough until one begins to draw inferences from it, and in concrete cases we are usually on the safe side; as when we hesitate to judge of the size of our noses by the changing shapes which the hearth-fire traces on the opposite wall, since we realize that even a careful silhouette may err in respect to that important feature. Yet in inferences from reputation-shadows we incur strange fallacies, like that of composition, where we mistake the arm or the leg for the whole body, and create strange partial reputations which would be hard for any one acquainted with the subjects of them to recognize, not because these subjects fail to possess the ascribed attributes, but because they are hardly given credit for possessing any others. We make these one-sided reputations for each other because we have a natural love for definiteness; we want to know something tangible and exact about a person, to get her talents pigeon-holed in our desk of desirabilities; and to this end we catch at any handle which offers. If two or three handles of different types present themselves, we call the girl "all round", and feel that we have done our duty by her.

But what's in a name? What is the effect of all these reputations, great and small, mistaken and misunderstood, complete and partial? The effect on the subjects of the reputation can hardly fail to be considerable, in a place of so much introspection, so much both conscious and unconscious comparison of one's self with one's neighbors. We are discouraged and we are elated: discouraged, because in the years when we have been making wonderful discoveries of new powers in ourselves, and have seemed to sit by, looking on while these new things budded and blossomed like the magician's plant, almost before we knew what they were,—discouraged because, at such a time

of inner exhilaration, the world around takes no notice at all, or only says in its superior way, "Never mind her conceit; they all have to pass through that stage"; elated, because at another time the world stops to look at us interestedly, and gets the notion that we have possibilities,—whereupon it constructs a little throne for their display; discouraged again, because after a little wear we find the throne doesn't fit; the world had seen possibilities—that was well; but it hadn't seen the right ones; and then elated again, because if the world has been mistaken, it has only failed to discover our true selves, and they are, after all, much more valuable than what it mistook them for; they are, after all, much deeper, stronger, and fuller of possibilities than it could see, even with the help of the x-ray quality of "that fierce light which beats upon a throne". And we consider how the world makes the reputations for people, and the thought is a cure for too much reliance on their accuracy. Then, too, we never see our own reputation as the world sees it. If we get it at all, it comes through the medium of our own flesh and blood, and takes their tint; we turn around to look at our shadow, and it is changed. In short, at college as elsewhere, it needs a certain healthy independence of opinion and a degree of honest self-respect, tempered by modesty and appreciation of others, to resist the temptations of a reputation, be it too small or too great.

Yet there is an attitude of false independence, which loves to surprise people by doing something merely because it is at variance with an established reputation. This attitude ignores the privilege of living up to a good reputation. We excuse ourselves by saying that we want experiences of all kinds, and that the discovery of our reputation for doing one thing has opened our eyes to the fact that we ought to have the experience of doing the opposite thing. In this we are too sophisticated. We might well consider that the kind of our experience is quite as important in its effect on character, as is the amount. Then again, we think of our reputation as our own concern, without remembering that others have a claim to consideration in it; that the past which made our good reputation found in the material for it a promise of advance along the same lines. Even amid the self-centered interests of self-culture, let us reflect with Hawthorne that "the highest path is pointed out by the pure Ideal of those who look up to us, and who, if we tread

less loftily, may never look so high again." One's reputation has been defined as one's "latent influence", and the extent of such influence at college is incalculable. It lends the stimulus of an example to some rather torpid spirits, and sets a standard for the ambitions of the active ones. If healthy and normal, it enlivens competition with the zest of those well-mated; if unnaturally developed, it strangles competition by an abnormal self-distrust and the dread of a great name. In our college politics where, in the minds of many, reputation is matched against reputation, it adds a spice whose coarser form is gossip.

The influence of all this upon the college spirit is felt in the way it modifies a standard of values. In the enthusiasm of youthful endeavor, we generally come to college with the subconscious idea that reputation is a desirable thing to have a good deal of. Since here there are too many of us for most to be known for what they are, the alternative remains to be known for what they do. We must, then, struggle to accomplish something striking,—an effect must be sought for,—or our college career is a failure. Then the end of self-culture becomes lost to view, as the activities crowd in upon us and make us near-sighted. We weary ourselves counting the honors of the president of this class or that organization, and speculating how many committees such a one has served on, and it becomes our aim to balance our own achievements successfully against those of others; until our good human nature comes to the rescue by showing us the aimlessness of such an aim and asking, What does it profit to gain the whole world of reputation and lose one's best possibilities of development? And with a triumphant revolt against the emptiness of working for renown, we turn back to the rediscovery of our inner life, and of its law that if we work for the love of the work, the working itself is our reward, bringing as it does that exercise of power which is life. And with new insight we see that power and that life in changed relations to reputation; we see the glory of character far outshining the glory of achievement; we repudiate that which we had done in rivalry and in pride, and seek the nobility and the beauty of that which is done in humble earnestness.

Thus, however much we may have thought that a frenzy of activities was the expression of the college spirit, the college life brings us by its own route, with the disciplinary aid of rep-

utations of all kinds, to the realization that the college spirit means the striving to attain a harmony of being and of doing, with a love for the ideal which shall outlive attacks of misunderstanding or of over-appreciation ; that the college spirit is the spirit of striving, not for the golden grove and the summer sky, but for a sympathy with truth,—with the highest, broadest truth ; that the glory of the college spirit is, like the “glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle....”

“Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she ;
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.”

CHARLOTTE BURGIS DEFORD.

IVY SONG

Climb and twine—our ivy vine ;
Twine our hopes and loves and fears.
All our past and future years,
Weave in thy fair curtain.

Climb and twine, thou little vine,
Twine the sun of days now done,
Twine the gleam of days to come,
Clasp them in thy curtain.

Climb and twine, dear ivy vine.
Twine our college life and ways,
Twine the dawn of larger days
In thy fair green curtain.

Climb and twine, our ivy vine,
Twine our love and loyalty,
All the best we hope to be,
Knit them in thy curtain.

JULIA POST MITCHELL.

SOME THINGS ARE STRANGE

"I ain't a-goin' ter church."

The Bother was sitting on the floor lacing up stout little boots. Aunt was before the mirror, twisting the long switch of gray hair, which looked like the eel in the aquarium down street. She held the end of it tightly between her teeth and smoothed it with the yellow and white celluloid-backed brush. The Bother liked the brush.

"I ain't a-goin' ter church."

The Bother spoke louder this time. Aunt took the switch from out of her mouth and said nothing. Aunt was never affable. The Bother got up from the floor. He felt injured. Why should his remarks be ignored?

"Say, Aunt," he almost shrieked, "I say I ain't a-goin' ter church."

Aunt only pressed her lips together tightly. That was a very bad sign. The Bother felt a little uncomfortable. He deemed it wise to go carefully.

"If I don't, what?"

Aunt turned. The switch was coiled carefully on top of her head now, like a snake asleep.

"Fernald," she said, "I am not going to buy you over. Understand that."

Now that was a very strange thing to say. Who had mentioned buying or selling or anything to do with money? Aunt always spoke in conundrums.

"If I do, what then?"

"I make no bargains." Aunt turned toward the glass again.

The Bother walked slowly on down stairs. Now what and where was the bargain, he pondered. And why did she say she never made bargains when only yesterday she had gotten him a gingham shirt-waist at the bargain counter? He had heard her tell Jimmie's mother about it. And what in the world did going to church have to do with bargains anyway? Was church a bargain, or was he a bargain? Perhaps the switch of hair was the bargain. How funny it all was!

Aunt was very silent at the breakfast table, and the Bother had to tie his bib himself. Uncle looked up over the top of his gold-bowed glasses.

"What's up, Chappie?"

The Bother was drinking milk. He looked over the top of the cup at Aunt. She was looking straight at him, and her lips were pressed so tightly together that her chin looked like an old satin pincushion, all little pin pricks. The Bother grew red under Aunt's impenetrable gaze and cast his eyes into the cup.

"Nothin'," he bubbled from the depths of milk.

"What's up, Sis?" Uncle pursued.

Aunt opened her lips and spoke.

"Fernald says that he is not going to church to-day, and—well, you know what is in store for him."

There it was again—something about a store. And then there was the bargain and the buying. Aunt had said there was something in the store for him. But what was it? Ah, he understood now. It was the bargain, and Aunt would buy it for him if he went to church. That was quite different. The Bother would gladly go now. Why hadn't Aunt explained in the beginning? It would have saved a deal of trouble.

"He has never had a W-H-I-P-P-I-N-G before, has he?" Uncle was saying.

Ah, then the present was to be quite new to him, and a surprise. They always spelled surprises. Indeed around Christmas time and the fifteenth of June (the Bother's birthday) the air was full of the alphabet all twisted around.

"No, I believe not," Aunt answered, "and you must give it to him, I haven't the strength."

What sort of a thing could it be? A rocking-horse? Or a velocipede? It was in truth too large for Aunt to handle.

"I guess I'll go ter church after all. I guess I will," the Bother hastened to say.

Uncle looked relieved. "That's the chap," he said, "and here's a penny for —"

"Joseph," Aunt interposed, "that is no way to bring up children."

Uncle put the penny back into his pocket and winked an eye at the Bother that surely meant "Remember the bargain", and the Bother winked back with both eyes to show he understood. He never could manage those one-eye winks.

"Fernald, do not use your fingers."

The Bother had quite forgotten about his fork. The bargain was intensely exciting.

After breakfast Aunt put onto the Bother his little blue velvet trousers, and a white shirt-waist with starched lace around the neck, that scratched.

"That hurts."

The never affable Aunt said nothing. She soaked the collar in cold water a minute but that was all. The Bother wondered what good that would do.

"That ain't the way to do my hair," he remonstrated later. She had parted it on both sides and was vigorously brushing it up in the middle with a wire brush. "I ain't a girl. Ma parts it on the side."

But Aunt only pressed her lips together in the usual way and proceeded. She produced a queer little Napoleonic hat from the top shelf of the closet.

"I ain't a-goin' to wear *that*." The Bother was full of disdain. "I ain't, I ain't, so I ain't."

But Aunt came forward with the Napoleonic hat with as little hesitation as the "Little Corporal" himself. Without a word she placed it on the Bother's head and snapped the black elastic underneath his chin.

"Ough," he said, "that hurt."

But Aunt said nothing. Why didn't she speak? Why should she never explain a thing? Why should he be made to do things without any reason? He would make her open those lips, he would, *he would*. Down he sat on the floor.

"You hurt. You hurt," he sobbed, and the ever-ready comforting tears rolled down over his cheeks. He stuck both fists into his eyes and opened his mouth and screamed as loud as he could. He liked the noise. Besides, the screams rested his lungs, and the elastic did hurt. He cried so hard that he could scarcely get his breath, and he grew very red in the struggle.

"Mercy on us!" Aunt was kneeling beside him now. "What's the matter, child?"

The Bother had made her speak.

"You hurt my neck with the 'lastic," he screamed.

"Well, I'm sorry," she said. But she did not offer to wipe away the tears. Ma always did that with her own lace handkerchief. But Aunt went into the bath-room and got a towel and passed it to the Bother.

"There," she said, "wipe your face. A big boy like you crying!"

It had all come up like a thunder-storm, and was going in the same way. Just as the Bother was starting out of the door, a happy thought struck him. He went back and took a piece of gum from under the sitting-room shelf and slipped it into his trousers pocket, and then tripped lightly along behind Aunt's lavender silk.

"What a sweet little boy!" That is what a lady said in the vestibule before church. Aunt smiled at her and then smiled down at the Bother.

"Tell the lady your name, dear," she said, but the Bother was silent. If Aunt could press her lips and keep still, so could he. He would pay Aunt back.

"Tell the lady," Aunt urged. The Bother was never known to be bashful, but this time he was silent.

"Tell her, Fernald." Aunt was becoming firmer, and the Bother pressed his lips together tighter. He felt of his chin to see if the pin pricks had come.

"Do you hear me, child?" Aunt jerked him by the hand. "Speak to the lady."

But the Bother only looked vacantly at Aunt with big wondering eyes and firm lips.

"I cannot understand him," Aunt said to the lady. "He is such a Bother," and she dragged the triumphant conqueror into church.

And oh! church was so long. There was a new minister in the pulpit and the Bother had an awful fear that the new man would forget and never stop talking, and then what would the people do? Would they starve, he wondered. For the first fifteen minutes the Bother sat Turkish fashion, but that was tiresome, so he kneeled upon the seat and looked back at the people behind. He stared very hard at a young lady with a pink hat, and she smiled at him, but he would not smile back at her. He was no baby, to be smiled at by every one. He made a face at the young lady instead. Aunt pulled him down at last with a quick little jerk. Then he reached for the hated little Napoleonic hat. He placed the crown of it on his forefinger and twirled it round and round with his other hand. That was fun. It was as good as a top. He would make it go faster and faster and then would "let the old cat die". Alas!

He had forgotten Aunt. Without opening her lips, without taking her eyes from the minister, she snatched the hat quietly, and yet so quickly, from off the finger and put it the other side of her. The Bother had seen the old dog at home catch flies in the same way. No excitement, no vain endeavoring. He just opened his mouth at the right time and snap! Goodbye to poor little fly. The Bother sighed.

"How much longer is it?" he whispered loudly at Aunt. But Aunt only pressed her lips.

"Is it most through?"

The pin pricks appeared on Aunt's chin. The Bother sighed again. The long prayer had begun. That was very delightful. He liked the long prayer. Everyone leaned forward and made off go to sleep then, and he knew that it was considered very wicked to peek. He didn't close his eyes at all. Ma used to give him his peppermints then. How fortunate that he had remembered the gum. He fished it from the little pocket. It was all covered with fuzz and old cracker crumbs as old pieces of gum are likely to be that are kept in little boys' pockets, but little boys do not mind that. He began to chew. How good it tasted! He divided it into two pieces, and chewed on both sides, then pressed it all together on the roof of his mouth and made it as flat and big as a silver dollar. Jiminy! but gum was a good thing to have in church. He took the gum out at last. He was going to make a ball of it. He licked his hands so the gum wouldn't stick, just as Aunt buttered the cake pan. Then 'round and 'round he rolled it, then stopped a moment to survey his pottery. Again he had forgotten Aunt. Quick as a flash she snatched the little ball from off his hand. She had been peeking, wickedly peeking, during the prayer. She held the gum tightly in her white-gloved hand. After the prayer she opened her hand and oh! what a mess. The Bother snickered. He could have told Aunt that it would stick. Aunt very solemnly and quietly took off her glove. The Bother was disappointed. Aunt was so aggravating. She always got out of a scrape so gracefully.

What was there left to do now? He swung the stout little boots for a while until Aunt looked at him, and shook her head, then he rested them on the rack in front, and began poking the big black singing book. He poked and poked and poked. And at last it fell with a heavy bang to the floor.

How Aunt jumped and pressed her lips! The Bother giggled, and leaned far forward to pick the book up. Aunt grasped hold of his little trousers behind so that he would not fall and he stretched and pulled for the book. It felt good to hang forward that way. It make your head prickly delightfully. It felt the way ginger-ale tasted. It sort of put your head to sleep. The Bother hung there. It made your stomach feel good too. But he should have known that Aunt would not hold onto him long. It was not her way. Very quietly she let go of the trousers, and Bang! went the Bother's little towseled head onto the floor. He forgot where he was. He forgot that it was church, and that the minister was talking. He only knew that he had bumped his head on the floor. He did not scream, but began to cry softly, and when Aunt said "Fernald, hush," he could not control the sobs. They came too fast.

"I can't. It hu--rt," he cried aloud as he rubbed his little forehead. People were turning around and looking at him and that made him cry the harder.

"I want Ma," he screamed at last.

Aunt seized his hand and dragged him into the aisle. He curled his free arm up over his red little face and trudged on behind. Aunt sat him down in the vestibule.

"I shouldn't think that you would be such a baby," she said. "Every one looking at you, and to make Aunt bring you out. You ought to be ashamed. Does your head hurt?"

"No. No. No." The Bother sobbed, "I want Ma. I want Ma." He was only a little fellow. It was not Ma herself that he wanted, but Ma's love, Ma's sympathy, Ma's comfort. Aunt could have been *Ma* to him, but Aunt didn't understand.

"You can't have Ma," she said.

"I hate that Heaven place," the wounded Bother cried. "I hate it. I want Ma to come back. I want Ma."

Aunt was shocked.

"You are a wicked boy, Fernald, and I am going to send you straight back to the house."

The Bother listened intently. That would be very nice. He would like to go home.

"And to punish you for chewing gum in the House of God, you may take this,"—she passed him the glove—"and chew the gum there until three o'clock this afternoon, that is until dinner time. That is to punish you. I hope that you will enjoy it.

Now go straight home and do not stop on the way." She put on his hat and opened the heavy door. "You ought to be ashamed to be sent home in disgrace," she said.

How warm and bright the sunshine was. How cool the breeze on his hot cheeks. How beautiful the flowers and birds. But oh! how delightful to have gotten back the gum. What a streak of luck that was. He crammed his hands into his pockets and the gum into his mouth, and gaily trudged along. He had forgotten about "Ma in Heaven" because Mother Nature had taken pity on the little waif and was giving comfort to the wounded heart. Hurrah! There was an ice-cart. The Bother wondered what sort of a combination ice and gum would make. He would see. He ran into the street and the little hat fell off his head and hung by the elastic down behind. He hopped gaily onto the back step of the ice-cart and fished around inside for a piece of ice. Gum ice-cream was good. The ice-man was good too. He let the Bother remain on the step.

When the Bother got home at last he found Uncle sitting on the porch reading the paper.

"You are all wet, Chappie," Uncle said casually. "Better get dry before Aunt gets home." And he set the Bother down before the kitchen stove and went out into the yard. When Aunt at last came home the Bother was quite dry. He was still jubilantly chewing gum. Aunt was very silent and her lips were pressed very tight. At last Aunt said, "You may give me the gum, Fernald."

"I don't want it. I like it," the Bother sputtered.

Aunt was exasperated. The punishment was a failure.

"Give it to me," Aunt thundered.

"I'll give it to you when you give me the bargain you promised me if I went to —"

"The bargain, Fernald, was that you should chew the gum until three. It is three. Give it to me."

What a strange thing was that? Aunt said that the bargain was that he should chew the gum—that he should chew the gum. Now that was very, very strange. Where did the present come in that Aunt bought at the store? Was that it? How could that be? He had bought the gum himself and how could Aunt give him a present that was his in the beginning?

"Give it to me," Aunt was commanding.

"Was the gum the bargain?" faltered the Bother.

"Give it to me," and he passed it over.

Ah! what a disappointment. To have gone to church for a piece of gum that was his in the beginning. His under lip began to tremble. What a delusion it all was. He had expected a velocipede. Aunt walked over to the stove with the gum.

"Stop! Stop!" he cried, "don't burn it." But she pressed her lips together and cast the gum onto the coals.

Alas! Alas! What a strange world it was. What right had Aunt to throw away the gum, his gum, twice earned? A great tear rolled down his cheek. He couldn't understand anything.

Uncle, dear bald-headed Uncle, suddenly appeared, and swung the Bother high up on his shoulder. The sob rising in the Bother's throat went back like a frightened squirrel.

"Poor little Chap," Uncle said, and took him out into the garden. "There Chappie, I've rigged up a swing this morning for you in the apple-tree. That's because you went to church so nice."

The Bother caught his breath.

"Jiminy, the bargain!" he said and made for the apple-tree. All clouds of doubt vanished. At last affairs had righted themselves. The bargain had appeared.

All through dinner Auntscolled Uncle for making the swing on Sunday and also for many other things which the Bother didn't understand. The Bother felt very sorry for Uncle. His little heart swelled for the dear bald-headed man who was bearing one of Aunt's scoldings for his, the Bother's, sake.

After dinner the Bother went into the parlor and drew a stick of candy from the back of the sofa where he had buried it as a dog buries a bone. He took it out to Uncle on the porch.

"I am sorry Aunt scolded you. Want half my candy?" the Bother said bluntly.

Uncle broke off a little piece.

"Thanks, Chappie," he said. "This is a bargain that you and I will be friends, eh?"

Another bargain? The Bother was perplexed. All things were blind.

"Yes," he began, groping in the dark, "my bargain's the swing for goin' ter church. Your bargain's the candy for bein' scolded. Only—only I paid full price. A cent a stick."

Uncle leaned down and lifted the Bother up on his knee and kissed him on the cheek. The Bother thought that was very strange. No one had kissed him since Ma went away. But many things were strange.

OLIVE CHAPIN HIGGINS.

THE WRECK OF THE SCHOONER PLACE

A jolly sou'easter
He ripped up the sea
 Into furrows of wind-wild form,
And a sleet-shrouded schooner
Beat up the coast,
 In the teeth of a rattling storm.

She pointed, close-hauled,
To the eye of the wind,
 And never a hair's breadth she gave,
As heavily freighted,
She plunged her nose
 To the heart of each combing wave.

The spray dashed over her
Masthead high,
 And froze on the stiffening sail,
But the men laughed loud
At the shivering storm
 And the sleet in the driving gale.

Ahoy, boys!
Ahoy, boys!
 For a fight with the saucy sea,
While hearts are bright
And fires alight
 In the homes on the sheltered lee.

Ice ropes hung
From the frozen sails
 And bound them hard to the mast,
And where was the crew
To reef a sail
 Like a board in the stinging blast.

So hold her hard
And drive her fast
And fight it out, my men !
For many a year,
We've weathered the storms
And faith, we'll do it again !

So the schooner tore
A path through the storm,
With a creak and a groan in each spar,
And never an ear
For the breakers roar
Till she struck on the outer bar.

Ahoy, boys !
Ahoy, boys !
For a fight with the fierce cold sea,
While hearts are bright,
And fires alight
In the homes on the sheltered lee.

The dare-devil tars
Of the rollicking crew
Hitched themselves close to the mast,
With a double wrap
And a bowlin' knot
As the surf went thundering past.

A night and a day
And another night
The schooner hung on the bar,
Till the frozen crew
Beat a rat-a-tat-tat
Like sticks on the icy spar.

And the jolly sou'easter
He blew till he stopped,
And never a rap cared he
When only two
Of the rollicking crew
Came in from the saucy sea.

Two men came in
And one was dead
And the other was worse than he,
Ahoy, boys !
Ahoy, boys !
For a fight with the saucy sea !

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE.

THE GENIUS OF SYDNEY LANIER

By some strange perversity only to be explained by the fact that too much light dazzles the vision, contemporary criticism has usually lavished its praises on such as have in a few generations faded away; seeming, however, utterly blind when brought face to face with great luminaries such as Shakespeare, Dante, and scores of others whom posterity has exalted to the summits of genius. There are, of course, noted exceptions,—we have an occasional Tennyson and a Kipling,—yet can we attribute wholly to their credit those qualities leading to immediate popularity? Are not the greatest, noblest minds those a little beyond the comprehension of their age, do they not rather stand alone on the hill-tops, watching with calm, deep thoughts the petty rushings of the multitude below? Such a character, it seems to me, was the musician and poet, Sydney Lanier.

To state that, in spite of slight recognition, Sydney Lanier felt himself to be a genius seems, when taken thus boldly, an exposure of rank conceit and vain-glorious self-worship. “I know,” he wrote at one time to cheer his wife, “through the fiercest tests of life, that I am in soul, and shall be in life and utterance, a great poet.” Such a statement must be either based on an utter misconception of his abilities, or justified by what his life and utterance proved. Although strongly imbued with the conviction that he had been most graciously endowed with unusual powers and talents, although feeling that the mighty messages within would insist on voicing themselves, nevertheless, he believed that only by most strenuous work could his mission be fulfilled. Consequently, obeying gladly the mysterious calls within, not less urgent than those of Jeanne d’Arc, listened to with no less humility, he bent every effort to do his best. Without thought of self-glorification, he worked, but in accordance with his principle that “the artist should put forth humbly and lovingly and without bitterness against opposition, the very best and highest that is within him, utterly regardless of contemporary criticism.” When catching a glimpse

like this, of the motive impelling the artist, can we repeat the accusation of conceit? We do not think of charging the founder of Christianity with conceit, for devoting his life to the utmost expression of his message to mankind, for revealing earnestly and unceasingly, the fullness of his perfect self-hood. No more should we blame Sydney Lanier for a consciousness of his ability to occupy a certain definite position among men.

As in Rossetti, the union of two arts, poetry and painting, made his expression more complete, so in Lanier's works the music in the poetry, the poetry in the music, seem to be naturally linked in the perfection of art. That trinity of Music, Poetry and Painting combines in reality three aspects of one great principle, taken in its highest sense—Beauty; the beauty of harmony, of thought, the beauty of expressing that which is worthy to be held in memory. The ease with which Sydney Lanier turned from his earlier choice, music, which he loved and understood so perfectly that "he lived in sweet sounds", and expressed so harmoniously that he made it "suggestive of the depths and heights of being that earthly ear never hears and earthly eye never sees", reveals the close communion and understanding between the artist and his goddess, Art. In his poem "The Symphony" there lives the double beauty of poetry and music, both heard at once—the words sing to the listener. Hark!

"A velvet flute-note fell down pleasantly
Upon the bosom of that harmony,
And sailed and sailed incessantly,
As if a petal from a wild rose blown
Had fluttered down upon that pool of tone
And boatwise dropped on the convex side
And floated down the glassy tide
And clarified and glorified
The solemn spaces where shadows bide."

How perfect the velvet flute-note, how sweetly the fluttering petal-sound rose into strength and "clarified and glorified the solemn spaces where shadows bide". The vivid picturing of the poetry is not less charming than the clearness of the melody.

Such forms as seem artificial and forced in the hands of other poets are employed by Lanier with the utmost spontaneity and fitness. Often we find in poems assonance which adds nothing to the interpretation; with Lanier it is used to picture—exactly

what he wished to convey. Listen to the rustling, the play of the breezes in these lines from "Sunrise":

"Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storms,
Ye consciences murmuring faiths under forms,
Ye ministers fit for each passion that grieves,
Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves."

They seem to have soothed and caressed you as in life! His repetition of words comes like the rise and fall of a sigh or a wave of the ocean, wonderful, rhythmical, repeating, yet new. In the "Ballad of Trees and the Master" comes the repetition of "Clean forspent, forspent", expressing better than any other way, the drooping spirits, the tired head sinking slowly, sighingly on an aching breast.

His subjects, as well as their form, deviating from the ordinary trend of thought, are of singular strength and loveliness. After reading of the valleys, the mountains, the oceans of other poets, we come with a glad surprise to the refreshing, unforeseen poetry of the marshes. We wonder, when Lanier writes of them, why all the poets in Christendom have not written their pens dry in ecstasies over their myriad charms. Those wonderful marshes, "distilling silence", "with flooded streams" glimmering "a limpid labyrinth of dreams"; — the fluttering little leaves of his beloved live-oaks, and "the length and breadth and the sweep of the marshes."

One of his most fanciful characteristics is the transformation of Shakespearian people into Shakespearian things. In his nature-poems exist whole tragedies, where the parts are played, not by men, but by the universe. He sings,

"Over the Caliban Sea
Bright Ariel-cloud, thou lingerest."

Immediately in our vision, the sea takes form, the cloud is clothed with a new and fairy-like loveliness. Again the strength of figure:

"Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine
And Cleopatra night drinks all."

At times, he chooses to write on commonplace topics, though not as one without a keen appreciation of art. After a glowing, shimmering view of the tall green stalks of corn he turns to a lament over the havoc of trade, of speculation, and the greed for gold. He is filled with sadness for the "restless-

hearted children" "in hope or fear alike, forever pale", who, leaving a calm life in nature, bring ruin on themselves through blind desire for gain. It is in keeping with the character of Lanier, sensitive alike to beauty or ugliness, harmony or discord, to feel so strongly over the mad rush of the world, over its corruption, its apparent degeneration, its goal-less race.

That he was more than a dreamer, a man full of strength and energy in good causes, is proved by his more serious writings. In the fragment of "The Jacquerie" he rises to power and vigor, dealing his lines with passionate eloquence and dramatic impressiveness. Even here, intermingled with the easily told narrative, appear his customary fancifulness, his poetic lace-work and imagery, yet the undercurrent is that of a positive life, of a genius rising to assert itself.

Perhaps the greatest argument for his true genius is his conclusion that "unless you are suffused with truth, wisdom, goodness, and love, (you may) abandon the hope that the ages will accept you as an artist." Although in contradiction the names of many immoral artists come to our mind, yet on second thought it is clear that whatever of their works have lived, are those bearing the greatest stamp of the good and beautiful. Think of the Madonnas—the Sonatas—the Book most cherished by humanity. Was not Sidney Lanier right? In comparing his love poems with those of Tennyson, the knowledge that Lanier meant every word uttered, that, as in "My Springs", his wife was the "dearer self" from whom he drew inspiration and renewed hope, gives to the word Love, when spoken by him, a much deeper content. Still more are his exquisite poems illumined by the pure tone of his faith in divine Providence. His life corresponded to these lines of his —

"I work in freedom wild,
But work, as plays a little child,
Sure of the Father, Self and Love alone."

He knew that to do his best work, such surety was necessary and sufficient. Much as he relied on his own freedom, yet he never lost sight of the higher power, always, and at times, with deepest emotion and tenderness, turning to the Master whom he once called "Thou Crystal Christ". Never are his ethical beliefs thrust didactically upon us,—Art is too beautiful to sound harsh, too broad to seem narrow, yet throughout is felt the moral significance. In that musical, dreamy "Song of the

Chattahoochee", Duty certainly speaks, but it is in clear liquid measures, and through alluring forms, promising, for just such reasons, to linger in our memories.

Considering the purity, the loftiness, the delicacy and the music of his poems, who can wonder when he says, "All day my soul hath been cutting swiftly into the great space of the subtle, unspeakable deep, driven by wind after wind of heavenly melody." Truly, such a magnitude of soul can belong only to a genius—and a great one—meriting the highest love and admiration, deserving deepest attention, offering to those who care to search, the richest recompense.

FLORENCE EVELYN SMITH.

AT DAYBREAK

The dawn is the hour for me, my love !
Now all the world lies still ;
The bird's first note from sleepy throat
Chimes in with the trickling rill.
As yet, undimmed is the blue above
And the heart leaps up in boundless love,
Answering nature's thrill.

The clouds of mist gleam white, my love.
They were caught in the dimples blue
Of the far-off hills, when Aurora spilled
The last of her cup of dew
As the dusky night came on apace,
Seeking a glimpse of the rosy face
Forever hid from his view.

Now look ! The sun appears, my love ;
He tips the waves with gold.
The clouds blush pink ; and the bobolink
In rapturous song grows bold.
From the cradle-tops of the sheltering trees
Awakes a sleepily-murmuring breeze.
See ! 'tis the day we behold.

ETHEL WITHINGTON CHASE.

THE GOVERNOR'S BUNKER

On the Marshwick links the first Saturday afternoon tournament of the season was just being concluded. The Governor and the Infant Prodigy stood at the ninth tee. They were playing off a tie for third prize, the Governor having much the advantage of the Prodigy in the matter of handicap. At this critical point their net scores were exactly even.

The green, one hundred and thirty yards distant, was directly in front of the hotel. The other players, having refreshed themselves after their game, had strolled out and stood along the further side, accompanied by numerous more or less fetching young ladies.

The Governor did not object to a gallery ; what he did object to was a five-foot cop bunker on the near edge of the green, preceded by a generous expanse of cuppy sand. You were a duffer if you couldn't drive that bunker. The Governor was very seldom able to ; sometimes he did it when no one was looking. The Infant Prodigy made a practice of driving it in tournaments. He had never been known to do it on any other occasion. He teed up his ball, and then grinned, for his caddie had established himself on the green, while the Governor's was hanging dubiously around the end of the bunker. The Governor grinned, too, but he hoped that if he didn't drive the bunker he would hit his caddie, and that if he did drive it he would hit the Prodigy's. The Prodigy himself was swinging his driver, undulating from head to foot, and making cabalistic flourishes in various directions. Quite as if by accident his club came into contact with the ball, which rose in the air, apparently indifferent as to whether the hotel or the bunker were coming its way, and landed dead at the hole. Sounds of approval were heard from the crowd. The Governor grinned again, over set teeth, and swung at his ball. The club struck the ground with a little thud, which made the Governor feel sick, while the ball scudded over the grass and rolled merrily into the sand.

"Hard luck," said the Prodigy, as they left the tee. "Want to borrow my niblick?"

The Governor declined, and with the utmost nonchalance selected a club from his own assortment.

"You're in the bunker, sir," observed the caddie. The Governor grunted. It was none of the caddie's business if he was. "Ain't goin' to use that cleek, be yer?" ventured the caddie again. The Governor looked at his iron. It was not exactly appropriate for transferring the ball from a cuppy lie to the further side of the cop. "Give me the jigger, can't you?—no, you clam, that's a mashie. Here"—and seizing an approach-iron, he signalled to the ball, which, being in the deep bosom of the bunker buried, was singularly unresponsive.

"Sure you don't want my niblick?" inquired the Prodigy, after a minute or two. "You can just as well take it, you know."

The Governor replied by creating a miniature tornado. The sand went into his hair and eyes and down his neck; the ball nestled confidently into the grass of the cop. He dropped it back, took a lofting-mashie, and hammered it into the sand.

"He'd better drop it out," remarked the Prodigy to the caddie. The Governor heard him, and grew desperate. The gallery was showing signs of anxiety, and another party was waiting at the tee. "Guess I will take that niblick of yours, if you don't mind," said he, straightening himself up. And in two more strokes his ball lay on the green, and they holed out.

"In in two," remarked the Prodigy. The Governor shook hands with him. "What'd you do it in, Governor?"

"Guess I won't post my score," laughed the Governor. He was feeling more cheerful now that it was over, for one of the girls in white was smiling at him. He was fairly enterprising, if he was fifty years old and a widower, and by no means was he indifferent to such smiles. So, as he was not exactly the hero of the occasion, he walked off to where she was standing.

"Want to congratulate me on being the center of interest for so long, don't you?" he inquired.

"Well, I wasn't thinking of that," she returned. "I was going to advise you to buy a niblick. You'd better let me help you pick it out. Niblicks are my specialty."

"I never saw you in a bunker."

"That's because I keep off the links when you men are down

here," she replied. "I generally play in the morning and look decorative in the afternoon."

They went into the hotel golf store, and she selected a niblick for him; then they went out on the piazza, and he ordered lemonades. He had promised himself something more enlivening, but there was no excuse by which he could get off. It would hardly do to take the Infant Prodigy down to the bar. This important personage was just then exhibiting his trophy, a silver corkscrew, to a circle of feminine admirers. The Governor chuckled. "Rather demoralizing for the young one to run with tough old specimens like us," he remarked.

One of the younger men came up just then, and tried to get Miss Isabelle to go around the links with him. "Plenty of time before dinner," he said. But she declined, whereupon the Governor flattered himself greatly. The fact was that Miss Isabelle had on a perfectly fresh gown of white linen; and good laundresses do not grow on every bush in Marshwick.

Nevertheless the Governor was so encouraged that next morning he came around at about ten and asked the young lady to go out on the links with him. But she did not accept; she was going to church, she said. Besides, only inveterate man-chasers played on Sunday. And men hated women on the links; she didn't intend to employ that particular method of getting herself disliked. The end of it was that the Governor went back to his cottage, made an elaborate toilet, and carried Miss Isabelle's prayer-book over to the little church on the links, which new-comers were likely to mistake for the club-house. How complete his subjugation was may be judged from the circumstance that when she told him to go out and "shoo" away reprobate golfers who were playing on the third and fourth holes during service time, he did it. And though they dubbed him turn-coat, he felt amply rewarded when on returning to his place by Miss Isabelle's side he was welcomed with a smile.

"Guess the Governor's a goner," was a comment frequently heard during the next few weeks. But the Governor had not wholly deserted his former playmates, those jolly, albeit more or less hoary gentlemen, who wore pink shirt-waists and white duck trousers, and played golf every afternoon upon their arrival by the five twenty-seven. The Governor still entered every tournament, though it was suspected that he did so in order that he might extract himself from the ninth-hole bunker by

two or three masterly strokes of the niblick selected by Miss Isabelle. He was detected occasionally on the pier, teaching her to dive, and every evening after dinner he would wander up the avenue to the hotel, trying hard to look as if he wasn't going anywhere in particular. And if he was fortunate, he and Miss Isabelle might be descried till dark on one of the nearby putting-greens. It was correctly surmised that he was giving her points on putting, about which, by the way, she knew a great deal more than he did.

The climax came one Saturday when Miss Isabelle, of her own accord, offered to caddy for the Governor through the tournament. He accepted with great glee, and spent half an hour trying to decide whether to wear a pink or a blue shirt-waist—in other words, whether to emphasize his eyes, which were rather good, or the color of his nose. At length he decided on the blue waist, and a new red tie.

"Guess you're booked to go round with the Prodigy to-day," called out one of the men, as he came up, rather late, his immaculately-clad caddie following discreetly in the rear.

"So? That's all right," returned the Governor. "Come on then, kid." He didn't seriously dread his youthful rival, and he enjoyed himself immensely. Thanks, perhaps, to his putting practice, he beat the Prodigy on several of the shorter holes, and at the finish of the first round discreetly "babied" around the end of the bunker.

On the second round he got the lead on the short sixth hole, and held it through the long and hazardous expanses of the seventh and eighth. When he stepped up to the ninth tee his sporting blood was up. No more babying around that bunker for him. No more plunging from one end of it to the other and filling his shoes with sand. No, sir! He'd be blown if people should think of him every time they looked at that cop. He was perfectly cool, and entirely determined to drive that bunker. And he drove it.

A howl went up from the gallery. His caddie clapped her hands and claimed to be a mascot, and the Prodigy exclaimed, "Say, Governor, that was an all-right drive! I hope you get the cup—you've been playing a corking game to-day." He did his best to further this end by plunging magnanimously into the bunker, and, contrary to all precedent, it took him three strokes to get out.

The Governor won the cup. Miss Isabelle went in and got it, and presented it to him with her own hands, on the steps of the hotel. The crowd cheered wildly, and his fellow contestants chipped in for a box of cigars, which they presented to him on the spot, as a token of congratulation and esteem. It was no wonder that the Governor decided that this must be his lucky day, and fixed upon that evening as an excellent time to ask Miss Isabelle if she wouldn't be his permanent caddie; not that he intended to put the proposition in exactly that form.

He strolled up to the hotel after dinner, as usual, and looked around for Miss Isabelle. It was some time before he found her, and when he did catch sight of her, she and the Prodigy were sitting at the back end of the piazza, looking off toward the cove. The Governor walked up behind them in a casual sort of way, meaning to give the youngster his congé in good season.

The Prodigy was talking.

"Say, but wasn't I an awful chump to get into that bunker? But you could have knocked me down with a feather when the old fellow sailed over it—just as cool, you know!"

"He's a dear old fellow, though, isn't he?" said Miss Isabelle. "He's been grand to me this summer. He's just the sort of man I should like for a grandfather."

The Prodigy assented. "He is a good old duffer," he said.

The Governor changed his mind about something, and walked away. He went down to the pier and put in two hours killing mosquitoes by the natural method. Then he went home and looked over his mail.

"Well, I drove that blooming bunker, anyhow," he remarked aloud.

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR.

SKETCHES

SONNET

When at the bar of justice, self-arraigned,
I stand applauded by the approving throng,
The tatters of my honor undisdained
Because the cloak of my success is long ;
When fortune witnesses in my behalf,
And flattered judgment lends a willing ear,
And scorn, discountenanced, omits to laugh
Because invited truth did not appear ;
Despising all the world for not despising,
My faith dismantled of its latest shred,
Self-sentenced beyond the court's apprising,
Self-mocked, with all their folly on my head,—
Ah, bitter joy, after so many lies
To turn and read my verdict in thine eyes !

EDITH LABAREE LEWIS.

May-flowers, dearie, an' you've brung 'em ter me? Ain't she
a nice little lady ter think o' her old grand-daddy, who can't go
scamperin' through the woods like she does ter

May-flowers look for 'em! Let's take 'em in my hands,
my eyes ain't so good's they wuz once, an' I
kinder like ter feel 'em, cool against my face. Esther, she allus
loved 'em so. She uster say they wuz jest like baby fingers,
reachin' out fr'm under their green an' brown blankets. That's
the way she'd talk about 'em, fr'm the time she wuz a little tot,
an' I uster carry her dinner pail over ter the red brick school-
house.

An' the very fust time I ever thunk o' her ez growd-up, she
come ter meetin' one Sunday mornin' with a big waxy spray of
'em fastened at her throat. There wuz a ribbon round her neck,
too, jest the same color; an' her cheeks, well, they wuz pinker
an' purtier 'n the posies ever thunk o' bein'. I couldn't help

thinkin' ez I sat watchin' her with her sweet face bendin' over the psalm book, that she wuz jest a May-flower, herself, sorter growd a mite bigger'n her sisters out in the medders. An' it wuz queer, but I wuz kinder 'feared ter step up an' ask ter go home with her, like I allus did. Dumb ez an oyster I wuz all the way, but she wuz a-chattin', never seemin' ter notice I warn't sayin' much. But when we got ter the house, I spunked up a mite.

"Do you like 'em?" I sez, pointin' ter her posies, like ez if I hadn't never seen any afore.

"Why, yes, o' course," she sez, sorter s'prised like. "You know I love 'em better'n all the other flowers put together," an' she up an' went inter the house.

But I kept on down the road a stretch till I come ter Jones's medder, an' it warn't sech a short walk, nuther. You see there wuz one ledge out beyond there, where the purtiest May-flowers in the kentry grew, since nobody felt much like climbin' over arter 'em. But I'd made up my mind Esther wuz agoin' ter hev some o' them identickle ones, an' no time lost gettin' of 'em. It warn't a very purty climb, an' I give my wrist a bad wrench gettin' up again, but I hed the posies all right.

That evenin', after supper, I remarked, sorter careless like, that I thunk I'd meander over ter the Browns' a spell. Pa sorter grunted, an' said he didn't see why I hed ter be sech a blamed fool ez ter waste half the arternoon, an' the evenin', too. But Ma, she stopped me on the steps, an' guv me a kiss. It warn't what she wuz in the habit o' doin', she bein' a New England woman, but I guess we both understood. The wust wuz when I finally come ter the house, an' I wasted some valuable time leanin' over the medder bars deliberatin', but at last I got my spunk up, an' in I goed. Her ma and her pa wuz there, an' Esther o' course, an' her pa begun a-talkin' 'bout the crops. Fur the life o' me, I didn't dare ter fish up them flowers out o' my pocket, where I'd put 'em fur safe keepin'.

But purty soon Esther she sez with her cheeks all pink again, "Won't you step inter the settin'-room a spell?" an' I come arter her, most ez red ez she wuz, I guess.

"Won't you take a cheer?" she sez, purty ez a picter.

But I'd got the posies out o' my pocket by that time, an' guv 'em ter her, blurtin' out kinder 'shamed like, "I got 'em fur you."

"Fur me!" she sez, her cheeks gettin' pinker an' her eyes a-shinin'.

"Yes," I sez; couldn't get out another word ter save me.

"But where'bouts?" she began, an' then, her eyes gettin' soft all o' a sudden, "Why, John," she cries, "you've hurt your wrist!"

"It ain't nothin'," sez I.

"But 'tis," she insists, "how'd you do it? You didn't get 'em—over—at—"

"Yes," I answers careless like, "over beyond Jones's medder."

"Now, John," she sez, her manner changin' again, an' she draws herself up like a queen might, "don't you ever resk your life like that again for me, or anybody," she sez, tryin' ter look cross, but her lips sorter smiley. "Do you understand?" An' 'fore I went home that night, I thunk I did.

Well, them warn't the only May-flowers I brung her, by any manner 'o means, an' arter I couldn't find any more of 'em, I uster get her wild strawberries, an' blue gentians, the soft fringy kind, an' she seemed real pleased with 'em all. It warn't so easy when the frost come, but I uster sneak down ter the store—Saturday nights 'fore they closed up, an' get a ribbon or some such knick-knacks what wimmen folks like.

But arter a spell I guv that all up, an' the way o' it wuz this. You see Miss Smith, she wuz a master hand at makin' wax flowers, an' it come across me one day that she might jest ez well make some May-flowers fur me. Not that Esther warn't pleased with everythin' I brung her, but there warn't nuthin' she loved like them, anyhow, an' the wax ones she could keep till the real ones come up in the spring. But it 'ud take a pile o' money, an' I didn't hev so extra much ter spare, so the ribbons an' things hed ter be guv up. It wuz purty hard on me, but I jest hed ter keep away fr'm the Browns' all that time. You didn't catch me a-goin' ter see the queen without some sort o' present with me, besides how'd I know she like ter see jest me? I wanted ter walk home fr'm church with her all the same, an' she asked me two or three times why I never come ter see her any more, an' I sez I wuz too busy, or somethin'. Arter that, she took ter slippin' out before I could ask ter go with her.

But Miss Smith, she got the wreath done at last. The flowers

looked kinder stiff, but the colors wuz real natarel. An' one evenin' I took it over ter the Browns'. Mrs. Brown seemed real glad ter see me, but Esther warn't so chipper ez usual, an' it seemed ter me her cheeks warn't so pink ez they uster be. Finally her mother spoke up an' sez, "Ain't you goin' ter take John inter the settin'-room?" an' we got up an' walked in there together. Esther closed the door an' stood with her back ter it a minit, jest ez if she wuz tryin' ter act natarel, an' didn't know how ter.

I felt sorter miserable, myself, like ez if I'd done somethin' out o' the way, but I sez kinder cheery, "Here's somethin' I brung you, Esther, I hope you'll like it." She took it fr'm me sorter slowly, an' undid the paper, an' got out the wreath.

"That's why I hain't been ter see you, Esther," sez I softly like. "I wuz awaitin' fur it ter get finished."

She looks up suddent inter my face, her eyes shinin' an' her lips tremblin', an' I couldn't jest tell whether she wuz a-larfin' or a-cryin'.

"You waited fur *that*, John?" she sez, an' somethin' in the tone o' her voice seemed ter show me all in a minit what a fool I'd been. I didn't wait a mite longer, but jest took that little woman right inter my arms, then an' there. There warn't much left o' the wreath when we got through, but I didn't care by that time. Esther picked up the pieces, arterwards, an' put 'em away in a box.

That winter slipped by so fast, the May-flowers wuz out again 'most before we knowed it, but it warn't till the year later that we could settle down in the little white house together. Esther looked more like a flower than ever, the day we goed inter it. Her dress wuz somethin' soft an' white an' sheeny, an' her bunnit wuz white, too, an' her golden curls wuz peepin' out fr'm under it all round her purty little face. An' her hands wuz brimmin' over with the pink an' white blossoms she loved, fur she wouldn't hev any other posies. When we got ter the house, she run ter put 'em in a glass o' water, 'fore she'd take off her shawl.

Seems ter me, she an' me wuz in Paradise them two years, jest ez truly ez Adam an' Eve wuz, in the Garden o' Eden. We uster wander off inter the woods Sunday arternoons, when there warn't no work ter do, an' look fur posies. Most of the

folks thunk it wuz sorter heathenish, but it allus seemed ter me Nater wuz ez good a preacher ez any parson, an' a long sight more entertainin'. But it wuz the May-flowers Esther looked fur most, every time, an' I can see her yet, kneelin' on the ground, liftin' up the leaves, ter smooth the blossoms underneath.

An' then there wuz one mornin' when I tiptoed inter the house with the fust ones I'd been able ter find, an' laid 'em on the pillar beside her. An' she smiled, fust at me, an' then at that little golden head restin' on her arm, as she puts the posies ter her lips. An' she takes one o' them tiny pink fists inter her own soft white hands, an' puts the flowers in it, an' sez so softly, "There, John, warn't I right? Ain't they jest the color o' baby's fingers?"

Paradise warn't the same arter them days. The baby wuz the dearest little tike that ever toddled, but Esther somehow didn't seem ter get well an' strong like she'd orter. Fur mor'n a year, she jest sot in the big cheer by the windy, an' stead o' runnin' ter the door like she uster, she'd stay there waitin' fur me, when I come home 'cross the medder at night. But her eyes wuz shinin' with the same dear light, an' she'd allus hev a greetin' ready.

Spring wuz late that year, I remember, but I hed my eye on every sunny slope, an' one arternoon I found the posies I'd been lookin' fur, an' picked 'em carefully ter take ter Esther. She wuz leanin' back in her cheer when I come in, smilin' in her sleep I thunk, so I jest laid the flowers in her hand, tryin' not ter wake her. I needn't a been afeared o' that, an' yet somehow, I allus felt she knew I brung 'em that day.

It's a good many years since then, an' my mind ain't so clear ez 'twas once. But when I feel these posies soft an' cool in my hand, seems like they brung it all back ter me. Seems like I'm stumblin' 'cross the medder, an' the shadders o' the wood are closin' round me, but jest beyond, she's standin' in all the gold o' the sunset, stretchin' out her hands ter me, an' I kin hear her sweet voice callin' softly, "Welcome home, John!"

HELEN ESTHER KELLEY.

MY TREASURE-HOUSE

Would'st know where can be found the gold of all worlds most rare?
Thou need'st search no further than her sunlighted hair!

Dost ask what spotless purity rivals the still snow?
It is the whiteness of her thoughtful brow, arched low!

Would'st know where gems lie hidden, bluer than summer skies?
In the unfathomable depths of her dear eyes!

Would'st know whence comes the color of the deep-blushing rose?
Stolen from the flower that in her fair face blows!

Art seeking other treasures, beyond all knowledge rare?
Look once upon my lady—thou wilt find them there!

EDITH TURNER NEWCOMB.

We had never been successful with our pets, my sister and I. We had tried rabbits, and their keen appreciation of our neighbor's kitchen-garden had almost resulted

Mary and Isabella in a feud between the two families.

We had tried kittens, and such numbers of them had pined away from the effects of injudicious squeezing that my mother had passed a decree of banishment upon the whole cat race.

We had tried chickens, and for a time all had been well. To be sure, they grew so tame that they came into the house, and went to roost on the gas-jets; but little things like that our long-suffering family endured in patience. One day, however, a visitor very stupidly sat down on a nice, fresh egg which one of our hens had just laid in an easy chair. And that evening my mother called us to her, and told us that the chickens must go. "I am sorry, children," she said. "As long as your pets were a nuisance to the family alone, we stood them. But we can't let them annoy our guests. I am sure you wouldn't want that." And my sister and I, guiltily conscious of the thrill of unholy joy with which we had heard the tale of the visitor and the egg, could only murmur assent.

But we were in despair, for all that. Life without pets would be a dreary, uneventful existence, not to be contemplated for an instant. And yet where were we to look for a new and un-

tried species which should have none of the failings of our former experiments?

Then it was that one of our friends, moved to compassion by the sight of our grief, and meditating upon it in the long watches of the night, had a sudden inspiration—"Why not lambs?" The family smiled approval upon the idea, with vague visions based upon "Drink, pretty creature, drink!" And as for us, we would have welcomed a white elephant if it had come to relieve the horrors of a pet-less existence. So the butcher, grimly conversant with the mysteries of the lamb-supply, was consulted, and the lambs were ordered. There were to be two of them, and we decided before they came that they should be called Mary and Isabella.

They arrived in a crate which was opened in the presence of the assembled family. As the first slat fell away, two large heads, crowned with suspicious bumps, crowded out and rolled upon us fierce yellow eyes. A few more blows of the hammer, and Mary and Isabella stood revealed to our astonished gaze. We retreated. The butcher who had come to superintend the arrival of his protégés, smiled complacently. "Yes ma'am," he said proudly, "they're fine young sheep; and well along for their age, too. Their horns is almost out."

"Yes, they seem quite large," gasped my mother.

Sarah, our cook, who had been posing as an authority on lambs, having once spent three weeks on a farm, now attempted to show her superiority to our weak fears. She approached one of them, with assumed boldness, and stretched out her hand to pat him. There came a sudden flash of grey wool, and Sarah was bowled over like a ten-pin. The butcher rescued her, highly amused. "He, he," he chuckled, "I'll bet you didn't know what struck you."

Thus did Mary and Isabella celebrate their arrival. As the butcher disappeared down the street, my mother suddenly realized that we were left alone with these awful animals. "O why didn't I ask him to take them right back again?" she wailed. But it was too late then; Mary and Isabella had to remain, temporarily at least.

Before the end of the first week, I think they had won their way into the secret affections of the whole family. At any rate there was no more talk of sending them away. And as for my sister and myself, we had been charmed by that first

gallant charge of theirs which had resulted so disastrously for Sarah, and they soon became the darlings of our hearts. The yard was their kingdom, and they ruled over it with a vigilance and fierceness that boded ill for the unwary.

Life was brimful of interest in these days. What joy it was to wake in the morning with a whole day of wild adventure before one! How exhilarating to know that at any moment, by merely opening the front door, one could sally forth, like a knight of old, into a country where hostile encounters and hair-breadth escapes lurked around every corner! Oh the mad delight of a dash for life with the foe in hot pursuit! Oh the delicious thrill of a scramble up a tree with the panting breath of one's enemy not a foot away! It was one of our favorite tests of coolness and courage to sit behind a screen door, and watch the wire gradually weaken before the budding horns of our pets, until suddenly it would give way and Mary and Isabella would burst in, necessitating on our part a nimble retreat under the sofa or behind the book-case. Often when the heat of noonday had subdued even the unconquerable spirits of the two lambs, and they had gone to sleep under some shady tree, we would creep up and furtively stroke their woolly backs, with beating hearts and every nerve alert; or sit down near them, exulting in our daring, and converse in whispers about their strength and speed and intelligence. We felt a personal interest in their achievements, and gloried in their victories. When they treed the new minister and besieged him for half an hour; when they butted through the screen door into the kitchen, and foraged at their own sweet will, while Sarah shrieked for help from the table; when Mary chased the grocer, while Isabella ate the vegetables in his wheel-barrow, our hearts swelled with ill-concealed pride to think that these marvels of intelligence and courage were ours. Yes, life was full of interest in those days.

But one afternoon an awful thing happened. A little girl came to play with us, a little girl with long golden curls, and a white dimity dress, and a hat with pink roses, and a doll. Our hearts sank when we saw her. We looked with scorn upon curls, we thought white dresses before five in the afternoon an affectation, we disapproved of hats on week-days, and we loathed dolls. The very fact that we were expected to like them because we were little girls was enough to make us hate

them. And then they were such senseless, stupid things, not to be compared with pets. On the present occasion, we dragged ours forth to the light of day from dark, deserted corners, and went gloriously out to a shady apple-tree to play—teaparty, of all games the most inane. Our guest seemed to enjoy herself dispensing imaginary tea and discussing the measles from which her pink-and-white child had just recovered. And we listened politely, while inwardly we were burning with impatience at the thought of how we were wasting this glorious afternoon, when the breeze, and the dancing leaves, and the sunlight all were calling to us to be up and doing. Suddenly there was a soft rustle in the grass, and looking up, we saw Mary and Isabella. With a presence of mind born of many similar emergencies, my sister and I promptly shinnied up the tree, and waited for our guest to do the same. Alas for her! Perhaps she had never been initiated into the mysteries of shinnying, perhaps, like St. Pierre's fair Virginia, she preferred death to an action so unladylike. At any rate, she turned, shrieking wildly, and fled, with Mary and Isabella in hot pursuit. The end was not far off. When she was rescued in a state of hysterics, the long, golden curls were all dishevelled, the pretty white dress was torn and stained, and worst of all, the lovely hat had disappeared. All that remained to tell the tale was a mangled rose dangling from Mary's mouth, and a deep pink stain around Isabella's.

That sealed the fate of our pets. When our sobbing guest had departed, my mother talked to us long and gravely. She spoke of loyalty and honor and *noblesse oblige*, and set forth the baseness of deserting one's friends, in such glowing terms that we longed for the earth to open and swallow us up. And then she told us that Mary and Isabella must go, because they were getting so large and strong that it really was not safe to have them around. We were too much overwhelmed with a sense of our sins to remonstrate, but we went out to where our pets were grazing, and safely perched on the fence five yards away, we wept for fully ten minutes.

The next day the butcher's cart came rattling down the street a second time, and bore them away from our longing gaze, to "fresh fields and pastures new"; for my mother had arranged that they were to die a natural death.

We never saw them or heard of them again; but I have no

doubt that their travels and the experiences through which they had passed gained them a position of power and influence among their fellows, and that they died at a ripe old age, the hornéd patriarchs of their respective flocks. Peace be to their ashes! It is no small debt I owe them. For now when I read a tale of daring and danger, of blood-curdling adventures and hair-breadth escapes, I feel a thrill of very real sympathy, because I also have known what it is to take my life in my hands, and go out to meet a swift and silent foe.

MARGARET HAMILTON WAGENHALS.

AT CLOSE OF DAY

The day is done.
The sun, in all its farewell radiance bright,
Has kissed the rugged mountain tops good-night,
And slowly, slowly vanished from my sight;
For day is done.

The twilight comes,
With tender step, and slowly lingering feet,
She comes from far off valleys, dim and sweet,
To sing a lullaby through lane and street.
Thus twilight comes.

Across the hills,
She throws the purple shadows, one by one,
Then covers every field, and flower, and stone,
Until the world no longer seems my own,
Within the hills.

Where she has trod,
The blossoms all are wrapped in slumber deep,
The little birds have closed their eyes in sleep,
And from the heavens the stars a vigil keep,
Where she has trod.

EVA AUGUSTA PORTER.

MY INSPIRATION

The ceaseless striving toward the things that count,
The wish for all that noble is, or great,
The longing for the power that men call Fame,
To reap success before it is too late,

I strive for these not for my Self alone,
 I care not to be famous, to be wise,
 Save as your vision spurs me on, and I
 Dare all, to read approval in your eyes.

KLARA ELISABETH FRANK.

"Now all the gods be propitious," I said to myself as I entered the class room for History 1, and deciding that I might as well put a bold face on it, took

The Personal Equation my seat in the second row.

"Dear me, I'm petrified," I confided to the girl next me. "I studied just as hard as I could for two solid hours and only got through the foreign policy, and then in the evening, just as I was getting ready to work, an awfully good friend of mine from home called, and of course I couldn't refuse to see him and I'm perfectly sure he'll call on me, though maybe he won't, for he kept me reciting all last week—any way I think the lesson was abominably long—don't you? If he asks me for the foreign policy I'm safe, but if it's the growth of parliament I'm absolutely lost."

This highly logical and grammatical burst came to an end just as the last stragglers puffed in. The door was shut, the windows and shades adjusted, the instructor took his seat and opened his class book.

"We will begin to-day with the foreign policy of Henry VIII. Miss Carter, will you discuss the question." Whereupon Miss Carter stammered and blushed and hesitated, but finally got out a fairly satisfactory recitation, not however without suggestive assistance and leading questions.

I burned with indignation. Such a recitation should not be accepted. I knew Carol Carter had read over one paragraph on her way to chapel, and I had labored for two good hours over the topic she was mixing up so aggravatingly—oh, how I longed to shine!

"If this point is clear to the class we will go on to the next," the instructor said as he turned a page in his class book, and ran his pencil down the column of names—"One of great importance both under Henry's reign and under the monarchs succeeding him—Miss Bullard, will you kindly discuss the growth of parliament?"

What, had it come at last—I really hadn't expected it—well

anyway I knew as much as that Carter girl had—so I took my feet off the rounds of the chair in front, pulled myself up and sat square on my back bone. Then I looked straight at the left hand lapel of the instructor's coat and assuming an air of absolute confidence, gave the few dates and facts which I was sure of. When I came to the end of my short rope I stopped as gracefully as possible—many recitations were no longer than that and often the better part of valor is to know when to stop. There was a pause, and then came what I knew was my death sentence.

“Will you please continue, Miss Bullard. You have not exhausted the subject.” Something in the tone was as a red flag to a bull. I mentally girt up my loins and said something—what, I'm sure I don't know, except that it must have been an absurd jumble of fact and theory and a large amount of guessing. But it was my noble best, I knew, and if there was any sense of justice left, it would be accepted as such.

“What you have said, Miss Bullard, is in the main unwarranted; perhaps the other members of the class would like to express themselves. We will make the question open and have a general discussion.”

Whereupon the prodigies of the class did express themselves. One to the right of me made a point which was questioned by her opponent at my left, and I, between the two fires, entered my poor protest only to be contradicted and put to scorn. My theories went up in thin smoke, my facts were pulled to pieces, even my dates were wrong “according to the new edition”! When this stage was reached I pulled up my ribbon collar, felt of my hair pins, folded my arms and went in again. I made the inductive leap from what I knew—the foreign policy—to what I did not know—the growth of parliament. Ah, futile attempt—my strategy was in vain—attention could not be diverted, illustrations drawn from one set of facts could not be made to apply to another, and I was again open to a volley of questions, and found myself in the midst of a discussion in which I was of course worsted.

“As the hour is almost over,” the instructor at length interposed, “perhaps, Miss Hardy, you will sum up the situation, giving us the real facts of the case.” Then the shining light of the class began to illuminate all, except me, who preferred to sit in darkness. I didn't want her to tell me what I could have

known if I had had time to study all the lesson. It wasn't fair anyhow. Why should I have happened to be asked just what I didn't know? Mercifully the college clock sounded then and as I scrambled into my coat and pulled on my gloves I had a strange sense of exultation. After all he hadn't touched me. I was as good as the next one and I knew it. What difference did it really make if I didn't know a few historical facts? Because I didn't know as much in that line as the instructor or some members of the class, didn't prove I was an absolutely hopeless fool, for—thank Heaven!—they were they—and he was he—and—I was I.

EDITH EUSTACE SOUTHER.

Margery threw down the book with a slam, and looked up into the soft green foliage above her. Why had that saucy robin up there in the tree been so noisy just as the Illusions prince had rescued the poor little princess from the ogre—and then, too, Towser had to come frisking down from the house to disturb her at the moment when the wicked fairy had said the spell. It had given her such a start, for it might have been a witch, but no,—it was only the old watch-dog, and she had been safe to finish the story. And now they were living in their beautiful castle by the sea! Margery sighed, and giving her head a despairing toss, again looked up to the blue skies through the green branches. If only she were a princess with a dashing knight to do bold deeds for her! A glance at the checked gingham pinafore and sturdy boots—then another toss of the head as she smoothed back the stray brown locks. It would never, never do. As she thought she poked little holes into the ground with a tiny twig which lay near by. Poke, poke—a violent thrust—the twig broke, and Margery stood up, her whole face, even the freckles, radiant with an idea. She threw herself down again. To be sure, she couldn't be a fine lady, but she had a knight just the same and she cast happy glances in the direction of the yard next door. Hadn't Don said—only yesterday after they'd read that beautiful story about the brigands—hadn't he said,—he'd sworn it on her blue parasol,—“Margie, I jes wish I'd a dozen brigan's to kill for you, I'd show 'em.” Then he'd beaten the ground so hard, practising for the brigands that he'd 'most broken the

parasol! Now wasn't that just like the prince with the red cap and feather? It was useless to think of brigands, but she'd made Prince Don show his bravery.

Margery got up and the little round legs made a straight line for the barn down beyond the last apple-tree. A push at the door; it swung open. Just as she had thought, no one was there. Not a soul could hear her but Billy, the old bay, and he wouldn't tell. Where should she hide? Why, behind that old chest near the wall. Into the corner she smuggled, and sat down to wait. Before long Don would come to the apple-tree and not find her. How worried he'd be! At last, after looking high and low, in the cellar and garret, on the river bank, where she might have fallen in, in the village, every place, he would discover her there and falling on one knee would kiss her hand and murmur, "my lady is safe". How delightful the thought! Margery held out one chubby, little hand. Yes, she'd hold it so.

But it certainly was very uncomfortable behind that chest, and time didn't go by very quickly. Her head was feeling so heavy—she certainly would not go to sleep. Towser must have been a witch, after all, and this was the spell. Would it last long, she wondered. It felt just like going to—.

* * * * *

Margery jumped up with a start and rubbed her eyes. She must have dozed off and it had seemed just as real! "O dear," she sighed, "and here I am in this old barn—and the trumpet was Billy snorting." Why hadn't Donald come? Here it was growing dark and she'd been asleep all the afternoon. Hadn't he missed her? Of course. He was probably looking for her now; should she wait? No, she was too tired and hungry. She'd go to Don's front gate and surprise him. Besides, then the other girls would see she had a knight.

As quickly as the tired body could go, Margery ran across the lawn. That certainly was not Don in the familiar blue blouse! But there he was playing tops with Fred and Hal. Margery gave a gasp, stood still a moment—a gulp—and she ran right on to where the boys were playing. Timidly, her lips twitching, but with brown eyes gleaming, she touched Don's shoulder.

"Hello Marge, that you? You don't want ter play tops. Jinks, but you look sleepy! All ready, boys."

And Don threw the top which was poised in his hand. Mar-

gery's arm dropped to her side. She walked slowly back to the apple-tree. The setting sun cast its light across the green grass and a bright ray fell on the upturned page of the story book. It was the picture of the prince in his green and scarlet cloak, bowing before the golden-haired princess. Margery knelt down, gave one last hungry glance at the picture, then quietly shut the book.

The other night after supper her father had remarked, while reading the paper, that times had changed. She didn't quite understand then, but now she knew, "and they have changed", sighed Margery.

SELMA EISENSTADT ALTHEIMER.

THE SHADOW DANCE

Firelight flick'ring,
Gleams set free,
Rays and shadows
Dance in glee.

Shapes fantastic,
Figures tall,
Arms are waving
On the wall.

Wild and fitful
Pirouette they,
Changing step from
Grave to gay.

Dark and eerie
Now they glide,
Nodding slow
From side to side.

A moment more—
The fire is dead,
The rose turned gray,
The dancers fled.

MAY WALLACE BARTA.

EDITORIAL

The managing board of the *Monthly* feels that it is fitting, at the beginning of the year, to outline the policy it intends to follow in editing the succeeding eight numbers of the magazine, and to explain such changes as have been made in the different departments. The *Monthly* could have no excuse for an existence without some definite, or indefinite, object, and an object presupposes a policy. The more definite the object the more definite the policy on whose lines the object is to be reached.

The general aim of the *Monthly* has been to increase opportunities for expression among the students, and to acquaint those interested in the college with the literary as well as the social and intellectual phases of its life. We feel then that we are not changing, but only broadening and strengthening our basis, when we state that we wish particularly to give an opportunity for expression to those students who might not otherwise find the true college life. It will also be our effort to meet, as far as possible, the needs of the alumnæ. We all know that there are unrecognized students in college. Our numbers are so large that it is almost unavoidably true. Many of us who are fellow students would have no difficulty in pointing out those whom we consider overlooked. Yet we take it as an every day affair, not stopping for a moment except to wonder how it happened. We few of us realize the pain of conscious power without opportunity for action. The *Monthly* would like to feel that it could depend on the students as a body to aid it in recognizing genuine ability.

We can readily see, as students, our duty to each other, but our duty to the alumnæ is not so evident. It may seem almost presumptuous for an undergraduate publication to think of meeting the needs of the alumnæ, yet we probably have no idea of the numberless ways in which the *Monthly* is and could be of service to them. The fact that the alumnæ are interested in us is shown by the list of subscribers, of whom they number

three-fourths. It is practically due to their financial support that it is possible to carry on the magazine without advertisements.

We owe, then, our literary existence to the alumnæ, and it is only just to repay their interest in us by interesting them, and by meeting their desire for college and alumnæ news. The departments of the *Monthly* that attempt to do this are of course the About College and Alumnæ Departments. Our policy for the year, therefore, concerns itself with these two branches of the editorial work. In the first place we have increased the total number of pages, and the increase will go mainly into these two departments. In the college news we will try to include everything that would be of interest to the alumnæ, and we will endeavor to give this news in such a way as to bring about a closer contact between college and alumnæ activities.

This year an attempt has been made to systematize the Alumnæ Department in such a way that each of the branch alumnæ associations shall contribute the long articles for a particular issue. This plan was suggested to the Editorial Board at a meeting of the board in conjunction with the alumnæ members of the faculty. It seemed to be a satisfactory solution of the difficulties which have constantly attended the management of this department, and the suggestion was laid before the branch associations and approved by them. We hope most sincerely that this arrangement will meet the general approval of the alumnæ.

A change will be noticed in the title of the department formerly known as the Contributors' Club. The original name was borrowed from another magazine, and since there is no question of sentiment on that score, it has seemed best to change it in order to avoid misconceptions on the part of other people. It has often been understood by uninitiated readers that all articles in the *Monthly* were written either by faculty or by the editors themselves, with the exception of those appearing in the Contributors' Club. While the editors would be much complimented by this, it hardly seems just to the college, to say nothing of its writers.

The Editorial Board of the *Monthly* wishes to take this opportunity of formally requesting the coöperation of all the classes in its policy for the year, and it does this in the name of the senior class whose representative it is proud to be.

EDITOR'S TABLE

It is in the literature of nations that are found witnesses to their character and customs, and by reading the records of vanished peoples we believe that we can make them live again in our fancy. It is probable, then, that the undergraduate literary production of the day bears signs which afford an insight into this free and simple, yet in some phases strangely incomprehensible, life at college. Indeed the various monthly publications that come to the Editor's Table strongly suggest the atmosphere of the institutions from which they come,—of Yale's vigor, of Harvard's refinement and aestheticism, of Williams' wholesomeness and originality. It is surely to the general literary work of college students rather than to the special "college story" that one should look who wishes to understand our student life; for he is a rare man who can pass judgment unbiased on his own family, but no one can bear part in a discussion about men and things without revealing something of himself at the same time.

We find, then, as we would expect, in undergraduate literary production youth's gaiety and optimism, and some of its egotism, too; its inexperience, both worldly and literary; its aspiration and its idealism. Here is reflected the narrow field—too narrow, indeed—of the college student's vision, rarely touching on matters of the greatest world-wide interest. The undergraduate treats his subject somewhat overlightly, too, with an enthusiasm which seems to lie rather in the saying, than in the subject with which he deals. So his stories, in their effort to gain charm and literary effect, lose in force and pointedness. In verse he treats an insignificant idea often with sounding elaboration of words, and with sense-appeal by suggestion of color and sound. Yet sometimes he startles us by his wit and keenness, and again displays most effectively his trained observation or his sensitiveness to the delicacies of literary art.

One quality it is especially disappointing to miss in our college magazines. It is thoughtfulness. We are here to learn to think, and to think rightly, not allowing our conclusions to be determined by any prejudice or sentimentality. The student writer may be excused for carelessness in literary expression—that is largely due to the many and varied tasks of his daily life—but for careless thinking he may not be pardoned. The “heavy” articles, of a critical nature usually, show this fault less frequently than the fiction, which is too often of the “Storiette” type, floated by weak sentiment; or pictures of character in which the author becomes so engrossed in getting his local color strong—if not always true—that he quite forgets what kind of a person his hero was going to be, anyway. So, in a recent college magazine a personage who is described at first as exceedingly weak and incapable, later at the crucial moment, develops strength of character, ability, and force sufficient to move multitudes, while the reader is left entirely ignorant as to the cause for such a reversal of the opinion he was originally led to form, and protesting against the insult to his sense of stability in the universe.

The fiction appearing in publication by women undergraduates is more often influenced by sentimentality than that in the magazines of universities and men’s colleges. There is more evident preference for the “sad ending”, and a general tone of pathos, for unnecessary sorrows and avoidable tragedy. Such tales are often delicately written, but unless they are based on something real, true, human, they are valueless and had better be rough, ungraceful, and sincere.

Must we look, then, hoping to fail in finding, for the same lack of seriousness, of searching for the significant, the true, in our college life? It is not everywhere, fortunately, but it undoubtedly appears, even when college problems that touch us nearly are being discussed. Yet if there is no real thinking here, there will be none when greater questions demand settlement. There is a warning in every insignificant story published in our magazines, in every half-weighed critical decision, written or spoken; a warning for the college public, as well as for those writers who are in greater or less measure its representatives and its leaders.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

To those whose daily path has not at some time led them back and forth across a campus, that much used term, "college life", which appears so often on the pages of illustrated magazines and flaunts itself in

Academic Life gilt from the covers of volumes of sketchy stories, calls up
at Smith College pictures interesting and delightful in suggestion, perhaps, but hazy in outline and distorted as to perspective.

Lack of comprehension in the uninitiated is natural, for some of the most fundamental grounds of our existence here are not those things most evident to the casual observer or most attractive to the journalistic pen. Thus the alien often fails to realize, among other things, that the kaleidoscopic play of life in our college world is primarily the expression of a fixed routine, a routine that is the most actual reality of our college experience and that runs like a strong foundation thread through the lighter woof of it, giving us the cohesion of a steady purpose and a constant duty. From the moment when, as timid freshmen with a tendency to shrink into back seats, we enter our first Latin class, until our latest days when, with reversed views as to the desirable location of seats, we join the smaller, more select assemblies of senior courses, the realization that grows to mean more and more to each of us is that of our individual responsibility in the work of an intellectual fellowship, striving in harmony for common ends.

The life of the class-room is a phase of our college experience usually little commented upon, but it is there that the true purpose of the college organism appears. There lies the main highway of our student-world. We owe much practical benefit to the incidents of the class-room—to its often unappreciated opportunities for recitation, strengthening the moral fibre; to its keen suspenses hardening the nerves; and to the stimulation of its crucial moments when "despair sublimates to power". But it is from the elevating and broadening influence of its scheduled instruction and of its vigorous corporate activity, through which the student learns to sink her individual importance in the importance of the many and her own self-consciousness in the consciousness of greater interests outside herself, that there springs the first-fruit of our academic life—a wide, unconscious culture.

It is true that intellectual preoccupation may give rise to habits of morbid introspection, to a love of self-analysis which leads to the wasting of golden hours in mutual confidences of a soul-dissecting kind. But the lack of self-consciousness which is characteristic of our academic life saves us from such a reaction. We are inclined to bury our hopes, fears, strivings safely within ourselves and to find relief from the more strenuous demands of college in the relaxation of a social and athletic life so vigorous that an outsider might

sometimes fancy that the real ends of the college were lost sight of in the surface-play. We who experience it, however, can not feel that the pendulum swings too far in this direction, but we hold, rather, that the abundance and joyousness of our social life is but a token of our sanity. Another characteristic of this social life is its spontaneity and this is the best vindication of its right to existence. The amount of preparation and anticipation that seems essential to social functions in the outer world is little evident here. With the ease and swiftness of the magical bean our festivities spring into being under the clever fingers of one of the thousand committees which, working at odd moments, accomplish wonderful results in an incredibly short space of time and do not expect nor receive any great amount of credit for it, for the success of a venture is referred not so much to individuals as to the whole body of whose corporate life it is an off-shoot.

In the religious life of the college also the influence of the Academic attitude is strongly felt. The college is non-sectarian in name, and in spirit it is truly so. Individual theories are laid aside and all enter on the understanding of good will and high aspirations into a religious union in the college, the basis of which is practice rather than theory. The Smith College Association for Christian Work embraces all the members of the college. Its work is done by them and their representatives as naturally and conscientiously as is the formal college work, and as the exponent of deep-rooted principles and sympathies it is a vital factor in our undergraduate life.

On the whole, the characteristic of our existence here is absorbed, disinterested activity in all departments. The student grows without realizing it and so is little inclined to stop by the way and analyze the conditions of her growth. And since Carlyle has said, "the healthy know not their health, only the sick—disease is the beginning of inquiry", may we not regard this lack of central self-consciousness as a testimony to the wholesome vitality of our student-body, and as the most direct expression of our academic life?

EDITH DE BLOIS LASKEY 1901.

The first announcement of the conditional gift offered to Smith College was made by President Seelye at the Commencement exercises, Tuesday morning, June 18, 1901. The gift and its conditions should by this time be known

Report of the
Smith College Alumnae Committee
for the \$100,000 Fund

to every alumna; namely, that one hundred thousand dollars will be given to the college next June if a

similar sum can be raised during the year by the college, alumnae and friends. One half of the gift must be used as a Building Fund and one half as a General Endowment Fund; and the one hundred thousand dollars to be raised must be similarly appropriated.

The gift was naturally the principal topic of discussion at the alumnae meeting on Tuesday afternoon. It was voted that a committee of three be appointed by the Executive Committee. This committee was to have charge of organizing and directing the work and to secure aid by means of local committees. The chairman of the committee was appointed at the meeting, and was thus enabled to secure promised help for local committees from

many alumnæ who were present. The Non-Graduate Association were asked to aid in the work and most cordially agreed, and appointed their committee to confer with the alumnæ committee.

At the suggestion of one of the alumnæ, pledges were asked from as many as possible of those present. It was stated that a gift of fifty dollars from every alumna would secure the entire sum. As many would be unable to make that contribution, however, those who could give larger sums were urged to do so. At the close of the meeting thirty-nine pledges, amounting to \$1802 (average, \$33) were received.

The Alumnæ Association voted that the balance of money left from the closing of the L. Clark Seelye Library Fund should be devoted to this fund, and that all surplus funds of the year should be similarly appropriated.

During the summer the committee was completed by the appointment of Mrs. Mary Vaill Talmage and Miss Grace Hubbard. Nearly all of the local committees were organized and the work outlined. A pledge card was prepared, which it was the intention of the committee to have distributed by the local committees in the fall, thus adding the benefit of personal appeal to the written request. Late in July, however, a printed circular was prepared by President Seelye for immediate distribution to friends of the college and to the alumnæ. The committee felt that confusion might arise were two distinct forms of appeal made to the alumnæ. They therefore united their efforts with President Seelye's and, in early August, sent the President's circular and their own pledge card to every graduate of the college.

Up to September 25, the returns from these cards have been as follows:—

Number of cards returned,	169,		
Number of payments,	78,	. .	amounting to \$3,764.75
Number of pledges,	91,	. .	amounting to 11,905.00

Pledges have not been acknowledged, but a receipt has been at once sent for every *payment*. If any one has sent a payment and failed to receive such a receipt, the chairman of the committee should be informed.

In the accompanying tabulated account some increase over the above figures is shown resulting from life membership fees paid, from surplus funds voted as their gift by the Alumnæ Association, and from gifts and pledges which have been made by alumnæ, students or friends, directly to President Seelye, to be credited to the alumnæ account.

Twenty-two cards have been returned as unclaimed though sent to the address given in the latest register. Any alumna who has failed to receive a card is therefore asked to secure one from some member of a committee.

As not all of the alumnæ are connected with branch organizations, the plan of reporting class gifts rather than branch gifts has been adopted, as probably appealing to the greater number. Without any duplication of sums, however, the chairman of the committee can at any time report the amount contributed from the alumnæ registered as members of any one of the branch organizations. This will be done at any time at the request of the chairman of any local committee.

The class which first reported a contribution amounting to fifty dollars from every member, whether given by every individual member or by a few,

was to receive special mention. The class of '91 with seventy-nine members and a pledged contribution of \$5,065, has fulfilled this condition.

The direct work will now be largely in the hands of the local committees. Meetings are to be held by nearly all of them early in the fall and efforts made to secure the return of *some* pledge from every alumna. The committee hope that the alumnae can raise one half of the desired \$100,000, while President Seelye and the Trustees raise the remaining half. They would rather report that not *one* alumna failed to give something, however small, than to report the whole sum raised by a few large gifts. The committee would suggest that hereafter contributions be sent, as far as possible, to their chairman, rather than through the Treasurer of the college.

The chairman of each local committee is asked to report to the chairman of the alumnae committee by the 25th of each month, so that a statement may be made in each number of the *Monthly*. It is understood that the *Monthly* already reaches directly over one third of our alumnae.

At the end of three months we are able to report a fair proportion of the desired sum, but the remainder will be harder to raise; let each alumna feel the responsibility of doing the utmost she can until the end is reached.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE, Chairman,
MARY VAIL TALMAGE,
GRACE A. HUBBARD.

LOCAL COMMITTEES.

Boston Association. Miss Florence Van D. Smith '96, Chairman.

Miss Elizabeth T. Mills '97, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes '81, Mrs. Grace Gallaudet Kendall '86, Miss Elizabeth Thacher '98, Mrs. Alice Buswell Towle '89.

Chicago Association. Miss Martha B. Wilson '95, Chairman.
Committee not yet formed.

Western Massachusetts Association. Mrs. Lucy Wright Pearson '86, Chairman.
Mrs. Netta Wetherbee Higbee '80, Mrs. Caroline Hungerford Mills '82,
Mrs. Mary Baird Williams '91, Miss Lucy L. Cable '98.

Chairman for Holyoke, Miss Edith M. Ramage 1900.

Chairman for Springfield, Miss Leona M. Peirce '86.

Chairman for Pittsfield and vicinity, Miss Carolyn Weston 1900.

New York Association. Mrs. Marjorie Ayres Best '95, Chairman.
Committee not yet formed.

Worcester Club. Mrs. Mary Baker Fisher '86, Chairman.

Miss Millicent B. Estabrook '95, Mrs. Elizabeth Cheever Wheeler '85,
Miss Sayles, Miss Edith L. Inman '95, Mrs. Annie Russell Marble '86,
Mrs. Florence Seaver Slocomb '89, Miss Mabel R. Moore '94.

Syracuse Club. Miss Jean M. Richards '95, Chairman.
Committee not reported.

Hartford Club. Mrs. Mary Clark Mitchell '83, Chairman.

Mrs. Harriet Day Hansel '87, Miss Anna W. Moore '95, Miss Charlotte F. White '97.

Albany. Miss Mary S. Hunter 1901, Chairman.
 Baltimore and Washington. Mrs. Justina Robinson Hill '80, Chairman.
 Buffalo. Miss Eleanor B. Hotchkiss 1901, Chairman.
 California. Miss Ethelwyn Foote '97, Chairman.
 Cincinnati. Miss Mary Louise Caldwell 1901, Chairman.
 Cleveland. Miss Elizabeth L. McGrew 1901, Chairman.
 Minneapolis and St. Paul. Miss Julia M. Gray 1900, Chairman.
 New Haven. Miss Elizabeth F. Whitney 1900, Chairman.
 Philadelphia. Miss Edith D. Sheldon 1900, Chairman.
 Pittsburgh. Miss Jane M. Kerr 1901, Chairman.
 Providence. Miss Grace P. Chapin '99, Chairman.
 Saint Louis. Miss Anna L. Ramsey 1900, Chairman.
 Committee of Non-Graduate Association. Miss Mary E. Tyler, Chairman.
 Mrs. Nellie Packard Webb '85, Mrs. Kitty Lyall Merrill '94.

PAYMENTS AND PLEDGES TO DATE, SEPTEMBER 25, 1901.

Received from Alumnæ.

Class.	Paid.	Pledged.	Total.
1879.	\$—	\$—	\$—
1880.	—	20 00	20 00
1881.	75 00	20 00	95 00
1882.	—	75 00	75 00
1883.	8 75	65 00	73 75
1884.	40 00	55 00	95 00
1885.	220 00	45 00	265 00
1886.	75 00	50 00	125 00
1887.	610 00	100 00	710 00
1888.	35 00	—	35 00
1889.	46 00	45 00	91 00
1890.	105 00	5 00	110 00
1891.	6 00	5,065 00	5,071 00
1892.	5 00	15 00	20 00
1893.	25 00	5 00	30 00
1894.	505 00	10 00	515 00
1895.	205 00	145 00	350 00
1896.	68 00	15 00	83 00
1897.	188 00	143 00	331 00
1898.	230 00	95 00	325 00
1899.	550 00	237 00	787 00
1900.	208 00	5,210 00	5,418 00
1901.	565 00	485 00	1,050 00
	<hr/> \$3,764 75	<hr/> \$11,905 00	<hr/> \$15,669 75

Received from the Alumnae Association.

July 23.	Balance of Library account,	\$27 09	
July 24.	From Association Treasury,	250 00	
July 24.	Life Membership fees, ('80, '81, '84, '92, '95),	150 00	
Aug. 30.	Life Membership fees, ('81, nine from 1901),	300 00	
			727 09

Amounts paid to Pres. Seelye or Mr. C. N. Clark, and therefore not credited to classes.

June 18.	"Student",	\$100 00	
July 26.	Alumna,	500 00	
August and September (not itemized), alumnae or students,		790 00	
			1,390 00
Total,			\$17,786 84

Received from Non-Graduate Association.

Paid,	\$50 00	
Pledged,	175 00	
Total,		\$225 00

Received from Undergraduates.

Class of 1902, paid,		
Pledged,	\$50 00	
Total,		\$50 00

Grand total, \$17,981 84

There have been many spasmodic efforts to establish in Washington a National University. George Washington favored such an institution because "a flourishing state of the arts and sciences contributes to national prosperity and reputation", and in his eighth annual message he recommended its establishment saying that "the assimilation of the principles, opinions, and manners of our countrymen by the common education of our youth from every quarter well deserves attention" since it makes the citizen-body more homogeneous and the prospect of union more permanent. He dwelt especially upon the primary object of such a university—the education in the science of government of our youth, the future guardians of our liberties. Unfortunately the fund which Washington left to assist in the founding of a great national university was dissipated without furthering the object for which it was given.

The coöperation of two organizations promises to bring about a modified university, by the utilization of the various scientific and other resources of the government for purposes of research, thus giving men and women practical graduate training.

The first of the two organizations is known as the George Washington Memorial Association. Its object is two-fold : first, the creation of a memorial to George Washington ; and second, as stated in its amended act of incorporation, the increase in the city of Washington of opportunities and facilities for higher education, as recommended by George Washington in his various annual messages to Congress. The second organization is the Washington Academy of Sciences, the term "science" being used with its meaning of "knowledge ; comprehension of facts and principles". It is the federated head of the nine scientific societies of Washington and its membership includes the leading scientists of the country.

After prolonged discussion the two societies decided to establish in Washington the Washington Memorial Institution to provide for the promotion of science and literature. The George Washington Memorial Association has undertaken to secure a suitable site and to erect thereon a substantial, dignified building sacred to the memory of George Washington ; the Washington Academy of Sciences agrees to provide for the maintenance and conduct of the Institution in the interest of science and literature.

The Academy secured the passage of a law by Congress (approved March 3, 1901), which reads as follows :

"That facilities for study and research in the Government Departments, the Library of Congress, the National Museum, the Zoological Park, the Bureau of Ethnology, the Fish Commission, the Botanic Gardens, and similar institutions hereafter established shall be afforded to scientific investigators and to duly qualified individuals, students, and graduates of institutions of learning in the several States and Territories, as well as in the District of Columbia, under such rules and restrictions as the heads of the Departments and Bureaus mentioned may prescribe."

This movement is organized on a private foundation and is independent of government support or control. Its management is vested in fifteen trustees. The trustees elected the following officers : President, Daniel C. Gilman ; President of the Board of Trustees, Chas. D. Walcott ; Secretary, Nicholas Murray Butler ; Treasurer, C. J. Bell.

The coöperation of all colleges is earnestly desired. Already the National Educational Association, the Association of American Universities, the Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations, and the Association of Post-Graduate Study and Research have signified their approval of the new scheme. The Institution hopes to secure the objects desired by the advocates of a National University without being subject to the objectionable features of a university sustained by the government in competition with existing institutions.

It is expected that these opportunities will be available as early as October 1901, and graduate students desiring to know more of what they may expect should communicate with the President of the Board of Trustees, Dr. Chas. D. Walcott, Director of the U. S. Geological Survey, Washington, D. C.

Smith College Alumnæ coming here for study will please make themselves known to

JUSTINA ROBINSON HILL '80.
1788 Q Street, Washington, D. C.

June, 1901.

For the first time I sympathize with the unfortunate reporters who tore their hair in despair, when I said "No exercises". Our Smith reunion was intended primarily for an extremely informal gathering, and informality was surely attained. The Smith Reunion at the Exposition upper room of the Woman's Building was set apart for our "morning exercises", according to the ubiquitous reporter. The registry book was taken there and general meeting-place and bureau of information established, but there were no set exercises, and it was not until luncheon that we met in a body. We gathered at the Woman's Building at one o'clock and marched in an imposing procession to the Stadium Restaurant, but the guards who, we were promised, should escort us over and lend an air of dignity, failed to materialize.

There were about fifty or sixty Smith women at luncheon, ranging in class all the way from '86 to 1904. The tables were arranged in T-shape and decorated with smilax. Variety was added to the luncheon by the fact that, owing to changes in trains, new guests arrived with every course,—which so discomposed the head-waiter that he heated the iced bouillon and served it lukewarm. However, these were but minor grievances, and anyway even lukewarm bouillon seemed cold in comparison with that day.

At four o'clock we met again at the Woman's Building, where the Board of Women Managers gave us a most delightful tea. Again there were no exercises, but we took pity on the disconsolate reporters hovering about the outskirts and consented to sing a few of our many Smith songs. We did sing "Fair Smith" all through with marked success, owing largely to the efforts of twenty very new and carefully drilled alumnae. When we finally separated to watch the illumination in smaller groups, it was with the feeling that college days are ever-living and Alma Mater's daughters will ever be sisters, however far they may have wandered.

AGNES MYNTER '99.

To the Alumnae:

The executive board of the Smith College Association for Christian Work wishes to extend its sincere thanks to the alumnae who have so kindly responded to the letters asking for support for a General Secretary at Smith. Not only for the money received is it sincerely grateful, but also for the kind letters expressing interest and sympathy in this part of the college life.

Although the responses have been generous the necessary amount has not yet been made up. As only about one tenth of the two thousand letters sent out have received answers, it is hoped that there are other alumnae willing to aid in carrying out this plan. Any sum however small will be gratefully accepted. The Association has the sanction of President Seelye and many members of the faculty in its recognition of the need of a General Secretary at Smith, owing to the growing activities of the Association. Miss Carrolle Barber '99 has accepted this position for a part of the year.

Any one desiring information concerning the duties of a General Secretary at Smith, or to contribute to this fund, may communicate with Jean Jouett, Albright House.

JEAN JOUETT, Pres. S. C. A. C. W.

October 1, 1901.

The Women's University Club of New York has taken a fine old house at 18 East 24th Street, just off Madison Square. It is being thoroughly renovated, and will be ready for occupancy by November 1, at the latest. Rooms are now being engaged in it. The restaurant is not yet open, but excellent temporary arrangements for board have been made with the adjoining house.

Everything seems most promising. The house and its location are excellent, the idea is being enthusiastically received, and the membership is nearing seven hundred.

'83. Mary S. Anthony has resigned her position in Bradford Academy. Address for the winter, 1455 Beacon Street, Brookline, Mass.

Mrs. Morgan Brooks (Frona Brooks) has a story in a recent issue of the *Youth's Companion*. Mr. Brooks has accepted a position in the State University at Urbana, Ill. Address, 1012 West Oregon Street, Urbana.

Eveline L. Dickinson has moved to 1907 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Charlotte C. Gulliver is acting as substitute, this winter, for the classical teacher at Miss Porter's School, Farmington, Ct.

Anna L. Morse has moved from Brooklyn, N. Y., to Franklin Street, Hempstead, N. Y.

Clara G. Wolcott has left Longmeadow and is living at Lawrence, Mass.

ex-'83. Mrs. Clara Harris Akers of Richmond, Ky., has recently lost her husband.

Elizabeth F. Johnson has announced her engagement to Rev. Mr. Huckle of Baltimore, Md. The wedding is to take place in January.

'89. Louise C. Hazen is teaching mathematics in Tillotson College, Austin, Tex.

'94. Mary B. Clark was married June 18, in St. Paul, Minn., to Mr. Charles H. Putnam of Fitchburg, Mass. Address, Hotel Redpath, Spokane, Wash.

'96. The following members of the class have announced their marriages since June:

Charlotte Boone to Louis P. Slade.

Anna B. Day to Per Lee Hunt of Massillon, O.

Mabel Durand to Frank Woodworth Pine of Pottstown, Pa.

Sara Duryea to Dr. Charles D. Hazen of Smith College.

Bertha Herrick to Frederick M. Lloyd of New Haven, Ct.

Mary Poland to Robert Cushman, a Boston lawyer.

Marian T. Baker expects to study at the Teachers College, Columbia University, the coming year.

Eleanor H. Bush expects to study in the Department of Political and Social Science, Columbia University, the coming year.

Alice H. Day was graduated from the Law Department of the University of Buffalo in May, 1901, took the New York State Bar examination at Rochester, and in July was admitted to practice as attorney and counsellor-at-law in the Supreme Court of New York. So far as has been ascertained, Miss Day is the first Smith graduate to be admitted to the bar. She is practising in her father's office, Batavia, N. Y.

- '96. Edith Dugan spent last year in Beirut, Syria.
 Edith Howe is traveling through Europe for a year. Address: Care of Yokohama Specie Bank, London, England.
 Elizabeth King has returned from London, England, where she has been studying vocal music. She expects to be in New York City this winter.
 Harriet Learned has gone abroad for a year.
 Grace Lyman spent the summer traveling in Germany and Switzerland. She returns to teach in New York City.
 Hannah Myrick has an appointment at the New England Hospital, Boston, Mass.
 Alice R. Pierce took her Master's Degree at Brown in June.
 Mabel Reed is at Mechanics' Library, New York City.
 Mrs. W. R. Copeland (Anne H. Young) is now living in Philadelphia, Pa.
- '97. Edith Breckenridge and Maud Breckenridge '98 have changed their place of residence to the Beresford, Cor. 81st Street and 8th Avenue, New York City.
 Grace Ethelwyn Browne has an article on Puerto Rico in the September number of the "Modern Culture Magazine".
 Mae Rawson Fuller was married September 11, to Mr. John M. Curran of Chicago.
 Anna D. Caaler is associate principal in the Normal and Collegiate Institute, Asheville, N. C.
 Therina Townsend was married June 1, to Mr. Everett Larkin Barnard. Address unchanged.
- '98. Florence Anderson was married in September to Mr. Frederick M. Gilbert. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert sailed for Oxford, England, on September 28. Address, Care of International Committee, 8 West 29th Street, New York City.
 Katharine Ahearn's friends will regret to hear of her father's death which occurred September 15.
 Ethel M. Gower has just taken a Master's Degree in English Literature, at the University of Minnesota.
 Estella Elizabeth Padgham, who has been studying at the Meadville Theological School, was ordained as a Unitarian Minister Tuesday, September 17, in Syracuse, N. Y. Miss Padgham has accepted a call to be the pastor of Unity Church in Perry, Ia., and began her work there the first of October. Address: Rev. E. Elizabeth Padgham, Perry, Ia.
 Vera Scott is to be married October 15, in Ottawa, Ill., to Mr. James Stewart Cushman.
- '99. Alice A. Knox is teaching in Miss Dana's School at Morristown, N. J.
 S. Elizabeth Goodwin took her Master's Degree in Greek, Latin and German at Brown University in June.

1900. Harriet Barnes was married to Mr. Harold Irving Pratt, August 29, in Rockford, Ill.

Caroline King Grier was married Tuesday, October 1, to Mr. Herbert Brotherson Jamison in Peoria, Ill.

Mabel Milham is traveling secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement. Her field includes the eastern colleges, Canada and part of the South.

Harriet Goodwin, Lorraine Mabie, Florence Whitin and Mary Wilder spent the summer abroad.

1901. May Allen is studying Greek, Latin and Sanskrit at Yale. Address: 19 Lake Place, New Haven, Ct.

May Ashworth is teaching English and English literature in the Monticello, N. Y., High School.

Alice L. Batchelder will be at home this winter.

Marian Billings is substituting in the public schools of Springfield, Mass. Address: 28 Clarendon Street, Springfield.

Miriam Birdseye will spend the winter at home, 21 South Mountain Avenue, Montclair, N. J.

Julia Bolster has no definite plans for the winter and expects to remain at home most of the time.

Ethel Brocklebank is teaching in the Leominster High School, and attending the Fitchburg, Mass., Normal School.

Elizabeth S. Brown is teaching in the French-American College in Springfield, Mass.

Frances Buffington and Belsita M. Hull sailed from San Francisco on the U. S. Transport "Thomas" July 28, for the Phillipines. They reached Manila August 28. Their present address is care of Supt. Public Instruction Atkinson, Manila, P. I.

Annie M. Buffum is teaching Latin, history and mathematics in the High School in Walpole, N. H., her home.

Edna G. Chapin is teaching in Worthington, Mass.

Ethel P. Chesnutt is teaching history, literature and arithmetic in Tuskegee Institute, Ala.

Agnes C. Childs is assistant in physics in the Newton High School. Address: 427 Newtonville Avenue, Newtonville, Mass.

Ethelind T. Childs is to teach in Berkeley Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., this winter. Her engagement to Mr. Walter A. Dyar, Amherst 1900, now of New York City, is announced.

Josephine L. Chrysler is teaching history in the Moravian Seminary, Bethlehem, Pa.

Ethel S. Cobb has announced her engagement to Mr. William Percy Arnold of Abington, Mass.

Edna W. Collins left home with her parents the last of September for Colorado. She expects to remain in the West for several months.

1901. Ethel Y. Comstock expects to spend the winter and spring in Washington, D. C.
- Daisy T. Day is teaching in Williamsburg Academy, Williamsburg, Ky., a school for "mountain whites" and under the American Missionary Association.
- Sarah L. DeForest is a traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. Her field is the West and part of the South.
- Ethel M. de Long is teaching English, civics and history in the Springfield, Mass., High School.
- Elizabeth Dike is substituting in French and English in the Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N. H.
- Annie H. Duncan is to be "a resident member of the home" with weekly visits to the Smith College settlement in New York, this winter.
- Lucy M. Ellsworth was married at Esperanza Farm, New Hartford, Ct., September 5, to Dr. G. Mason Creevey of New York. Address: 206 West 52nd Street, New York City.
- Ellen T. Emerson is to be in Concord this winter. She is taking a course in botany at Radcliffe, and teaching a little in a Concord school.
- Mary A. Fassett is teaching in Kenilworth Hall, Kenilworth, Ill.
- Edna H. Fawcett has a temporary position as assistant in the fifth grade in a Springfield public school. Address: 7 Dartmouth Terrace, Springfield, Mass.
- Mary B. Fisher is teaching English and algebra in the High School in Macomb, Ill., her home.
- Olive Flower expects to teach in Oxford College, Oxford, O., this year.
- Edna L. Foley is taking the nurses' training course in Hartford Hospital, Hartford, Ct., which is her present address.
- Edith Forepaugh is teaching in her home, St. Paul, Minn.
- Nellie Fosdick expects to study music at home this winter.
- Ruth Gaines is taking a graduate course in English at Yale University. Address: 1198 Chapel Street, New Haven, Ct.
- Fanny Garrison expects to enter the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics this fall to pursue the two years' course. She will live at home.
- Ethel Gates will keep house at home in Evanston, Ill., this winter. Present address, Avenue House, Evanston.
- Ethel Godfrey sailed, September 7, for Liverpool, and will spend the winter in the British Isles and on the Continent. Address: Care of Union Bank of London, 2 Princes Street, London E. C.
- Edith A. Grant has charge of the commercial department of the Woodbridge, N. J., High School.
- Ethel W. Hawkins is teaching English in Miss Hall's School, Pittsfield, Mass.
- Ethel B. Howard will spend the winter at home.

1901. Mabel Hood's address for the ensuing year will be Riverdale Ranch, Cascade, Mont.

Lou H. Hosick will travel in Europe until November or December. After her return her address will be 1876 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.

Eleanor Hotchkiss will have her "coming out" this winter. She expects to teach in Sunday School.

Martha M. Howey has a position for the year in Ogontz School near Philadelphia.

Rosamond Hull will spend the winter in her home, 40 Appleton Avenue, Pittsfield, Mass.

Grace E. Irvin is assistant principal in the Bristol, Vt., High School.

Jessamine Kimball has announced her engagement to Mr. Edward Elliott Draper, Union '97.

Ethel Lane plans to continue her vocal lessons this winter, at home.

Elizabeth McGrew may study biology this winter with Dr. Herrick in the University at Cleveland, Ohio.

Mabel Mead sailed for Europe July 5, to be gone either one or two years.

Maud E. Miner is teaching mathematics in the Woman's College of Frederick, Md.

C. Maud Norris is taking graduate work at Boston University.

Agnes Patton will spend the winter at home in Philadelphia, Pa.

Maude Prescott expects to spend the winter in Salina, Kan., her home.

Clara E. Reed is teaching French and history in the Warren, Mass., High School.

Gertrude F. Riddle will spend the winter at home, 8712 Washington Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

Gertrude Roberts is teaching elocution and English at Friends' Select School, 140 North 16th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Persis Rowell is teaching English and history in Berwick Academy, South Berwick, Me.

Anne L. Sanborn is teaching literature and English in the High School in Beloit, Wis. Address, 915 Bushnell Street, Beloit, Wis.

Susan R. Seaver is the assistant in physics at Wells College this year.

Lillian R. See will spend the winter in New York, studying music.

Marion L. Sharp is teaching English and other subjects in the Gloucester, Mass., High School.

Janet Sheldon will spend the winter at home keeping house, and studying music.

Jennie S. Shipman is teaching French, English, mathematics, history and public speaking in the Bellows Falls, Vt., High School.

Ruth Slade is pupil-teacher in chemistry and physics in a Providence, R. I., High School.

1901. Helen F. Stratton is librarian of the Fitchburg High School and lives at home, 46 Highland Avenue, Fitchburg, Mass.

J. Elizabeth Sullivan took a course in Education at the Columbia University Summer School, and will teach in New York City. Address: 500 West 51st Street.

Marian Sutton will study cooking, music and French at home this winter.

Lena L. Swasey expects to spend the winter at home, 724 Congress Street, Portland, Me.

Amy E. Taylor will study music and German in Boston this winter.

Laura S. Thayer is teaching sciences in the High School in Collinsville, Ct.

Ruth Tomlinson will spend the winter at home.

Mabel P. Van Horne is teaching languages in the Glen Ridge, N. J., High School.

Grace Viele has entered the graduating class at the State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.

Leslie T. Vinal is studying chemistry and physics in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Beatrice Vrooman is traveling in Europe. The date of her return is uncertain.

Josephine Waymoth is pursuing the one year's course for college graduates in the Fitchburg State Normal School and teaching Greek and German in the Leominster High School. Address: 258 South Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

Helen Witmer will study a little at home, Des Moines, Iowa, where Methyl Oakes will be her guest for several months, including Christmas.

Louise W. Worthen is teacher of mathematics and science in Albany Female Academy, 155 Washington Avenue, Albany, N. Y.

Jean Wilson is instructor in English, Monmouth College, Monmouth, Ill.

Sarah Woodward has charge of the intermediate department in Lyndon Hall, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Margaret Wilder is traveling in Europe.

ex-'1901. Mary Hoadley Chase was married in July to Dr. Walter Appleton Lane, and is living in Milton, Mass.

BIRTH

'90. Mrs. F. F. Davidson (Adaline W. Allen) a son, Allen, born Aug. 4, 1901.

ABOUT COLLEGE

Every girl who comes to college here or elsewhere has, either consciously or unconsciously, an ideal of what college ought to be, and by this she judges the life about her. She expects to find things different from anything she has known before, and to be able to recognize the differences immediately. She has arrived at the conclusion that merely to live in the atmosphere of a college will beget in her scholarly attributes, and in some subtle way mark her out from among her less fortunate sisters who have never gone to college. She rarely realizes that this atmosphere, this inexplicable something which distinguishes a college from the world at large and from all other colleges is not due so much to the faculty or the curriculum awaiting her arrival, as to the attitude which she and her fellow-students assume toward the college.

It used to be supposed that college was the haunt of those only who were students in nature as well as in name, who came to the higher education having distinct designs upon it. A girl holding this view—not necessarily is she a blue-stocking, but an earnest student—is almost sure to be miserably disappointed during her first six months of college. She has probably been the brightest girl in her preparatory school, and she feels that she must keep up her reputation. To her surprise, she finds that while many of her classmates were evidently the brightest girls in their schools, yet others, and not a few of them, are merely ordinary students with no apparent desire to excel in anything. If she disregards this uninspiring element and ranks herself with the hard workers, be they good students or unhappy “digs”, she finds it all she can do to keep her footing among them. This causes her to work at her lessons with infinite labor and microscopic attention to details. She is soon overwhelmed by the amount of work always still undone, and harrassed by the feeling that she is not improving her advantages if she does not do all the reference reading and outside work suggested by her teachers. Overworked and worried, she goes nervously to her classes, meeting by the way happy, laughing girls bound on the same errand. She looks at them with resentful astonishment and inwardly condemns them as frivolous and unworthy of consideration. She is fairly bewildered at seeing troops of girls start off, care-free, for a walk in the early afternoons, and then later drop into the library with an unconcerned air, lay down tennis racket or golf bag and “fall to” with a will. She finds it inconceivable that anyone can enjoy recreation until she has done all of her work. The thought of her work is always before her, and she goes about despondent, oppressed, morbid, making herself and those about her unhappy, without adding to the true scholarly atmosphere of the college.

A far different type of girl is the one who comes to college because her friends have acquired the habit of coming to college and so it is the thing to do. Visiting from morning till night, not studying herself and keeping others from studying, she goes on in her irresponsible career until a warning brings her up with a sharp turn. She finds out then that college obligations are not entirely one-sided after all. She either becomes panic-stricken and leaves college with a sense of injury and hatred, or sets to work as best she can, her only aim being, however, just to pass muster. Even if she reforms enough to become a fairly good student, she cannot undo the harm she has already worked; for she and those like her give a show of truth to the infamous slander that Smith is made up of butterflies and society girls.

There is another class of girls who never quite get over their sense of strangeness. Instead of assimilating the new life about them, they go around with their ideas always unadjusted, always a trial to their professors and a hindrance to their fellow-students. They are not, however, as pernicious an influence as the girls who "don't care", who take no interest in their work or in the college life. Rather they are passive and negative, giving out nothing and absorbing little. In another field of activity, they would undoubtedly develop into interesting and capable girls, but college is no place for them; they are out of their element.

Many girls come to college with preconceived erroneous ideas, but if they are receptive, if they are of the kind who "live and learn", they come to see that they can accomplish most by following the old maxim "Work when you work, play when you play". They find by bitter experience that there is *always* more work to do than they can possibly do, and therefore when they have done a proper amount, it is better for them and for their work to stop and play a little. They also come to realize that the girl who is always worried and brooding over her troubles is not a pleasant companion, for every girl has enough of her own without being constantly reminded of those of her friends. To be always amiable and cheerful, always ready to enter into sympathy with those about her, to have always an air of leisure and enjoyment even while engrossed in studies, papers, clubs, social duties and the hundred calls on a busy girl's attention, above all to have a large working fund of common sense—this would seem to be the most useful ideal of a college girl, the expression of which, though it may mislead the ignorant, receives always the unqualified approbation of the initiated.

ELOISE MABURY 1902.

It may be of interest to the alumnæ, as well as to the undergraduates of the college, to learn of the origin and progress of the new exercise requirement. Women are becoming more and more aware

Health and Fresh Air of the fact that regular exercise is necessary to preserve health. We have reached the stage when theoretically we believe that by taking rational exercise we shall become healthier, happier, more useful members of society. Yet in spite of this theoretical recognition, a large number of people have yet to acquire the habit of exercising, have yet to learn that it is as necessary a part of the daily life as eating, sleeping, or working.

The fact that a large number of the members of the two upper classes in Smith College took no regular exercise became so apparent that in the autumn of 1899 the juniors and seniors were urged to take daily exercise and to hand in a monthly report to the physical training department. The project was greeted by the students with enthusiasm. Appreciating the value of exercise, they felt that this scheme would serve as a reminder and help. The fact that it was a request and not a requirement appealed to all. It was launched under the most favorable auspices; nevertheless it proved an entire failure before the end of the college year. Only thirty per cent of the students handed in their records the first month, and the number decreased until no returns were made by the end of the winter term. Representative students were asked to explain this extraordinary collapse of a scheme that had seemed to appeal to them so strongly. They said that their enthusiasm was genuine, as they were convinced of the value and necessity of exercise and hence appreciated any scheme that would encourage them in taking a rational amount. However, as in academic work they often neglected one study for another in which more immediate pressure was brought to bear, so they neglected exercise which was voluntary for work that was required.

The matter was brought before the faculty in the spring of that year. After serious consideration it was voted to require of all juniors and seniors four one-hour exercise periods a week, from October first to June first; also that they should keep a record and should return their records each month to the physical training department. This requirement went into effect October 1, 1901. It was further voted by the faculty last spring that the same amount of exercise should be required of the first and second year students for the months when no gymnastic exercises are held; that is, for the month of October and the spring term.

Considering the difficulty of carrying through any new movement involving a comparatively large number of students, it would seem that the first year was a success. On an average, ninety per cent of the students returned their records each month. The others, almost without exception, presented some excuse. The college physician noticed a marked improvement in the health of the students and they themselves acknowledged the benefit they had received from this requirement. Indeed it is gratifying to find how fully the students as a body are in accord with the movement. The conscientious, hard working students, who are most in need of regular exercise, seem to gain the largest profit by this new scheme, for they feel that they are justified in taking exercise, now that it is a college duty. Some of us still have scruples against giving a little time each day to recreation and health!

Smith is not the only college for women that has a four-year exercise requirement. Bryn Mawr from its very beginning has had such a requirement, and Vassar has had it for a number of years. Even colleges for men are realizing the necessity of compulsory exercise. No truer statement of the need of physical training and its relation to the intellectual life can be found than these words of Professor William James, from an address delivered at Harvard two years ago, before the American Association for the Advancement of Physical Education:

"When it was proposed last year that this university should make physical

training obligatory in the freshman class, the motion was voted down by a large majority in the faculty, so the fight must still go on here as elsewhere, until it is recognized that physical training is the general basis which underlies every trait of character and the great harmonizer and equalizer and bringer up of the individual to the normal mixture of facilities which he is expected to possess. As a student of psychology, as a member of our philosophical department, I feel the greatest interest in the physical culture of all our students. I know that we shall thereby get sounder views, we shall get truer interests, we shall get less eccentric influences of philosophy upon life. Unwholesome broodings over mysteries, pessimistic tendencies, which are supposed to be the fruits of a spiritual life too ardently cultivated, would often disappear if the bodily equilibrium were made right."

SENDA BERENSON.

The Smith College Council was started in 1894. The circumstances connected with its origin are not on record, since no constitution was adopted and no reports were kept until 1896. But judging from the

The Council articles of the Constitution we may surmise that the primary object of the Council was to promote a sense of honor and of responsibility among the students by allowing them to have representatives who should share in governing the life of the college. These representatives were elected by the four classes, the senior class electing four members, the junior three, the sophomore two, and the freshman one. Of this number, four were the class presidents. In this way the classes were brought into a closer relationship which enabled them to act more directly for the college as a whole. Through the Conference Committee, the Council was brought in touch with the faculty, and so had the opportunity of seeing the college life more broadly and clearly than is possible from the student point of view alone.

The Council of to-day might be said to take the place of what is self-government in other women's colleges. It does not make rules, it simply respects them and helps to impress them upon the student body, not as rules, but as reminders of the confidence placed in college women. Its functions are of various kinds, such as regulating the social entertainments, keeping order in chapel, taking charge of the reading-room, and receiving any petitions which the students may desire to present to the faculty. In that the college Council possesses the records of the manners and customs of by-gone college years, it is enabled to advise and direct the uninitiated and dubious in all questions as to precedent arising in our own day.

ETHEL HALE FREEMAN 1902.

The Smith College Association for Christian Work is the organization in college whose object is "to promote in the name of Christ, the development of a broad and intelligent activity in the cause of hu-

S. C. A. C. W. manity, and to unite in one central body the organizations already existing in the college, and those to be formed in the future, for the purpose of active Christian work."

The special organizations under the general association are the Christian Union, Missionary Society, Home Culture Clubs, Students' Exchange, College

Settlements Association, Needle Work Guild, and Consumers' League. It is taken for granted that every girl in college will be interested in one or all of the departments of the association work; so every girl in becoming a member of the college becomes also a member of the Smith College Association for Christian Work.

The Cabinet or executive board of the association consists of the officers of the general association, the chief officer of the special organizations, and two representatives from each class. This board meets every week to transact the business of the association, and its meetings aim to give unity and power to the association work.

This year we feel that the association has made a great advance in its power of usefulness through having as its General Secretary, Carrolle Barber '99. Miss Barber will be in Northampton two thirds of the college year and will devote herself to extending the branches of the association which have remained undeveloped because of lack of time on the part of the girls doing the college work.

The association stands ready and willing to help any girl in college in any way it can. As every girl is a member of the association, each one should feel free to ask aid, in any way it can be given.

JEAN GERTRUDE JOUETT 1903.

It is time that the query "What is the German Club?" should be satisfactorily met. The explanation is simple. It is a club consisting, at present, of twelve members whose interest in German is sufficiently practical to allow of their expressing it in that language in fairly intelligible phrases. It was founded in April of last year by seven charter members under the kind and helpful direction of Frau Kapp, head of the German Department. At the first meeting a constitution was drawn up, composed in German, submitted to Frau Kapp, approved and signed by the seven charter members, these being Mabel Coulter, Ida Heinemann, Ethel Chase, Helen Walbridge, Ethel Betts, Bertha Rosenfeld and Alta Zens. There was, as may be imagined, quite a struggle at first to turn "Parliamentary Rules" into German equivalents, and the first meeting was a strange mixture of futile attempts on the part of the members to express themselves, of suppressed laughter at a particularly strong Irish German bull, and of numerous corrections on the part of Frau Kapp. The final result was most comforting, however, and our formal aim stands thus in the Constitution of the Deutscher Verein: "Der Zweck dieses Vereins soll die Pflege des Deutschen sein in Kunst, Musik und Literature im College und unter den Mitgliedern dieses Vereins". Our formal meetings alternate with informal ones, during which we endeavor to enjoy ourselves,—in German,—to carry on the business of the Verein, and to read or discuss some of the current German literature.

"Refreshments?" Of course,—could anything be truly German without refreshments? And with all our stated aims we certainly desire, at least, to come a bit closer to the genial customs of Germany.

Whether our plan of combining German art, literature, and business will prove a success cannot as yet be stated. But from our very pleasant, if brief, past and from the enthusiasm of the present members, it is safe to assume

that in a short time only incoming freshmen will need to inquire "What is the German club?"

The possibilities of the Students' Exchange have never been fully developed and it is our desire to make it as well known as possible this year. Many girls who come to college are absolutely or partially dependent on money they can earn here and they are willing to work hard for it. And there are other girls who can furnish them with the necessary work, if they only knew about it. It is the work of the Students' Exchange to fit these two sides together as much as possible. Work such as sewing of all kinds, painting, playing the piano, copying music or themes, reading aloud, cleaning fancy articles, waiting on table, and pressing out light dresses, can be found and given to girls who need it.

By spreading the knowledge of the Students' Exchange and its work we wish especially to emphasize its importance to the entering class and we bespeak their hearty coöperation for the coming year, in carrying out its work. It is desired that as many students as want work should see the manager. Office hours are posted on the S. C. A. C. W. board in College Hall.

MABEL EMMA GRIFFITH 1903.

The position of registrar, left vacant by Miss Knox, is filled by Miss Mary Eastman, Smith '86, who has been teaching in Wellesley College.

Frau Kapp is absent on leave for the year, and during her absence the position of head of the German Department is filled by Ernst H. Mensel, A. M., Ph. D., University of Michigan. Dr. Mensel has for some time been an instructor at the University of Michigan.

Signor Solone di Campello, LL. D., a graduate of the University of Rome, has been appointed instructor in Italian.

The assistants in the different departments this year are: Miss Amy L. Barbour, A. B., Smith '91, Ph. D., Yale, who is assisting in Greek; Fräulein Gertrude E. Schmidt, a graduate of Wisconsin University, and later a graduate student at Harvard, who is assisting in German; Mlle. Jeanne Houssais, formerly of the Packer Institute, who is assisting in French; Miss Jennie T. Vermilye, Smith '97, assisting in astronomy in place of Miss Bigelow, absent on leave for the year; Miss Julia W. Snow, Ph. D., Zürich, a graduate of Cornell, who is assisting in botany; Miss Charlotte F. Emerson, Smith '97, who is assisting her father in geology; Miss Lola Maverick, A. B., Smith, '97, who is assisting in mathematics; Miss Alice L. Childs, Smith '96, who is assisting the registrar; and Miss Bessie Feary of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, who is assisting Miss Berenson by taking charge of the sports. Miss Harriet Martin, B. L., Smith '99, has been appointed reader in the English Literature Department.

The class of nineteen hundred and two wish to announce that the play they have chosen for their Senior Dramatics is *Romeo and Juliet*. The class wished not to go outside of Shakespeare in their choice and preferred not repeating any

of the plays which have already been given successfully during the few years in which college dramatics have been presented. *Romeo and Juliet* offered the inducements of great beauty of the lines and strong dramatic possibility. The class realize that they are making a departure in attempting a tragedy, but they have been assured that this tragedy would come peculiarly within the scope of college talent. The fact of the extreme youth of the chief characters makes their interpretation less difficult, and this fact will be used to emphasize the element of pathos rather than of tragedy. The play will be interpreted as a sad lyric rather than a tragedy.

VIRGINIA ELIZABETH MOORE,
President of the Class of 1902.

The class of nineteen hundred and two has appointed the following committee for the senior play : chairman, Blanche Wyckoff Hull ; costume member, Helen Winslow Durkee ; music member, Selma Weil ; business manager, Ruth Hawthorne French ; advisory member, Sarah Swift Schaff.

CLASS ELECTIONS

SENIOR CLASS

President, Virginia Elizabeth Moore
Vice-President, Helen Duer Walker
Secretary, Marjary Lawrence Gilson
Treasurer, Mary MacDonald Bohannon
Ivy Orator, Helen Isabel Walbridge
Historian, Ethel Withington Chase
Toast Mistress, Sarah Swift Schaff
Councilors :
Ethel Hale Freeman
Virginia Elizabeth Moore
Eloise Mabury
Emma Heywood Otis

SECOND CLASS

President, Emma Hausell Dill
Vice-President, Marion Rice Prouty
Secretary, Beattie Bell Boynton
Treasurer, Hope Newell Walker
Councilors :
Emma Hausell Dill
Mary Comer

FIRST CLASS

JUNIOR CLASS
President, Virginia Bartle
Vice-President, Carlotta Parker
Secretary, Grace Pierpont Fuller
Treasurer, Margarita Safford
Historian, Esther Conant
Councilors :
Virginia Bartle
Marion Evans
Clara Louise Bradford

President, Katharine De La Vergne
Vice-President, Lora Wright
Secretary, Genevieve Hall Scofield
Treasurer, Katharine Cole Noyes
Councilor :
Katharine De La Vergne

SOCIETY ELECTIONS

PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

President, Florence Emeline Clextan
1902
Vice-President, Henrietta Prentiss 1902
Secretary, Ida Belle Talcott 1902
Treasurer, Deborah Van Noorden 1902

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

President, Marjary Lawrence Gilson
1902
Vice-President, Lucretia Caroline Hayes
1902
Secretary, Fannie Resor Stewart 1903
Treasurer, Laura Post 1903

GYMNASIUM AND FIELD ASSOCIATION

First Vice-President, Gertrude Roxana Beecher 1903
 Second Vice-President, Katharine Wheeler Holmes 1902
 Secretary, Ethel French Swan 1904
 Treasurer, Alice Bradford Boutwell 1904

SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE

President, Alta Zens 1903
 Vice-President, Nettie McDougall 1903
 Secretary, Lucy Webb Hastings 1903
 Treasurer, Mary Gilney Wadsworth 1904

DEUTSCHER VEREIN

Vice-President, Mabel Post Coulter 1902
 Secretary, Alta Zens 1903
 Treasurer, Elsie Adèle Meding 1904

GREEK CLUB

Chairman of the Executive Committee, Rachel Berenson 1902
 Secretary and Treasurer, Clara Louise Davis 1902

COLLOQUIUM

Secretary, Ethel Frances Fernald 1902
 Treasurer, Edith May Wells, 1902

NEEDLE WORK GUILD

Chairman, Elizabeth Hamlin Macniel 1902

COLLEGE CLEF CLUB

Vice-President, Helen Winslow Durkee 1902
 Secretary and Treasurer, Marjorie Gray 1903

MISSIONARY SOCIETY

President, Annie Louise Cranska 1902
 Vice-President, Anna Charlotte Holden 1903
 Secretary, Leslie Stafford Crawford 1904
 Treasurer, Ada Isabel Norton 1903
 Assistant Treasurer, Blanche Louise Warren 1904

GLEE CLUB

Leader, Florence Emeline Clextion 1902
 Assistant Leader, Alice Marion Butterfield 1903
 Manager, Dorothy Young 1902
 Treasurer, Ruth Hartwell Stevens 1903
 Accompanist, Selma Weil 1902

MANDOLIN CLUB

Leader, Ethel Frances Fernald 1902
 Manager, Margarita Safford 1903

BANJO CLUB

Leader, Helen Powers Manning 1902
 Manager, Edith Wheeler Vanderbilt 1902

CALENDAR

- Sept. 20, Opening of College.
 21, Reception of the Christian Association.
- Oct. 5, Alpha Society.
 9, Sophomore Reception.
 10, Mountain Day.
 12, Phi Kappa Psi Society.
 16, Tyler House Dance.
 23, Concert.
 30, College Lecture.
- Nov. 6, Open Meeting of the Greek Club.
 13, Delta Sigma and Southwick House Dance.



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The
Smith College
Monthly

November - 1901.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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NOVEMBER, 1901.

No. 2.

***A FEW CAUSES AND RESULTS OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS THEOCRACY***

Theocracy, the rule of the church, was the natural, almost unavoidable, outcome of seventeenth century English Puritanism. In the mother country the tendency towards it was strongly marked during Cromwell's supremacy, and in New England, in face of a different and more favorable political environment, theocracy was bound to triumph.

To understand rightly the reasons for the theocratic government of early Massachusetts, we need to know the causes which led to the founding of the colony, and the events at home which necessarily shaped in part the policy of those who colonized the new land. Without entering into details, we will say that the motives were political, as well as religious, though religion has hitherto held place as causing the Puritan exodus to the New World. During the reign of King James, who stood ready "to harry them from the land" and during the rule of Charles I., who allowed no broad-minded Puritan to infringe his divine right to reign, the persecuted Puritans loved to look forward to a time in the future when their opinions might be triumphant. At home if possible, but if not, abroad, they

would found an ideal commonwealth—a state in which Puritanism should reign, and to which all persecuted brethren might flee.

Among the men who had this passion for religious-political expansion, this desire to found a new religious state, was John White, rector of the Puritan church in Dorchester. This far-sighted man realized that in the elements of stern, sturdy Puritanism lay some of the essential qualities for New England colonization. In a series of clear, scholarly pamphlets, he advised the Puritan party at home to establish a colony in New England whither they might flee if persecution became intolerable, or if Protestantism itself seemed threatened. The question was much discussed at London, and Endicott's colony resulted.

Then John White's scheme was able to broaden, and become a more living factor in the future history of England and America. The scorning of the Petition of Rights on the part of King Charles, and his subsequent refusal to summon parliament, caused the deepest anxiety among all English subjects and especially among all Puritans. This fear was supplemented and increased by the state of affairs abroad. The fall of Rochelle had recently ended the Huguenot power in France, the Thirty Years War was rife in Germany, and no Gustavus Adolphus had appeared. In the very same month of the pro-roguing of parliament the famous Act of Restitution was passed. Protestantism itself seemed in danger of overthrow. Puritan England must face the emergency.

To many of the brave men confronting the question, the idea of an American refuge-place seemed feasible. The loose construction of the previously granted charter permitted the transference of the governing body to the New World and the creation of a permanent and entirely legal government. With such leaders as Winthrop and Dudley, the scheme prospered and a thousand immigrants came to Salem and the surrounding country.

These men kept in mind the political purpose of their colony and strove, by every means in their power, to prevent the entrance of any foreign and corrupting element. They knew that the truest Puritan,—that is, the full-fledged church member,—would best keep this feature of the colonization before his mind and would struggle hardest for the Puritan exclusiveness of the new settlement. The establishment of the theocracy followed naturally, and largely as a measure of self-protection.

In 1631, not two years after the great exodus, it was decided by the General Court that none but church members should be considered freemen and citizens with full voting powers. This of course led to immediate disadvantages and to consequent rebellion. "The fact that no one but church members could vote stirred up political dissatisfaction on the part of those who were not represented in the taxation they had to pay." Justice was administered with very arbitrary spirit and, as was naturally the case, law and ethics were often confounded. Clergymen obtained the chief places in the government and ruled from impractical biblical points of view and often from the principles of the Mosaic law. Reaction followed, and the more liberal thinkers sought an asylum from the very zeal they had helped provoke.

This growth of liberal thought had important and immediate outcome. The free thinkers had no wish to return to England where civil war was on the verge of outbreak, and where there was continual danger of the triumph of the state church. They had equally no desire to remain among their bigoted friends in Massachusetts Bay. Accordingly they left the places they had helped to found, and sought new homes for themselves in the fertile valley of the Connecticut. Of course they were to some degree urged on by the prospect of successful agriculture, and by the wish to compete with the Dutch, in fur trading with the Indians, but the first and greatest cause was the wish to form a commonwealth in which broader views might be permitted. Windsor, Wethersfield, and Hartford were settled, and the beginnings of Connecticut made.

The theocracy, affecting as it did these Connecticut pioneers who in the main were of Puritan views, could hardly fail to have more marked results among those who were of entirely different religious beliefs and customs. A common misunderstanding, and one which cannot too soon be done away with, is that the Puritans, persecuted at home, were filled with comparatively modern ideas of toleration and liberty in religion. Nothing is farther from the real facts of the case. The Puritans wished to escape persecution themselves, but they never intended to allow a bit of liberty to those whose views were unlike their own.

No wonder then that the lovable, if imprudent, Roger Williams was to encounter fiercest persecution because of his nine-

teenth century ideas of individual relations to God, and the total separation of church and state. And here, as in the case of the more liberal Puritans, the stricter sect was obliged to preserve its stern views and to hold to its almost unreasoning decrees, for the sake of the mighty odds at issue. The religion for which men were dying in England, and for which many had fled their native land, was not to be held lightly nor attacked with impunity. Williams had to leave the colony and seek refuge elsewhere. So Rhode Island, like Connecticut, was the result of the arbitrary Massachusetts theocracy.

This iron rule of Puritanism in Massachusetts prevented the immigration of French Huguenots, or of Scotch and Irish, or any others of foreign blood to whom the king's caprice might have given opportunity to settle. As a contemporaneous writer said, "God sifted the whole nation that he might send choice grain into the wilderness". The theocratic rule prevented the mixture of common seed.

Hand in hand with Puritan dogmatism in religion went obstinacy in politics. A charter which secured freedom from persecution in his religion was to be protected with the last drop of a Puritan's blood. The men of Massachusetts Bay never forgot for one moment their rights as Englishmen and equal subjects with their friends at home. Throughout the changes of the Civil War, the Protectorate, and the Restoration, Massachusetts clung to Winthrop's and Dudley's charter, sometimes by bold-faced resistance, sometimes by skilful evasion, but always for the sake of the great Puritan issue involved. The theocracy must remain a feature of Massachusetts Bay—no price was too great to pay for the temporal rule of Puritanism.

Along with the production of this intensely dogmatic spirit came the much more important growth of deep Americanism—of patriotism and loyalty. To the wish to perpetuate the theocracy we owe the sturdy resistance to the tyrannical rule of Andros and his king, and the preservation and increase of the liberty-loving spirit that led to the American Revolution.

LIZZIE SEAVER SAMPSON.

THE RIVER GOD

When the breeze from the East comes galloping by
O'er the silvery back of the close lying grass,
And the water runs smooth where the shadows lie,
In a race with the clouds that swiftly pass ;
Then the river god like a fleet dark steed
Streaks down the course nor halts for rest,
But clears each fall with a gain of speed
As he shakes the foam from his tossing crest.

When the dust grows yellow against the sky
And the giddy leaves whirl round and round.
When the drooping willows grumbling sigh
And the stream replies with a snarling sound ;
Then the river god at a thwarting rock
Rises to crush like a savage bear.
His spiteful claws about it lock,
Useless food for a hungry lair.

When winds in torment labouring breathe,
By iron-shouldered clouds oppressed,
And battling with the flood beneath
Writhe back and forth in wild unrest ;
Then the river god like a dragon crawls,
His steel-gray scales alight with wrath,
With quivering claws and shivering jaws,
To seek his prey down the watery path.

When the sullen thunder growls afar
And the distant hills are gray with rain,
When the water clawing a sandy bar
Leaps back with tossing tawny mane ;
Then the river god like a lion strides.
Green-eyed and swift he rages by,
With frothing mouth and heaving sides,
Now crouching low, now springing high.

When the thunder car comes rolling near,
Flame striking from his heavy wheels,
And the wet white aspens shake to hear
The dancing hail-fiend's clicking heels ;
Then the river god goes charging by
As a young bull, Andalusian-bred,
Steel stung in neck and flank, his eye
Enraged by flaunted scarf of red ;
Who dashes on with muffled roar
To kill, his sharp horns downward flung,
And falls before the matador,
The biting blade thrust in his lung.

ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT.

THE MAJOR'S ROSES

The wheezy old Southern train had coughed its weary way onward, leaving me stranded on the platform of a lonesome-looking station which nestled at the foot of a steep hill. I stood there a moment, lost in admiration of the wonderful view. Truly the beautiful Shenandoah valley had been rightly named "The Garden-spot of Virginia".

"Howdy, boss!" I turned around at the welcome sound of a voice, and saw a pleasant-faced young negro, with the remnant of a straw hat in his hands. "Shell I tek you ter de *Ho-tel* Peyton, suh? Bes' *ho-tel* in town, all de lates' mod'n improvisin's", and taking my satchel from my hand he led me around the station, where a horse of uncertain age was standing, hitched to a still more dubious-looking carryall. We were soon rattling along the road, bumping over stones and gullies at a pace that was not conducive to the repose of my recently overstrained nerves.

After a dinner redolent with reminders not suggestive of Delmonico's, I walked over to the post-office to mail some letters. I was about to push them through the slot, when my arm was brushed by some one who had come in in a great hurry.

"I beg ten thousan' pahdans, suh, foh my inexpressible rudeness! I know, suh, it is quite unpahdonable to be in such a hurry, but it was of the utmost impo'tance that I should get that lettah in foh the down train."

I had turned quickly to assure him that the matter was of no consequence whatever, and saw a tall, thin old man, his erect military carriage at once betraying his service. He had on a long linen "duster", in the top buttonhole of which was a tiny pink rose, and as he carried his wide-brimmed slouch hat in his hand, I noted that he wore his rather long gray hair carefully roached back from a fine forehead. He wore neither beard nor moustache, which displayed to advantage his clean-cut jaw and his firm yet humorous mouth. Indeed I could well imagine what a fluttering he must have caused in the hearts of the maidens of some thirty years ago.

"Ah, I puhceive, suh," he was saying, "that you are a strangah in ou' midst. Allow me to introduce myself,—Majah Kerfoot Braxton, suh, at yo' service."

I explained that I had come to Peytonville in search of a well-earned rest, and I went on to say that, although I was now a New Yorker, I was very proud of the fact that my family, the Bentleys, came from the grand old state of South Carolina.

It was really funny to note the electrical change that came over Major Braxton. His manner had been cordiality itself before, but now he fairly beamed; he grasped my hand and shook it warmly.

"Where are you stayin', suh? Huah? Boa'ding at the Hotel Peyton! Nevah, suh! No friend of mine shall evah stay there while Braxton Hall is standin' on its foundations. I'll have 'Cage go right up now an' get yo' baggage." He would take no refusal, and indeed I was not sorry.

I had followed him outside the post-office, and I could scarcely restrain a smile at the sight which met my eyes. A heavy old-fashioned carriage, rusty with age, was standing there, with a big clothes-basket, evidently the washing, hanging from the hind axle. Hitched to it, with much rope-patched harness, were a long lank mule and a sleek young Kentucky saddle-horse, each carrying a saddle besides. The Major afterwards explained that this was to relieve the strain on the old carriage at the rough places on the road. To complete the picture, a smiling old darky stood at the head of the evidently indignant young saddle-horse.

My slender baggage, at which I think 'Cage secretly sniffed, had already been strapped on behind, and with the Major to point out the leading places of interest, the four miles to Braxton Hall passed quickly enough.

Yes, I expected it, but somehow not until now had I ever felt what the sadness of the decayed grandeur of the South really was. Weeds growing up everywhere, fences rotting and falling down, the empty, deserted slave-quarters, the magnificent old house whose rafters were never more to ring with the old-time merriment within; except, mayhap, with the ghostly laughter of the gay beaux and belles whom it sheltered "befoh de wah". Roses, roses, everywhere! They covered the entire front of the house, and hundreds of saucy pink faces peeped out at you around the massive old pillars or between the whitewashed railings of the porch.

"Welcome to Braxton Hall, suh!" and the Major showed me into the great front door with all the grace of the old-time cavalier. "An' 'Cage," he called, "fix us up two mint-juleps!"

The Major and I were sitting out on the front porch, sipping juleps that would have tickled the palate of old Epicurus himself. A little gust of wind had caused a disturbance among the roses, and one, whose stem was a little longer than the rest, bent down and tapped the Major on the cheek. He stopped instantly in the story he was telling, and a look of unutterable tenderness dimmed his rather keen blue eyes. He patted the rose as if it had been a living thing, and looking far off down the valley, he said, softly, "Yes, Bentley, they are beautiful, aren't they?" A moment later I was holding my sides with laughter over an account of how he and Jim Stuart filled the General's watermelon with bricks.

If I had thought the Major charming before, he certainly surpassed himself at dinner. Resplendent in an old-fashioned swallow-tail with brass buttons, his fine linen stiffly starched, his hair magnificently roached, his cheeks slightly flushed with wine, and a rose in his buttonhole, he looked twenty years younger. He told stories until 'Cage and I were nearly rolling on the floor with laughter, though 'Cage had probably heard them all hundreds of times before.

I arose bright and early the next morning at the first peep of the sun and the roses into my room. Following the Major's example, I stuck one in the buttonhole of my coat, and then softly let myself out of the house. I found old Unc' 'Cage in the garden picking berries.

"Mawnin', marster," he said, and then I saw him glance with disapproval at the rose. "Marse Bentley, suh, if you'll please 'scuse a po' ole niggah, I wish you'd tek dat rose out'n yo' buttonhole. Marse Kerf's powerful quare 'bout dem roses, an' —"

"Why, certainly, Unc' 'Cage," said I, "but do you think he would mind if you told me why he is so queer about them?"

"Ain't you nevah hyeahed 'bout dat? I sholy thought ev'ybody knowed 'bout Marse Kerf's roses. Well, dey ain't much tuh tell. Ef you go down yander on der road er lil' piece, you c'n see ole Jedge Roller Campbell's place,—on de lef' han' side, de one wid de stone gate-pos'es. We-all an' de Campbells uster be monst'us thick, an' dey'd 'greed evah sence Marse Kerf

an' Miss Lucy wuz so high dat dey sh'd git ma'ied when dey got growed up. Hit seem lak de chillun ain' got no ur thought neider, fer you couldn' hahdly tell which place air one b'longed tuh, dey wuz a-visitin' one 'nurr so much, an' de ole folks, dey'd set up an' wink 'hinest dey fans.

"Den bomeby Marse Kerf, he went off tuh de 'versity an' I went wid 'im. Yassuh, I went too, an' when we come back Miss Lucy she guv 'im er slip er de rose-bush what huh unc Tyler Trollinger done brung huh f'om Inglin'. Laws! Marse Kerf wuz dat foolish 'bout dat rose-bush! He lak tuh a-drownded it, a-waterin' it, an' he wouldn' let nobody tech it 'cep'n him.

"Den—what you think?—dat old fool Jedge Campbell he tuk a notion tuh change he pol'tics. Den dere wuz times, suh! Ole Marse he warn't sech a powahful hot-tempered man, but he couldn' stan' anybody changin' f'om de pol'tics uv de fambly, an' when de ole Jedge run fer de Legislatuh ole Marse he lipt in, he did, an' run too, so's he'd git licked, fer 'kase ennybody gwine tuh git licked when er Braxton's in de fiel'. De Jedge got so mad he sont ole Marse er challenge, an' dey fit de duil, an' ole Marse got shot th'oo de laig. Ole Marse say gwine tuh th'ow off Marse Kerf 'thout a copper ef he evah went nigh Miss Lucy ergin, an' Jedge Campbell he done de same by Miss Lucy. Marse Kerf wuz 'bleeged tuh 'bey lie pa, kase he de onlies chile, an' ole Marse gittin' ole.

"Den come de wah an' Ferginny succeeded. Marse Kerf wuz one er de firs' tuh 'list kase ole Marse say ef he had er dozen sons 'stid er one, dey ev'y one sh'd go. Marse Kerf he ain' keerin' much, sence ev'ything 'twixt him an Miss Lucy wuz done busted up. It sutney hu't me to see how thin an' peakid dat boy wuz. You jes' orter hyeahed de awdahs he lef' me 'bout dat fool rose-bush! De roses wuz a-bloomin' den, an' he rid off jes' ez hahnsome ez er pictuh, wid one in his buttonhole. I wuz natchully a-bilin' tuh go 'long'er Marse Kerf, but he mek me stay, an' it's a powahful good thing I did, fer ev'y one er dem fool niggahs went off when dem Yanks come.

"It sutney wuz grievous de way dey done de Campbells. Swep' de place clean, suh, an' de ole Jedge changin' he pol'tics too! Den he tuk tuh drinkin'. He wuz one er deze yere fat puffy men, an' dey cyarn' stan' too p'omisc'us foolin' wid Ole John. Well, 't warn' long 'foh ole Mis' Campbell she died too,

an' dey warn' no place fer Miss Lucy tuh go tuh. Huh unc Tyler Trollinger live ovah in Albemarle, but de railroad gone, an' de hosses done gone, an' how we gwine tak huh? Den ole Miss she tuk huh in. Ole Marse he fit an' he fought, but when ole Miss git sot you mont ez well go 'long 'bout 'yo biznis', 'tain' no use ter kick. Huh! 'Twar'n long 'foh ole Marse wuz de ve'y one what think dey ain' nuthin' too good fer Miss Lucy, dough he ain' gwine' tuh se'so.

"But Miss Lucy,—it seem lak she couldn' git ovah it, Marse Kerf goin' erway, an' all huh urr troubles. She jes' pined erway lak one er dem lil' roses—dem whitish ones—'til one day de good Lord done tek huh! We sutney had a time wi' Marse Kerf when he come back f'om de wah an' fine out what done 'come er Miss Lucy. Dat boy fyahly went 'stracted. An' ev'y yeah he teks er big bunch er roses an' goes up yandal, where she lie—

"Well, I 'lay I bettah be gittin' dat breakfus' ready an' ca'y dat shavin'-watah up, else dey's som'p'n gwine tuh drap on 'Cage."

I was still standing in the garden where 'Cage had left me, when I heard him calling me. "Oh, Marse Bentley, breakfus' ready! Marse Kerf's jes' a-rearin' an' a-pitchin' on de front poach. You bettah make 'ase!"

I hurried around the house expecting to find the Major in a terrible state, but there he was, sitting back in his big chair reading a newspaper, peacefully enough. He sprang to his feet as I came up the steps, and shook hands with me as if we hadn't seen each other for months.

"Good mawnin', Mistah Bentley, suh!" he beamed. "Ah, I see ou' fine ole Vahginia air is takin' effect on you a'ready. Well, I reckon we bettah be goin' in to breakfast, or 'Cage'll be havin' a fit!"

I started on down the hall, but the Major didn't follow immediately. I turned around to see what was keeping him, and found him still standing out on the porch. He was sticking a rose in his buttonhole, and as he looked far off down the sunlit valley, his lips moved as if he were murmuring something to himself.

MARY MACDONALD BOHANNAN.

A SONNET

As any foot-sore pilgrim on his staff
Depends for strength throughout his upward fight,
So I, too weak and poor a soul by half,
Depend on you, resisting by your might.
And if the staff be of good oak and strong,
And stand enduring all the troublous way,
Will not the pilgrim be more firm 'gainst wrong,
Since in his hand he holds this trusty stay?
Then if a soul upon the best rely
It is as strong a soul as God can send,
And reasoning thus, nor poor nor weak am I,
Since 'tis upon your strength that I depend.
Of all that's strength may yours that strongest be,
So will there be the greatest strength in me.
ABBY SHUTE MERCHANT.

BY FORCE OF ARMS

The box hedges which answered for fences on the prim little street stood stiff and well-groomed like sentinels. They had so little to protect now in these autumn days, the gardens behind them being principally filled with fallen leaves, that they might have unbent a little. But the hedges remained erect from the force of long habit. In the hurry and rush of the times when the iron interests are great and many strangers come from the North, Pleasant street, with its box hedges and old families, seems to support the dignity of this bustling Alabama town. At the end of the street, in sharp contrast to it, a tall mountain rises suddenly. On this day it was a gorgeous glowing mass of color, autumn reds and browns, with here and there a lingering gleam of green.

The girl and the man who came out of one of the houses looked strangely out of place on the quiet little street and far more in keeping with the mountain toward which they directed their steps. They were indeed a belligerent-looking pair. The

girl, clad in a bright red jacket and a golf skirt, carried a pistol in her right hand and a box of cartridges in the other. The man, a pleasant-looking young fellow, had a small rifle slung across his shoulder. Now pistols and rifles were not often seen on Pleasant street.

"I am glad that we are not going to shoot at anything but your card tacked on a tree," said the girl as they walked along. "It's true I couldn't hit anything else, but I shouldn't want to try on a day like this."

After a pause she continued. "Red Mountain is living up to its name. It's all red, leaves, clay, everything. My jacket is appropriate, too, don't you think so?"

The young man did not answer. He seemed decidedly pre-occupied. The girl shrugged her shoulders. She frowned a little, and then said slowly as if she had formed a great resolution, "I suppose my sister might wear sky blue and you would remark how well it looked with the red of the mountain."

"I—I—that is to say—your sister—" began the young man, suddenly very much roused.

"Quite so," said the girl, "even you and my sister—that's the proposition—not so simple as it may seem."

"I didn't know we had asked you to attempt the solution, Miss Emily," said the young man indignantly.

"True," said the girl, "I only take a speculative interest in the matter. Imagine yourself in my place. Suppose you had a charming sister, a year or so older than yourself, suppose a young man called on her every evening for a month and in the day time allowed the florists' wagons, messenger boys, and telephone little time for rest—and in addition took active measures towards making the candy industry rival the iron interests of Alabama. Then suppose that after you had had to sit in the back parlor in the evenings for a month in order not to interrupt your sister in the front room, that the young man called one night, stayed five minutes, tore out, upset your father's favorite maiden-hair fern on the front porch, nearly fell down and was heard of no more for three days—and suppose that at the end of that time your sister should leave for New York suddenly, to visit your Aunt Caroline, what would you do?"

The two young people were well started up the mountain now. The man kicked at an offending log which lay in his way before he answered slowly, "If I came up on the mountain to shoot, I would content myself with shooting."

"Oh! I suppose you would. Go right on for ten or twelve years before it occurred to you that you'd been a little hasty," said the girl, rattling the cartridges fiercely around in the box.

"But I haven't finished. Now suppose the most remarkable thing of all. Suppose that on the fifth day after your sister's departure the young man should telephone you, just because he was in the habit of calling up 283, I suppose, and ask you if you would like to go up on Red Mountain and learn to shoot. Suppose you went, every day for three days, and that you talked most entertainingly on every subject from Wagner to the annoyances of hand-organs, and that you never interested the young man once till on the fourth day you chanced,—just chanced, I say—to mention your sister. You might be justified, I think, in imagining that the young man's interest in you was purely of the family-in-law kind."

"You are unjust," began the young man lamely, "I've been much—"

"Much given to elevated thoughts," interrupted the girl, cocking and uncocking the pistol rapidly, "or perhaps I should say to thoughts of elevated railroads in New York. Aunt Caroline lives far out as you know. A queer thing about this somewhat lengthy supposition of mine is that I want you to suppose the young man's name was George. Could you imagine your sister liking a man whose name was George? Now names invariably suggest a type of person to me, and I always think of 'George' as a small bland youth with a limp yellow curl on each temple."

The young man flushed and shifted the rifle to his other shoulder.

"Come, Miss Emily," he said, "I may have to own to the rest. I am sorry about the maiden-hair fern. I didn't notice it. But really, I wasn't responsible at my own christening."

"I suppose not," said Emily, yielding the point with reluctance, "and you are tall, with black hair. Still I must repeat that my sister, let's stop supposing, was very indulgent to like any one named George, very indulgent."

"Very indulgent," blurted out the young man, "she refused me point blank."

"Oh! she did? Well, I suppose you asked her in such a way that any self-respecting girl would have had to refuse. You doubtless came in with your hat in your hand and said,

'Good evening, Julia, don't you want to marry me?' I suppose she was surprised and faltered out 'no-o' and played with the palm by the window waiting to be assured that your thought was not just a passing one."

Here Emily sat down on a heap of leaves and began to poke at them with the pistol.

"Do be careful, George, you'll break the rifle barrel ramming it into the tree that way," she said sweetly.

The young man paid no attention to her last remark. He stopped his attack on the tree and came and stood before her leaning on his rifle.

"Perhaps I was a little abrupt," he said, "not as much as you say, but still abrupt."

"When she said 'no' I suppose you asked if there was some one else," said Emily. "They always do in books."

She was not looking at the young man but out in the distance to where through the trees she could catch a glimpse of the gray slag heaps, near the rolling mills.

"I did," said George, "and she said the man she loved was the man whose picture was in the silver frame in her room—and she wouldn't tell me who it was. I went. I suppose you call that hasty."

"Very," said Emily, stuffing a leaf in the pistol. "I've seen the silver frame myself."

"You don't mean—" the young man leaned forward eagerly. "It couldn't be—"

"We came out to shoot, do let's shoot," laughed the girl, jumping up. "Go pin your card to that tree, way over there. Forty-five yards."

"You won't—" began George.

"No, I won't," said Emily. "Couldn't think of it—what! you forgot your cards. Too bad—of course we'll stay and shoot. We haven't had any fun at all yet, have we? Lend me your pen-knife."

She took his knife and ran over to a very young tree some distance away and cut a mark on it which was a little uncertain in shape, but which bore a decided resemblance to a heart.

"We can shoot at that," she said, returning to where the young man was still standing. "Don't look so gloomy, George, it isn't your heart, you know. That is in safe keeping somewhere else, I fancy."

"I don't feel equal to the pistol to-day. Let's shoot with the rifle."

She took it, loaded it, aimed carefully, and fired. The bullet struck just above the heart-shaped mark.

"Excellent," she cried. "But you aren't a bit enthusiastic, George. I'll hit it this time. Just wait."

She tried again and again but met with no better success. The young man sat on the stump of a tree and watched her, that is to say, he kept his face turned in her direction and attempted to look as if he were watching her.

"That heart is bewitched. I've hit every other spot on the tree. You try, George," said Emily, finally. George took the rifle. He scarcely aimed at all but fired at once.

"Aim at the little tree—not that large oak," said Emily pleasantly from the pile of leaves where she had seated herself again.

"Bravo! you at least struck the tree that time," she cried as George fired again.

George was ordinarily an excellent marksman, but this afternoon he shot very badly. Emily watched him and smiled a little. "It seems to be a heart neither of us can touch," she said, "perhaps my sister's. But I'll wager I can hit it in three shots and that you can't," she finished as George threw down the rifle looking thoroughly disgusted and decidedly gloomy.

"I don't think you can," said George without interest.

"Oh! yes, I can," replied Emily firmly, "I'll wager the name of the man in the silver frame against—well, have you anything worth while to offer against that?"

"You wouldn't really—" began George very eagerly.

"I never go back on my word. I said I would," answered Emily, "I'll wager that against what Jack Gilman said to you about me the other day at the shooting club. One of your few remarks yesterday conveyed the idea that he did say something relating to me."

"He certainly did. I'll not only wager what he said, but I'll throw in a box of candy."

"Oh! his remarks need sweetening, do they?"

It was getting towards dusk now. It seemed to the young man as he put his rifle to his shoulder and aimed, this time very carefully, that every leaf which was left on the little tree became heart-shaped and joined in a riotous dance before his eyes with the little white mark.

However it was, he failed. He shot three times and then the small mark, untouched, seemed to him to become immovable again. Emily had no better luck her first two shots, but the third time she fired the little tree shook, and in one corner of the heart appeared a black mark. She looked at it with surprise, then she cried in amazement, "Why, it's moving—the place where the bullet struck is moving."

Bewildered, they ran towards the tree together. When they reached it they both laughed heartily. It was true that the black streak was moving. It was not a hole made by the bullet but a large, fat, black ant which had opportunely crawled on the heart-shaped mark just as Emily fired.

"We have neither of us won," said George, "it is getting late, let us go home."

"We have both of us lost, let us both pay," replied Emily smiling. "You first."

"I'll send the candy to-morrow morning," said George.

"Not that, the other, stupid," said Emily, with grace enough to blush a little.

"Oh! yes, I'd forgotten the other part. Gilman said he thought you were the sweetest, prettiest girl in all—"

"That will do," interrupted Emily hastily. "And you needn't mind about the candy, George."

She picked up the rifle and examined its barrel with a great show of interest.

"You see," she went on, "you gave my sister so many pictures it was really something of a puzzle for her to know what to do with them. Possibly that's the reason she put one of them in the silver frame."

Just as she finished speaking there was a blast at one of the furnaces. The flame shot up and cast a lurid red glow over the mountain and the city lying at the foot of it. Even the gray slag heaps reflected some of the brightness. The young man leaned over and picked up the pistol from the pile of leaves with a tenderness that must have surprised that weapon. Then he turned to Emily.

"I thank you," he said, "you have made me very happy."

"I—why, I didn't have a thing to do with it," answered Emily. "I never even thought of putting a picture of yours anywhere. I am going home now, don't come with me. No, I insist, you mustn't, I'd rather not. You just stay up here on the

mountain like Rip Van Winkle. Only don't stay twenty years. Ten days will be long enough, my sister is coming home then. Good-bye."

"You bold girl," she said to herself, as she walked along, swinging the rifle in one hand. "How did you dare? Gracious, that ant scared me. I thought I must have hit the mark surely, instead of the top of the tree where I aimed. What would I have done for an excuse to tell him if that sagacious ant hadn't moved?"

As she entered the garden on Pleasant Street a tall figure stepped from the shadow of the box hedge, put an arm around her and asked, somewhat angrily, where she had been.

"Oh! is that you, Jack," she said, "been waiting?"

"An hour."

"I'm so sorry. No, I didn't forget. I had to go shooting with George. Do you know he told me in two minutes what it took you two hours and a half to tell the other evening."

"The infernal—" began Gilman.

"Don't be hasty," interrupted Emily, "he was speaking entirely on your account."

"I can't see why he should, I must say," said Gilman. "What have you been doing, Emily?"

"Missionary work, perhaps," said the young lady demurely.

"Do you often do it with firearms?"

"Sometimes it is done that way," she replied. "Come in and I'll tell you about it, Jack."

"Ah! but wait," said Jack.

And just here it was as well that the stiff unbending box hedge kept the passer-by from looking into this particular garden.

LUCIE LONDON.

COMMUNION

Drifting of clouds athwart the west,
Gold of the sunset skies
Flooding over the mountain's crest,
Softly the green day dies.

With the perfect beauty all troubles cease,
Sweet on my spirit the touch of peace.

Drowsy head on a mother's breast,
 Drone of lullabies,—
 Guiding over the meadows of rest
 Light of a mother's eyes.
 With the perfect beauty all troubles cease,
 Sweet on my heart the touch of peace.

Wine of the cup His hand has blessed,
 Bread of His sacrifice,
 Wond'rous love of that last behest,—
 All that it signifies!
 With the perfect beauty all troubles cease,
 Sweet on my soul the touch of peace.
MAUDE BARROWS DUTTON.

THE CHILD-STORY FOR GROWN-UPS

Our criterion for the popularity of any phase of literature is nowadays, I think, its presence in or absence from the monthly magazines. We find a certain kind of story epidemic, and we wonder whether the style is epidemic because of its popularity, or popular because of its being epidemic. If we look into the question, we shall nearly always find that the two characteristics are co-existent, and also that a gradual growth can be traced, placing the cause of both epidemic and popularity.

If the criterion offered is accepted, it will be immediately conceded that the child-story for grown-ups is at present on the top wave of popularity.

The first step towards this result was taken when the grown-ups laid violent hold upon books written avowedly for children. The striking example of a story of this kind which would immediately occur to everyone is "Alice in Wonderland". We all read it, and know it, and love it; quotations from it are found as familiarly, if not as frequently, in our daily conversation as quotations from Shakespeare and the Bible. The little girl who said, when asked the source of a quotation, "It's either Job or Shakespeare, I'm not sure which", might have added "or Alice in Wonderland", if she had been a little more modern.

This book represents also a larger class, that is equally popular with children and their elders. The Cheshire Cat, the Dormouse, the Mad Hatter are as real and living to our small

brothers and sisters as they are to us, though our appreciation is on a very different basis. The *Jungle Books*, too, we all recognize as belonging to this class, as well as many other stories not so well known.

The next type of the child-story differs entirely from the preceding one,—differs in style, in conception, in treatment. The principal characters are children, not natural children, but those whom circumstance or heredity has forced into a development in many ways abnormal. There is much humor in these stories, also much pathos; the child characters are developed by comparison and by contrast with the grown-up characters. These stories seem very similar to the psychological novel with which we are so familiar,—there is the same tracing of cause and effect, the same treatment of the inmost thoughts of the characters, the analysis and scrutiny, to a microscopic degree, of the elements of their dispositions. “*Melody*”, “*Captain January*”, “*Timothy’s Quest*”,—all these furnish illustrations of this type. “*Sentimental Tommy*” is a perfect example of it; here one finds the finest bits of humor, the pathos, a struggle against an inheritance of evil, the working out of a fine and noble character. Very little of “*Sentimental Tommy*” is comprehensible to children. The changes and development in the characters are beyond them, but the story running through it all interests them.

A distinct class of the child-story is the tale of the bad boy. The ingenuity of wickedness is duly emphasized, only it is called “healthy animal spirits”, not wickedness. In Kipling’s “*Stalky & Co.*” the characters have really a superabundance of these same “healthy animal spirits”. Their purposely planned attacks against higher authority, even though the meting out of a sort of poetic justice, are almost too successful, and this is a fault to be carefully guarded against in this type of story.

Nesbit’s “*Wouldbegoods*” and the little boys and girls in Crane’s *Whilomville* stories seem to me more natural. True, the children have the same marvelous predilection for getting into mischief, an equally marvelous ability for making their elders uncomfortable; nevertheless the stories emphasize more the appreciative and humorous study of the healthiest side of child life. It is the further development of such study that has become popular, and this latest development of the child-story is the best. The children are young, healthy, natural, possessed

of the spirit of original sin to which all flesh falls heir. Their humor is the unconscious humor of childhood, it crops out unawares; humor of situation is also found.

Our particular enjoyment of these stories is due in a great measure to their suggestiveness. One cannot read them without thinking "This is just what happened to me", or "I know a little girl who talks that very same way". A good test of this type is that it appeals to the children as well as to the grown-ups,—there is no literary critic sterner than the child.

These stories, however, have a wider field of popularity among grown people than among children. For instance, there were three child-stories in the midsummer number of one of our popular magazines, and only one child-story that same month in one of the best children's magazines. It seems rather odd that, while we grown-ups are filling our idle moments with quaint and amusing little tales of children, tales of their joys and griefs, their amusements and duties, these very same children, only a few years older, are reading from preference articles on nature and science. It is almost as if we were living in Topsy-Turvy land.

The reason that the child-story appeals so much to the grown-up audience is that it treats of experiences we all know of personally. The interest we feel in the child-story is similar to our interest in any article concerning Smith College, or better, the preparatory school we attended. The subject-matter deals with the things that concern us. So we will read the article. It is not that we have returned to childish things, for the modern child is often more interested in his study of the simple laws of physics, chemistry, and other sciences, than in fairy-tales and little stories.

The child-story will continue to increase in popularity, for it is a study of human nature which gives an opportunity for the most skilful work. It has served its apprenticeship and from now on should fill an important place in our literature. In modern literature, as in other things, the supply must be in proportion to the demand. So long as the reading public demands the child-story the publishers will supply it. We shall show our appreciation of its possibilities if we demand it.

LUCY HAYES BRECKINRIDGE.

TO DAGNAN—BOUVERET'S MADONNA

O Mary, Mother, clad in solemn white,
Press soft against thy cheek the tiny face.
Thy lips are almost smiling with the light—
The radiance of love's grace.

But deep within thy grave, far-seeing eyes
A shadow lowers of pain beyond the joy,
Which darkens when the Christ for mankind dies—
Hold close thy Little Boy!

MURIEL STURGIS HAYNES.

SOME TYPES WE KNOW

I.

We were talking over girls and men one day and remarked on the fact that our brothers spent more at college than we did. We all admired their nonchalant way of parting with their money and contrasted it enviously with our less magnificent method. Some of us admitted that we treated ourselves to an extravagance with the most delicious sensations in the world: an exhilaration, a temporary loss of breath, a general consciousness that we were doing something charming that we ought not, and that we did not care a bit. We found it the greatest kind of fun. Others of us did not have those pleasant accompaniments to temporary recklessness. These admitted that they entered into a rash extravagance with forebodings and a sense of "ought not" that robbed it of any pleasure.

Then one girl spoke and went farther than the rest. She said that the bane of her existence was her conscience,—that it deprived her of half the pleasure in life and in return gave her only a sense of having done her duty and being very tired in consequence. She told us that in the matter of spending money she suffered almost as much as in any other way. Whenever she went shopping with her friends she would long to go in and spend like her more careless companions, to buy some of the

fascinating trinkets, little books, embroidery, or delicacies for afternoon tea which are so alluring to girls of all natures and stations. She said that sometimes she had yielded, but afterwards had long periods of regret and as penance would go without something she really needed:—in short would inflict upon herself a punishment out of all proportion to her crime. If her unpleasant and uncompromising conscience had affected her only in regard to money, she said, it would not have been so trying. But no. It was as implacable in other matters as in those financial.

In regard to study it was unbending. She told us that she never dared take advantage of an afternoon of good skating or good golfing, or even an invitation to a house dance or play or the like, to drop work and go off to enjoy herself. She said that she couldn't and be happy. The ghost of undone tasks would rise and mock her and she would become absent-minded, unable to hold her own in the conversation or the fun, and finally would offer a lame excuse and fly home to satisfy her hard task-master. It grew worse, she said plaintively, the more she indulged it. The more she worked the more she found to do, until at last she had become nothing but a machine, a "grind".

We all thought her case a serious one and told her so. There was no telling to what absurd lengths it would finally carry her if she did not overcome it. A conscience is a very good thing in its place, but it should not obtrude itself everywhere. Perhaps a little conscience may be suffered in everything, but not too much! Too much makes a bore of one. So we counselled her to overcome hers. She looked up hopefully and said, "I think I shall. Do tell me how to go about it!" Then she shook her head. "No, don't! I do not believe it would be right to stifle an impulse to do one's duty."

There was a chorus of dismay at this remark and we gave her up as hopeless.

II.

The other afternoon we all dropped into one of the rooms for tea after our skating. That is, all but the "Grind". She had refused to go with us, as her odious conscience had commanded her to write a theme first. I tried to make her see the case in the proper light, but she was not amenable to reason and began

to tack up her "busy" sign, with a reproachful glance. I fled, leaving her to her fate. As we passed her door later on that sign stared inhospitably at us. I can not bear "busy" signs, and think that they should be repressed by legislature. Of all mean, inhospitable, I'm-doing-my-duty—why-don't-you-do-yours? sort of things, they are the worst. I gave the door a knock as I passed and called out, "come up and have some tea", but receiving no reply went on upstairs.

The girls were all talking at once, at such a rate that an outsider would have been hard put to it to understand what it was all about. Being used to such Babel, I knew that they were talking about one of the most popular girls we knew. Some were criticising her. I have never yet heard a girl's name mentioned where there were not some who would criticise her. I do not blame them nor think that they do so out of malice and all uncharitableness, but merely from a praiseworthy desire to stimulate conversation.

They were discussing this girl, some praising her extravagantly, some—stimulating conversation. One side affirmed her to be a beauty; the other, just a good-looking girl but nothing remarkable. The one insisted that she was witty. The other cried that if a pack of fools were to sit around and admire everything one said, any one could gain a reputation for wit. The partisans treated this remark with deserved contempt and went on to enumerate her attractions, the stimulators-of-conversation naming her weaknesses.

"She plays basket-ball like a streak."

"So-and-so can beat her."

"She dances like a dream, skates like a breeze—"

"Isn't very bright in classes."

I grew weary of the noise and, besides, I wanted to say a word or two myself, so I threw a few pillows around and began. I told them that the point was not individual opinions, but facts. That the unalterable fact was that she was very popular with the majority of the girls, deservedly or undeservedly,—and that I was glad I was not in her position. The girls all laughed at this and some said something about sour grapes, a remark so palpably absurd that I did not notice it, but went on to explain myself. I showed them how a popular girl is in a critical position. She is surrounded by a false atmosphere of adulation, her every act observed and applauded. She is spoiled, to put it

briefly. Then when she comes out of college she finds that she is not so perfect, so brilliant, or so infallible as she has been led to believe, and she has to adjust herself to a new atmosphere, always a trying thing to do, so for a while she is discontented and feels that "the world is out of joint". The worst feature of infatuations is the effect on the girl admired. It is not half so injurious to the girl who admires. Indeed it is often a good thing, as it acts as a safety valve and lets off a great deal of surplus affection, or rather, gush. Affection is too solid a word to express the sentiment in question.

One of the girls interrupted me to say that nevertheless, she would like to be a popular girl with lots of admirers and invitations to everything and all sorts of offices and greatness thrust upon her. I told her that I had no doubt she would, that most of us would if we were frank, because there is no one who does not like a little judicious flattery,—not the gross and apparent sort, but the artistically veiled, suggestive kind. It soothes one's self-esteem and is satisfactory as an outward and visible appreciation of an inward worth. It assures us that people recognize our proper value and—

I stopped talking, because no one was attending.

III.

One night we felt confidential, and so, after the lights were out, we huddled together on my bed for a good talk. There is nothing so really satisfactory to a girl as a good talk. It corresponds to a man's "bat". Both are delightful while they last and generally result in a headache the next day. I asked why they had come to college. It is one of my pet questions, as it generally reveals the girl's character, in a way. I have found that of the girls in college those who want to be here are those whose people, for various reasons, wish them at home, and *vice versa*. So I asked the question. One of the girls said that she came because, as she put it, she had nothing else to do.

"I felt that as long as I should go to school I should be a girl and irresponsible. When I finish college there will be nothing for me to do but come out in society. I keep putting it off from year to year and coming back here because I do not want to feel grown up. I'm an awful child yet. So I keep coming back here. Not because I care for college, because I don't. I

have periods of hating it. I hate to work, hate to go on in this humdrum fashion, I get woefully tired of so many girls. Sometimes I wonder if it pays. Then I think of the girls who would give anything to be here doing what I do so thanklessly, and I feel ashamed. Why do you come here?"

"I?" answered another girl. "Because I want an education. I am going to teach. Why did you come?"

The next girl who answered was a Boston girl, with a broad forehead and serious mind. "I am here because I want an education too. I do not expect to teach, but I think that everyone should be fitted to earn a living if anything should happen to her. Besides I think that a girl who has graduated from a college is more respected than one who has been through a boarding-school. She has a prestige that is valuable. I believe that as time goes on more and more girls will go to college, and that the day will come when the girl who has not been there will not be considered well educated."

"Do your family want you to graduate?" I asked.

"No. They do not want me away so long."

I laughed to myself, but all I said was, "Next!"

"I'm here because I was engaged to a man my people do not approve of, so they sent me here. I hate it and won't come back," said the girl in the corner.

The one beside her spoke next. "I am here because I want to be. I will tell you confidentially why I am. Promise not to tell! Well, then, I am determined to be a writer. To be a good one I must have a good education. So I am here and am trying to make everything tend to that end. All my work is what I shall need later. I try so hard! Sometimes I become discouraged, but I get over it. There is something in me that will come out. We shall see some day whether I shall amount to anything or not."

Then turning to me she said, "Now we have all confessed, it is your turn."

I yawned; it was very late, "I?" I thought a minute and then laughed. "Oh! Just because!"

LOUISE BRONSON WEST.

SKETCHES

POSSIBILITIES

Like a quivering lyre, man's heart
Playeth high or lower part.
Each has heights and depths unknown
Until a master hand hath shown
How every false and wavering string
In one great unison may sing.

EMMA DOW ARMSTRONG.

Augusta and I have been squabbling over the book-cases again. We always do. I want them thus and she wants them so ; I wield all the arguments of

The Academic Book-Case Socrates and Creighton's "Introductory Logic", and Augusta says "I want". It's not my fault if she always has her way. The trouble with us is we have too many book-cases. There is the Aesthetic Book-case, the Ordinary Book-case and the Academic Book-case. The Aesthetic Book-case really deserves first mention, as it is the only one that ever asserts itself, which it does by periodically falling down together with everything in, under, or around it. Last time it fell I was luckily alone in the room and was spared the derisive hoots that usually greet the disaster. If I wanted to have any peace for the next three days I knew that I must get it up again before any one appeared, and I did it. That book-case is five feet long and has one shelf twelve inches high and twelve inches deep with sides, back, and top of solid oak, and I should think it must weigh fifty pounds. When it hangs on the wall it has an imposing not to say crushing appearance, and is familiarly called the elevated railroad or the sword of Damocles. Now if my father had had that book-case to hang, he would have taken off his coat and got the step-ladder and all the men on the place. Then he would have

removed the bed and the table, not to mention the lamp, from under it and taken down all the pictures from the wall, and at the end of an hour the thing would have been hung. I, alone and unaided, by the help of the bed and the table, not to mention the lamp, and without disturbing a single picture, began work as the clock was striking eleven and by the favor of the gods slipped into psychology just as the "F's" were being called. That is the difference between women and men. Nevertheless the Aesthetic Book-case does weigh upon us a little. We save all our gilt backs and uncut edges for it, firstly because they are more decorative, secondly they are lighter, and lastly we don't use them much, and the railroad *has* a way of coming down whenever you take a book out. So it is genteelly filled with "Grey Days and Gold", the Sonnets "done into a book on Whatman hand-made paper" (why they don't put those interesting facts on the cover I can not see), Mrs. Jameson's "Saints in Art", "Sesame and Lilies", "The Count of Monte Cristo", which is a trifle out of place perhaps, but beautifully bound, and all the books of the sort kind aunties give you when they think of it.

The Ordinary Book-case is one of those two-story affairs that hang on the wall. The books in the Ordinary Book-case are mostly the worse for wear, down at the corners and out at the edges, connected in my mind with lamplight, and wrappers, and apples, and loud bells ringing in the distance, and everybody else in the world studying. We keep Kipling and Browning and "Eleanor" and "Monsieur Beaucaire" and the "Woman Tenderfoot" and all that kind in the Ordinary Book-case. Dear things! The company is good though a trifle mixed, and the book-case is convenient and not too prominent.

But our joy and pride is the Academic Book-case! It stands sedately on the floor, black with three cavernous shelves fit to bear the heaviest tomes. We haven't any tomes yet, but expect of course to be constantly using them Senior Year. Augusta looks at it every other day and says, "we shall never fill it". But I am convinced that if we keep on with History and Literature courses, and our purses hold out, we shall need another by next summer. We had such difficulty keeping it academic, but we fixed a standard as rigid as the Doone's door-way, and no book that did not come up to it was admitted. Briefly, our standard was nothing frivolous, nothing gaudy, nothing under

six inches high. It does not sound bad, but it excluded almost our entire library, and we were obliged to burrow in trunks and drawers for cast-off Caesars and Lexicons. "Heavens!" said Augusta, "I hope no one will think we're studying them now." "Put them in upside down," said I, "and nobody will trouble to read the title. This was done, and they certainly look well, only I shouldn't think any one could forget the look of the Caesar she wept over any more than of her first governess. Our *pièce de résistance* is Adler's German Dictionary bound in calf, six feet by four. It really is almost a tome and the fact that we don't talk German doesn't lessen its air. Next in importance is Remsen's Chemistry, bearing the marks of constant use, Green and Gardener, and another Monte Cristo, so sedately bound it might be Spenser. Our French books look well, too: Paschal, Taine, Sévigné and some "Pages Choisis" of one J. J. Rousseau. Those "Pages Choisis"! could anything be morally or practically worse? Rousseau musing by the river, Rousseau in the garden, Rousseau and his unfortunate pupil! I shall always think of Rousseau as a society essayist, a pastel-in-prose sort of a man, till I can get hold of something besides "Pages Choisis". What are they, anyway, but a gross misrepresentation, a huge lie?

Augusta says she thinks the Academic Book-case is a good deal of a sham and we ought to stop calling it that. Well, I don't know. Is the "Boys' Own Annual" masquerading as a "tome" any worse than a plain every-day school-girl stretching up to the student? With the one it is a case of size and dark brown binding, with the other of five-syllabled words and conversation on courses and "collateral reading". I think the "B. O. A." is beautifully human. I have myself spent so much time in the library looking studious over "The Three Musketeers"; I am sure anyone seeing the rapt expression, the knitted brows, the alert pencil, would have called me a professor at least. And anyway, is there any particular reason why everything in this world should be exactly what it seems?

FANNY HASTINGS.

"Girls, that man is wildly in love with our Kate!"

"Nonsense!" "Stuff!" "What makes you think so?" came in general chorus. Louise settled

A Case of Evidence herself on the couch with a romantic sigh.

"I saw it," she said, "with my own eyes."

"Pshaw, Louie, you're always seeing things," came in a long drawl from a girl on the window-box.

Louise turned her look on the young scoffer and addressed the other three, one of whom was stretched on the couch while two were making tea.

"Well," she continued, "I'll tell you my impressions and after I'm through you can pass superior psychological judgment. You know he was waiting for her in the parlor. I didn't know it, and bolted in the side door after Cyclopedia A. At the same time Katherine came in the front door and, as it was too late for me to back out gracefully, I went on and took him in from the corner of my eye. You see it was awkward, but I needn't have worried about being noticed—by him, that is,—he didn't see anything but Katherine. How his eyes did shine! They fairly ate her up, and he looked as if he would like to take both her hands, but compromised by taking one and holding it until she had to take it away—he wasn't going to let go of a good thing. She was the same cool and dignified Kit, but girls, here is the significance, he called her Katherine. *Katherine*, mind you—and she called him Robert. Mark you, have we ever heard of Robert before? Now is K., our darling K., insidious enough to fall in love without letting us know? K.'s deep, she doesn't give herself away unless watched, and whoever thought of looking for such symptoms in her—hey, Nannie—"

Nannie grunted, and the scoffer not to be downed said, "Nonsense! Katherine's all right!"

"I'm not so sure," murmured Louise, speculatively, "I've lost all faith in human nature since our Mary was took."

"Well, I'll bet you a pound of Huyler's," said the girl on the window-seat, "that K. is not in love, she hasn't shown the chronic signs."

"What signs hasn't she shown?" asked Louise defiantly. "Have you watched her?"

"No," confessed the other, "but what's more, you won't get

any satisfaction by laying traps. K. is canny and K. is deep."

"Take your bet anyhow, dear friend," said Louise, "then I'll begin with the usual symptoms, try her on pickles, test her appetite, see if she's absent-minded, and find out her opinions of love and mankind in general, and—oh, there are lots of ways," somewhat vaguely.

"You show some of the symptoms yourself," said the girl on the couch, with sudden animation, "by refusing my own fudge and bringing up Cyclopedica Q. Who's the lucky man, Louie?"

"Ted Patterson," said Louise promptly. "I've loved him desperately for four years, but he won't reciprocate as I'd have him. In fact he cut me dead after I'd known him for two years, but we're on pretty good terms now. Don't look so shocked, Nannie dear. I see you haven't been admitted into all the family secrets. Ted is my young nephew aged four." Nannie shied a pillow at her talkative friend and almost hit the teapot. "Be careful," said one of the tea-makers warningly, "or you won't get any tea."

These five with the stately Katherine occupied one corner of the house. Since freshman year they had gone through college together—that is, all except Nannie. She had not been admitted into their inner circle until this, their last year. Just before the year opened Mary Mills "had taken to herself a most attractive young man and marched to the altar before ranks of her weeping friends", Louise said. So some one had to be put into the corner suite with Louise, Nannie was asked for and finally procured, to the immense satisfaction of all concerned.

"Arrah, you're a gurrul after me own heart," said Louise, when the first month had rolled by, "Molly herself couldn't have wished a better substitute."

Mary's arrant desertion and her apparent preference for the joys of nuptial bliss over those of college had made the girls a trifle defensive towards the masculine sex in the abstract. The first rift in their little circle had made them feel that its final dissolution would come only too soon, and they were a little jealous of such outside interests that drew them away from each other.

At dinner that night Katherine was a little late. She slipped into her seat at the senior table and calmly set about eating her dinner as if she had not violated her invariable rule of punctuality. Louise raised her eyebrows at her, and then ignoring the others bent over the table.

"Katherine, my dear," she said in dulcet tones that exactly mimicked a member of the faculty, "your tardiness is a most unexpected pleasure. In the course of our prolonged acquaintance I have never before discovered such a delightful error in your manner of conducting yourself. It gives me a refreshing feeling that after all we may be somewhere near the same plane of existence."

Katherine laughed naturally at the nonsense.

"You goose!" she exclaimed, "I see you are merely trying to wheedle out of me the why and wherefore. Mr. Campbell and I walked out to the bridge and got back a little late. He has just come from my native town and it's very delightful getting news first hand."

Katherine was calmly helping herself to everything within reach, excepting only the pickles, which Louise took care to pass her, but which she refused as usual.

"My walk made me passing hungry," she declared, "Nannie pass me the bread again, there's a dear, and don't count the pieces as it goes by either."

The scoffer of the afternoon sat next to Louise. "Excellent appetite," she murmured, "didn't look conscious either, did she?"

"Stuff!" said Louise, but rather gloomily, "appetite doesn't much signify. Mary nearly ate us out of house and home last summer at the Point."

After dinner they adjourned to the parlor. Louise wound her arm around Katherine's waist.

"Is your friend going to stay long?" she queried.

"Over the twenty-second," came the answer readily enough, "he was to be in New York on the twenty-fourth in a suit at court and says he may as well spend his intervening time here, and I think so too," Katherine concluded with a little nod.

Louise did not show surprise at this ready confession. "Much too ready," she admitted meekly to herself, "I'm glad Maggie didn't hear that." Margaret Harrison was the jeering materialist.

As they sat down on the seat in the round window somewhat apart from the others, Katherine drew a little closer to her companion. "Louie, dear," she said softly, "if I tell you something, you won't tell, not even Nannie, now will you?"

"No," murmured Louise with a sympathetic pressure of the

hand and a dull, sickening dread somewhere inside. "However, I'll get the candy as consolation," she reflected to herself. "Go on dear," she said, with another pressure, "or shall we go upstairs?"

"No, this will do," said Katherine abruptly; and with a little burst of enthusiasm she caught both of Louise's hands in hers. "O, Louie dear, I am so happy; I oughtn't to tell yet, but I can't wait; I must have some one to sympathize with me."

"Yes," sighed Louise, thinking to herself, "It's come, brace up and look happy too," so she bestowed a rather sickly smile upon her friend. "I'm so glad for you Katherine," she whispered, "I know you'll be happy, I—I—well plague it, anyhow"—but here Katherine interrupted.

"What's the matter, let me tell you why to congratulate me before you begin, you goose." She did not hear Louise's puzzled "What?" but went rapidly on. You remember that old suit of mine against the railroad. Well, it has come up again. Robert is going down in my defense. He has unearthed some evidence and thinks he can prove my case without a doubt. Do you know what that means to me, Louie? Of course you don't, you fortune's darling. It means that I am independent, that I won't have to teach unless I want to, and oh, lots of good things that I've never had. You don't know what it is to be an orphan that nobody wants." Katherine's voice was plaintive. She had had a hard life, but this was the only word of complaint Louise had ever heard her utter. "It isn't wise to be sure, and I shouldn't have told you Louie, but I had to tell some one. Robert won't let me rejoice yet, but I have perfect confidence in him."

Katherine did not understand Louise's sudden joy at the good fortune told her. "She couldn't have been happier if it had been herself," she reflected later on, and felt that even she had underrated Louise's exquisite sympathy.

As for Louise she had her own reflections. "I'll not tell Maggie yet," she decided, "it's best to keep it up, just for the fun of baiting her, and when Katherine comes into her little fortune I'll give them all a dinner down town. "Anyhow my major premise is correct, he is in love with her."

The young lawyer did not leave until the end of the week, and in the meantime Katherine's friends saw next to nothing of her. Margaret herself became a little doubtful and the three

others were more than dubious. They could not understand Louise's light-hearted complacency.

"Is she really so glad to gain her point and get her Huyler's that she doesn't see we are losing K?" they debated over and over, but got no nearer the solution to their puzzle. Louise delighted in pointing out "symptoms" to them. She wickedly rejoiced in Katherine's long walks and talks with the visitor; in her general absent-mindedness, which seemed to increase each day; and often called them to witness the unconscious smiles that played on Katherine's lips, and the general joyousness of her expression. Mr. Campbell had been gone nearly a week when the girls were assembled in Louise's room as on the afternoon he came. There was an atmospheric difference, however. Louise herself felt the jarring criticism upon her apparent levity.

"I'll heap on the last bit this afternoon," she thought, "K. is expecting her telegram every minute. That will break the tension at once, and how they will laugh at my little joke."

She settled herself in the Morris chair with a prodigious sigh. "I don't see how you can deny it now, Maggie," she said, "you know the excellent symptoms she has shown. Didn't you notice her blush last night when I asked her if she had heard from him yet?"

"Well," retorted Maggie, but gloomily, "those things aren't proof. Prove it, prove it. You haven't actually intercepted love's glances in our K. have you?"

"Intercepted nothing!" exclaimed Louise, "who got a chance? She kept him quite to herself you notice. She didn't introduce him to *me*."

"Ah, that's where the rub comes in," laughed Nan, "Louie wanted a chance at him herself. The cat is out of the bag, dear."

At this juncture Katherine entered waving a yellow paper. Her eyes were shining and her cheeks were flushed. Louise jumped up and flew at her for a warm embrace, but Katherine held her off. "Yes, it's come," she almost shouted, "It's all right Louie," and then lowering her voice, "but wait a minute, I must tell you something better. I know you'll hate it, but oh girls, I'm going to be married right after Commencement. Robert is proud, but I have won him over. When we have enough money why wait for him to build up a practice? I'm

so happy, so don't spoil it for me, but love me so much the better." She held out her arms to them but they were not looking at her, they were looking at Louise. At the word "married" she had sunk back into the chair with dismay and consternation written on every feature.

"Louie!" exclaimed Katherine, "Why, Louise!" exclaimed the others, "you knew it all along!"

"I didn't," said Louise feebly, "I thought it was the suit all the time, and the fun with Maggie was worth the Huyler's. Oh Katherine, how could you!"

FANNIE RESOR STEWART.

TO THE NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS

We watched beside thee breathless, as the red
Upon the hill tops trembled into white.
And nature felt the presence of the night,
As silently her starry veil outspread.

Leaf after leaf thou didst unfold. We fed
Our souls upon the vision of delight
That seemed the spirit of an angel night.
But with the dawn thy bloom was parched and dead.

Gone was thy Eastern fragrance in that hour.
Thy head hung lifeless, as if some hand
Had crushed thy stem, and left thee there to die.

How many souls hold kinship with thee, Flower!
Who timid, in the shadow best expand,
But hide their beauty from the common eye.

JOSEPHINE SANDERSON.

Mrs. Shaw, short, stout, and smiling, let herself down heavily into the rocking chair.

"My, that gave me a start," she said as she
Her Luxury sank suddenly into the depths of a cushion
whose appearance had indicated greater staying
powers. "I never can cal'c'late jest how much them feather
pillows is goin' to give. Well, I thought I'd jest run in a minute and see how your rheumatiz was to-day, Mis' Peters. Is it any better?"

"No, it ain't, Mis' Shaw. It's ben worse to-day. I dunno as it ever will be any better."

A certain intensity in the small, pale, old face seemed to have translated itself into her quavering voice.

"It's a terrible affliction, Mis' Shaw," she went on. "This mornin' when I woke up, seems if I couldn't move anything, and the pains in my shoulder an' arm was somethin' dretful. An' I'm losin' the use of my hands, too."

She lifted up the poor misshapen things and looked at them mournfully.

"I allers uster hope I could keep *them*," she said.

"It's jest awful, Mis' Peters. I declare I don't know what to say," said the sympathetic Mrs. Shaw. "And you allers uster be so spry, too. There warn't nobody ever got through their spring cleanin' 's quick 's you did. And I can tell you the church sociables ain't ben the same sence you ain't ben there to manage 'em."

"Mis' Shaw, there ain't nobody knows how hard it is fer me to set cooped up here day after day, doin' nothin'. Annie's jest as good as she can be, but," Mrs. Peters lowered her voice cautiously, "she don't do things as I uster, and it kinder worries me to hev to set still and watch her. Now she don't allers sift her flour before she mixes up a cake. You wouldn't think sech things would bother me, but they do. And I don't seem to relish the food as I uster."

"Mis' Peters, don't you s'pose you'd relish one of my cup-custards? I made some this mornin' that turned out extry good."

"I dunno but I should. Mis' Shaw, I believe I should."

"Well, I'll send Willy over with one, soon's I get home, an' I do hope it'll taste good to you. Now I guess I must be goin'. O, here's John."

The door opened and John Peters came in, seeming to bring the cool, fresh outside air into the hot little kitchen. "How d' ye do, Mis' Shaw?" he said, holding out a big, cordial hand. "It's real good of you to come an' talk to Mother. She gets kinder lonesome sometimes. Must you be goin'? Well, come again, won't you?"

"Yes, I will John. And I'll send that custard right over, Mis' Peters. Good-bye. O, I forgot to tell you. Mis' Barnes said she should try and get in to see you to-morrow. Good-bye."

And with that Mrs. Shaw took her departure.

"Mother," said John as he came back from the door and took the vacant rocking chair, "I've got somethin' here I want you should take. It cured Mis' Allen over to Green River of her rheumatiz, and I believe it'll cure you. Anyhow, I want you should try it."

Mrs. Peters smiled pathetically as he took the big bottle out of his pocket.

"John," she said, "I ain't stood on my feet for two years, and it ain't likely anything can make me."

"Perhaps it can," said John cheerfully. "Anyhow, you try it to please me."

And try it she did, and only to please him. All through the weeks that followed she obediently took her unpleasant dose three times a day when Annie brought it to her.

"I don't set no stock in it," she told her daughter-in-law. "But it seems to make John feel easier in his mind to have me take it."

To John's questions, she only said, "It ain't worked yet."

But a change came. When Annie brought her the medicine one morning, the usually docile old woman refused to take it.

"Annie," she said firmly, though her voice shook, "I ain't goin' to take any more of that medicine. Ef it's the Lord's will I should hev the rheumatiz I'm agoin' to hev it. And ef it's His will I shouldn't, why, He don't need no patent medicine to help Him take it away. I ain't goin' to take any more medicine."

Annie's reasonings and pleadings were in vain. The old woman remained obdurate, and her daughter-in-law, sorely puzzled, went to find her husband and ask his advice.

Left alone, Mrs. Peters turned her face to the cushions of her chair, and sobbed.

"O, Lord," she moaned, "I've been a wicked woman. The idea of me puttin' it off onto Thee. That medicine was a helpin' me. I stood up last night. I tried it, after John and Annie was to bed. Ef I got well, there wouldn't be no one to come and set and sympathize with me, nor send me things to eat. And I dunno but I've done work enough in my life, to rest now. I dunno as I hanker after washin' dishes an' cleanin' house an' waitin' on men-folks. But, O Lord, I hadn't ought to hev said it was Thy will I should hev the rheumatiz. It ain't. But I jest *can't* giv' up hevin' it." SYBIL LAVINIA COX.

FRAGMENTS FROM SAPPHO

Fair evening star,
Returning thou dost bring
 All that light-wafting dawn has scattered wild ;
Thou dost restore
To its own fold each lamb,
 And to each yearning mother's heart, her child.

Softly wafted through the apple boughs
 The coolness murmurs a sweet even song,
The quivering leaves their harmonies arouse ;
 Sleep steals along.

RACHEL BERENSON.

VENICE, THE WELL BELOVED

Fair Venice, city of my dreams,
Close thou my eyelids and, ere morn,
'Mid moonbeams, shadows, and soft harmonies
Lead me thy watery ways among,
Swift gliding by thy present to thy past,
Thou realm of Doges, O thou mother pearl,
Wrapping about thine earthly form
The sunset glories of the sea.

Dear Venice, city of my heart,
Call back those lessons learned in thee,
Beneath thy gold, translucent domes,
Before thine altar rich in gems,
Within thy palace, climbing high,
Without the windows of thy tower,
O'er all thy sanctuaries grand and dim,
Even beads upon thy rosary.

MADLINE ZABRISKIE.

There are different kinds of love stories. The most popular is the college course, whose only requirement is an accompaniment of marriage bells. The

An Elementary Love Story hero and heroine are preferably young, and pathos can be given by an ending which suggests that the bells are about to ring for the wrong people. These tales do not have a very wide scope for variety of plot, so for those in search of higher

seasoning, busy authors have provided a post-graduate series. This deals with married couples and either starts with their being out of sympathy and pilots them back again, or ends with a scandal or a tragedy.

For all this mass of advanced literature nobody provides a primary course. There is no first or second reader telling of the susceptible damsel's infatuation for the butcher's boy, at twelve, and the clerk of the collar counter, at fifteen. There are no A. B. C. love stories telling how the hero loved his father and mother. Now this is an elementary love story, and the subject is Tibi and the little pink kittie.

Tibi's real name was Constance Carter Merrill, as her aunt Miss Eliza used to explain with a pitying smile to callers, "The Tibi is just some Latin nonsense of her father's. He always did have notions. He and her mother are in California till October, so we're taking care of her for a couple of months." While these conversations went on in the sitting room, Tibi spent her time out of doors trying to climb the lattice work verandah supports, made into ladders, as she thought, expressly for the amusement of her chubby young person.

Occasionally an aunt would burst out of the side door and say, "Constance Merrill, you will break your neck, you come in the kitchen with me," and Tibi would start a remonstrating wail as she was plucked off the second round and borne into the hot kitchen. The wail never lasted long, however, for here there were peas to shell and, if the wail lasted longer than usual, sticks to polish with brick dust and a cork, just the way the hired girl did the knives. At these times the aunts used to whisper that she was just like her mother at that age.

Being a "little helper", however, cannot utterly satisfy a four year old soul. Tibi did not know what she wanted, so she inquired every five minutes when "moder and fader" were coming home. Her aunts grew very tired of the question and tried to divert her attention. Aunt Eliza set her to picking potato bugs, Aunt Adeline tried bribery and corruption, and Aunt Jane tied her to the front gate post.

It was during one of these exiles that the pink kittie made its appearance. Tibi had tried to crawl under the gate and see a rope's length of the world, but had stuck ignominiously, and, after a crab-like process which had taken much skin from legs and elbows, and left much dirt on her pinafore, she withdrew

under the sweet shrub to suck her thumb and think things over.

The sun shone down on the old pine tree which shaded the house and garden and made the rosin on the knots soft and sticky. The air was sweet with honeysuckle, and the whirr of humming birds in the bed of robin runaway penetrated even under the sweet shrub.

Tibi was feeling for the first time that life was a failure. At least that was the way she would have expressed it if she had been twenty-four instead of only four. She knew she wanted something she hadn't, and even as she was wanting, the answer was making an unsteady way along the path outside of the picket fence. The answer was the little pink kittie—a very small pink kittie with a head too large for those weak uncertain legs to carry around, and wide open blue eyes, all sticky at the corners, which peered curiously behind every blade of grass. It came to the gate and walked under. It didn't even have to crawl as Tibi had done. Then it opened its mouth in a silent mew.

Perhaps it had better be explained that to grown-up eyes the kitten was yellow, but Tibi's list of colors was limited.

Tibi made a dive, catching hold of one furry leg, which stretched, after the surprising fashion of all young animals. The kitten didn't seem to resent this, and submitted to being dragged under the shrub.

"Nice little kittie, nice little pink kittie, smove his fevers," murmured Tibi, and this corresponds to the place in the college course where the young man first says, "Darling!" Elementary love is not so shy about expressing itself as the more advanced kind. It frankly admits love at first sight instead of going through half a book of making its mind up. This critical moment over, and a similar expression of esteem elicited from the other person, the favored soul needs some one to burble to, so Tibi started out in quest of Aunt Adeline.

She picked the kitten up by its "handle", and the kitten not approving of this mode of locomotion, mewed loudly. Aunt Adeline heard the noise and hurried out.

"No, no, Tibi mustn't hold the kittie by the tail, just hear it cry! Where did it come from? There, this is the way kitties like to be held."

Now Aunt Adeline knew that her sister Eliza had an antipathy

to cats, so she lured Tibi back into the garden and taught her to dangle a string for the kitten to run after. (Having a kitten on a string at four is fully as engrossing an occupation as a man at twenty-four).

Sometimes the kitten lost itself in the dusty miller borders, and seriously interfered with the business of the humming birds. Then the supper bell rang, and Tibi carried the kitten off to the house. She met Aunt Eliza sweeping the front porch. "Ugh! the horrid cat!" exclaimed Aunt Eliza, jumping back, "where did you get it? You leave it right where it is and run into the kitchen and tell Maria to wash your hands!"

Tibi puckered up her face. "I want my little pink kittie at supper," she wailed. "I won't leave her!" and she stamped a small foot.

"Mind now!" said Aunt Eliza. She was a sweet old lady of the pink-bowed head-wrap type. She had thin pink cheeks, and hard worked blue-veined hands that showed the bones through. Truly, she didn't look like the sort that said "mind now!" but she had an antipathy to cats.

Tibi minded. Then something happened for which Aunt Adeline never fully forgave her sister. Aunt Eliza took the broom and swept the fluffy yellow ball along the gravel walk, past the lily of the valley bed, out of the front yard and into the dusty road. Then she came inside and closed the gate with a click.

After supper Tibi went out to say good-night to the little pink kittie. She called, but there was no answer. Aunt Adeline and Aunt Jane came out to help call. Still there was no answer. Finally a weeping Tibi was borne off to bed, and then Aunt Eliza confessed. "I had no idea she'd take on so," she said, "I—I put the kitten out of the gate." "Eliza!" said Aunt Adeline.

All that evening the hired man paced the road calling "kittie, kittie, kittie," and all the next morning Aunt Adeline inquired at the neighbors' houses, but the first object of Tibi's elementary love had untraceably departed. For days Tibi wept and the aunts wondered about the little pink kittie, but the only wonder left in my mind is whether a love which is color blind at four will be stone blind at four and twenty.

CANDACE THURBER.

EDITORIAL

In the complicated relations of our student life we find ourselves often speculating on the subject of our actual intellectual attainment. "To Virtue, Knowledge." We often wonder just how much and what kind of knowledge we are gaining. Are we in reality scholarly, and even if we are, why is it necessary that we should be?

We realize at the outset that an ideal of scholarliness would appeal to few as an end in itself. Almost none of us feels that she is born to be a student in the strictest sense of the word. The college world is representative of so many types of character and of interest, that the broadest possible ideal is only broad enough to keep the whole together. So has arisen the call that commands us all—Be women. Not bad imitations of men, not athletic curiosities with remarkable muscle and more remarkable lung power, but quiet, natural women with unlimited resources of sympathy, hope, and patience.

This ideal binds together all interests, and still allows for diversity. We may be social women, scholarly women, professional women, philanthropic women, domestic women. Any one of these does not necessarily exclude the others, but the college, in standing for the training of the scholarly woman, lays stress upon that. We who are young and ambitious, perhaps, are likely to think of these characteristics as only so many perfectly possible and attainable adjectives, connected with no shadow of endowment or of preparation. We think that the titles sound well, and that we should enjoy being all these in one. Hereupon we plan out for ourselves long courses in all the possible subjects that may come in conveniently in one of the many branches of womanhood. Then if we are only sensible enough to be interested in basket-ball, class politics, department societies, and dramatics, we feel that we are to be envied and commended. That, on the whole, is the sort of activity we ourselves commend in others.

It is just here that the college comes to our rescue and says, "Yes, we wish you to be ideal in your womanhood; philanthropic women if you will, professional women if you will—but while you are here you shall be, first and foremost, scholarly women." Certainly this is a just demand. The college sees in the cultured, scholarly woman the surest foundation. The college and common sense alike bid us build the foundation well that the superstructure may be easier to raise; and common sense of itself condemns the attempt to build both at once. Four years is only long enough to do one thing well.

Of course it may not seem to us that a thorough scholarly training is the best preparation for the ideal woman. In that case we are emphatically in the wrong place. In coming to college at all we accept, or should accept, the college standards of value. If we desire the culture of travel as a basis for our lives, college is not the place to gain that culture. If we desire social culture primarily, college is not the place to gain that culture. Our presence here at all presupposes the fact that we want what the college is ready to give, a scholarly training.

The majority of us probably value scholarliness, but in the excitement of the varied interests about us we come to the conclusion that we can imbibe enough of the scholarly atmosphere while attending to our development in other directions. This sounds very well in theoretical form, and many of us put it into practice, with the almost inevitable result, that at the end of four years we find ourselves not one thing or the other—neither truly scholarly nor truly anything else. We gain in variety of interest, but we lose in accuracy. We gain in quantity, but we lose in quality.

So in the end we must come to the conclusion that it takes four years, and all of four years, to do one thing well, to learn to travel one of the roads that lead to the best womanhood. Where we make excursions into other tempting paths, it takes us but so much longer. It is only right, then, and sensible that we should do all in our power to foster and increase the scholarly spirit of the college, since by so doing we are only helping ourselves toward a common ideal.

EDITOR'S TABLE

The October exchanges come to us full of the strength and enthusiasm of the opening year; they have an air of vigor like the month whose name they bear upon their covers. Yet a few of those that we have been accustomed to see have been missing from the Editor's Table, we hope only temporarily. Here may we take occasion to beg that the exchanges be sent us regularly, lest our sincere desire for acquaintance with the colleges they represent be frustrated by too spasmodic an effort to keep up communication. And we ask that any omission, on our part, in sending the Smith College Monthly to those who have favored us be reported.

The Vassar Miscellany has departed this month from the ways of college magazines in offering to its readers a fiction number. The best story found in it is also the shortest, a little sketch of French life, entitled "*Mariage Manqué*". On the whole, however, the October Miscellany is a little monotonous, as the seven stories which compose the fiction are all sketchy and relieved only by a little unpretending verse.

Indeed the fiction of the month falls far below the standard of the heavier prose articles, some of which are very worth reading. The first two articles in the Wellesley Magazine are of distinct merit, the first being a bird sketch which suggests, and in its sympathetic tone even rivals, those charming essays of bird-lore by Olive Thorne Miller, appearing from time to time in the Atlantic Monthly. The other essay deals with the German popular ballads, giving a slight but interesting study of their characteristics as distinguished from those of Scotland, and illustrating by several carefully translated quotations. The Harvard Monthly publishes part of a prize essay on "*Vanity Fair and Becky Sharp*", a subject full of interest; and the leading article in the Williams Literary Monthly, on "*The Enditing of Letters*", is distinguished by that particular combination of thoughtfulness and literary charm, which is so often to be found in the pages of that magazine. "*Tenny-*

son as an Epic Poet" is treated in the Columbia Literary Monthly with force, though the condemnatory verdict on the "Idylls" is not quite convincingly established.

Among the books sent by publishers to the Editor's Table is a novel from the MacMillan Company that will attract the attention of the public, if only because it is written by the still unrevealed author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden". The story of "The Benefactress" is concerned with an English girl, of good family, but poverty-stricken, to whom an eccentric German uncle leaves an estate in Germany, in order to relieve her from the sad dilemma of either living on her vulgar sister-in-law's bounty, or of marrying one of her moneyed suitors. Now the heroine, being endowed with highly developed sympathies and very undeveloped common sense, conceives the notion of dividing this good fortune among the sad and down-cast of the earth, and of choosing from the ranks of the world-weary, by advertisement, twelve unhappy ladies, in the brightening of whose lives our heroine is to spend her uncle's hard earned money and find her own happiness. All the last and the best part of the book is connected with this situation, the young girl and her German helpers, among whom is prominent a certain bachelor neighbor, marvelously well-endowed for a hero; and the three highly disagreeable German ladies, who are to be cherished and comforted. Fortunately the experiment stops with three, for our poor little "benefactress" soon finds herself in a turmoil of troubles. Yet she refuses to yield her cherished project of comforting the world-weary, until at last the bachelor neighbor presents a greater claim upon her sympathies by himself suffering from misfortune, which is led back by a skilful chain of circumstances to the unconscious agency of the heroine herself.

"The Benefactress" is a bit of comedy, containing some keen touches of humor, and relieved by a little very real pathos. There is considerable irregularity in the workmanship, but the interest is well sustained and the story very worth a reading. The management of the rather slight plot is one of the best features of the book, complicated as it is by the actions of minor characters who, though carefully subordinated, yet stand out clearly both as individuals and in their relations to the heroine.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The new plan for the representation of Branch Associations goes into effect in this edition of the *Monthly*, with material contributed from the Syracuse Club. It was hoped that a complete calendar for the year might be published in this issue, but some of the branches have not yet responded. It is hoped that all will report before the December *Monthly* goes to press.

True appreciation of the future may perhaps be best nurtured by properly respecting the good work of the past. To keep track of the milestones, to

take note of the red-letter

The Four Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary days in the calendar, is surely worth while in this

hurrying, forgetful world

of ours. And so, when an institution or a town steps aside out of the beaten track to celebrate a jubilee, it makes the occasion a memorable one by inviting its neighbors and friends from far and near to rejoice with it. Such was the Bicentennial of our own Yale University in October, such also was the King Alfred Millenary in Winchester, England, in September, and such the earlier celebration at Glasgow of the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its University.

From Tuesday evening, June eleventh, when the festivities began with a students' parade, until Saturday afternoon, June fifteenth, when a charming trip down the Firth of Clyde brought them to a close, the University was constantly providing some enjoyment for its guests, while the homes of Glasgow were opened wide to receive the delegates from far and near.

The commemoration service on Wednesday morning in the stately old Glasgow Cathedral was a very impressive ceremony, in which an historical address and sermon were delivered by Dr. McAdam Muir. In the afternoon the delegates from all over the world were received and addresses presented in the lofty Bute Hall, an immense auditorium, rich in its dark oak coloring. Flags of all nations greeted the delegates as they marched to their seats under the guidance of stewards or ushers. The representatives of foreign (non-British) institutions came first, then those of the British colonies and dependencies, and then those of the United Kingdom, while the government and the municipality were also represented. Most of the delegates wore academic dress or robes of office, and the variety of color in the hoods and gowns was most brilliant. The rear was brought up by the members of the Senate of the University in their robes of brilliant scarlet. The Vice-Chancellor, the Very Rev. Principal Story, was last, and immediately ascended the rostrum, where he was accompanied by Professor Stewart, Clerk of the Senate.

A congratulatory message from King Edward VII. was read by Vice-Chancellor Story before he gave his graceful and all-inclusive welcome. In speaking of Holland and the United States, he said:—"We rejoice to see, in the presence of colleagues from the Low Countries here to-day, a proof that its (the University's) memory is still fresh on the other side of the North Sea and stands the test of untoward fortune and times painful to us and them, which might threaten with estrangement friendships less sincere, rooted in associations less venerable. When the Pilgrim fathers crossed the Atlantic, they carried with them not only as concentrated an essence of Protestant religion and political liberalism as could in those or, indeed, in any days be carried in one vessel across perilous seas, but also that sturdy respect for knowledge and learning which leavened the severity of the austere Puritans' views of life and kept their minds fresh from the stagnation of mere sectarianism. By and by it embodied itself in Harvard, in Yale, in Princeton; and expanding with the expansion of the great American States since their independence was achieved has planted over the length and breadth of that huge country the colleges and universities which in their thorough organization and their opulence of resource attest at once the educational science and the generous liberality of its citizens. We welcome them here; and if we have ever thought of our cousins across the Atlantic as 'more than kin and less than kind', it is wisdom to forget."

At the conclusion of this felicitous speech the delegates were presented by countries in alphabetical order, Professor Stewart remarking that "the alphabet was no respecter of persons". Austria-Hungary was first on the list, and as its delegates were escorted to the platform by the student ushers or stewards in cap and gown, the choir sang the Austrian national hymn. When France's turn came "*La Marseillaise*" greeted the ear. France, as usual, made a brilliant showing, as the delegates from the University of Paris, attired in buttercup-yellow satin caps and gowns, made their way to the platform. Another of their delegates wore a magenta satin cap and gown, while the President of the Royal Institute of France was adorned with gold and embroidery on coat and cap of black. "*Die Wacht am Rhein*" greeted the representatives of Germany, from Heidelberg, Göttingen, Leipzig, Breslau and Kiel. Italy sent delegates from Padua, Turin, Bologna, Naples, and Rome, some of whom wore handsome robes trimmed with mink. Japan sent one of the professors from the University of Tokyo to express its felicitations. When Russia's turn came the Russian national hymn was sung with fine effect as the representatives, with impossible names, presented the greetings of Kief, Moscow, and St. Petersburg. Spain, Sweden, and Switzerland followed in turn, and then the "*Star Spangled Banner*", well sung, made the American delegates quicken their pace as they conveyed to the Vice-Chancellor the congratulations of their institutions. Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Dartmouth, Johns Hopkins, Columbia, Leland Stanford Jr., Northwestern, Columbian, Clark, Universities of Michigan, Missouri, California, Boston, Chicago, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, and Union Theological Seminary, besides several learned societies, were all represented, and last in the United States group came the delegate from Smith College, the first woman who had yet appeared on the platform. All the chivalry in the student-body rose and broke forth

in a cheer which was taken up by the entire audience, as I shook hands with Vice-Chancellor Story and conveyed the greetings from the youthful but promising twenty-five-year-old college to the honored and revered four-hundred-and-fifty-year-old university. Lord Kelvin, Professor Jebb and others of the University Court seemed much interested in the Smith College delegate, and shook hands and congratulated me as I left the platform, while the student choir sang out "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean", as I returned to my seat.

The British colonies and dependencies were the next in order, to present their antipodal greetings from institutions in Australia, Canada, India, and New Zealand. Most of these delegates were Scottish graduates who had gone to those far-off countries carrying the culture and traditions of Great Britain with them.

England and Wales, Ireland and Scotland, naturally had the largest representation, and the church, the state, the army, the navy, art, science, philosophy, and mercantile interests greeted the ancient institution of learning. Many of the delegates were among the world's most famous characters and, as they were recognized by the audience, were loudly applauded. One impressive trio comprised Lord Lister, Lord Kelvin, and Sir Joseph Hooker, who represented the Royal Society of Great Britain. Sir John Cheyne, a King's Counsellor, in full-bottomed wig and ample black gown, marched with stately tread to present his greeting. Sir Norman Lockyer, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Lord Bishop of Ripon, Lord Strathcona, were all enthusiastically welcomed as also were Miss Emily Davies, the head of Girton College, Cambridge, Miss Emily Penrose of Somerville College, Oxford, and Miss Galloway of Queen Margaret College, Glasgow.

The exercises of the afternoon concluded with the singing of "God save the King" by the immense audience, many of whom found it somewhat difficult to substitute the word "King" in the hymn for the long familiar word "Queen".

In the evening many of the delegates attended an "at home" at Queen Margaret's College. There I met the head of the College, Miss Galloway, who made me feel at home by remarking that she had been at Smith College in the course of a visit to several of the women's colleges and institutions in the United States.

Thursday morning Bute Hall was again the scene of an interesting ceremony, and several distinguished people were added to the list of guests. To a resident of the United States, where there is so little seen of form and ceremony and the pomp of state, the sight of the procession of dignitaries was most impressive. The bedellus, in fitting robe, bore the mace, an elaborate creation of the goldsmith's art, to the front of the platform, where it rested in full view of the audience as a sign of the presence of the officials. He was followed by Vice-Chancellor Story, the members of the University Senate, and the representatives of the corporation attired in the scarlet robes of the Scottish University. As they passed down the central aisle to the platform the audience rose to greet them. A brilliant sight it was, too. One expects to see color and variety in the costumes of a gathering of women, but when to this are added the vari-colored robes of some of the continental delegates, the brilliant dashes of color in the hoods above the regulation black

gowns, and, to crown all, the brilliant scarlet of the robes and hoods of the officials of the Scottish Universities of Edinburgh, Aberdeen, St. Andrews, and Glasgow,—the scene then is surely most picturesque. The vast audience gathered to hear orations on two illustrious men of a former generation whose names are inseparably linked with the University and to witness a most interesting graduation ceremony. Lord Kelvin discoursed with touching affection upon the life and the scientific achievements of James Watt, and was visibly moved as he spoke of the struggle with poverty and the opposition of the trade-rules to the young inventor. Professor Smart then delivered an able oration on Adam Smith, the author of the standard work on the "Wealth of Nations". The list of honorary graduands included twenty-two Doctors of Divinity and one hundred and twenty Doctors of Laws.

Apart from the interesting event which was the immediate motive of the celebration the occasion will always be memorable in the records of the University as the first instance of the bestowal of honorary degrees upon women. In this respect Glasgow was not the leader of the Scottish Universities.

It was explained by Professor Stewart, at the outset of the proceedings, that under the special circumstances and in consideration of the great number of graduands and their varied distinctions it had been considered inexpedient to enter upon an elaborate éloge of each one. But Professor Smart, to whom fell the duty of presenting the ladies, evidently regarded the arrangement as inapplicable in their case and introduced each of them with a sentence of graceful eulogy. The ladies, stepping upon the platform, each wearing an academic gown of unrelieved black, and carrying over her arm the Doctor's hood alashed with scarlet, received a great ovation, the audience rising to greet them. Mrs. Campbell of Tullichewan was the first to be presented and was introduced as the woman by whom the movement for the higher education of women in Glasgow was originated, and by whose long and unselfish efforts Queen Margaret College became ultimately the women's department of the University of Glasgow. Miss Emily Davies, the founder of Girton, was introduced as the originator of the movement for women's higher education in England. The next recipient was Mrs. John Elder, who, in memory of her husband, the famous engineer, endowed the Chair of Naval Architecture in Glasgow and handed over the buildings and grounds of Queen Margaret College, besides conferring many other benefactions on Glasgow and vicinity. Miss Agnes Weston was then presented as a lady whose work for the benefit of British sailors was known to all,—and on the bestowal of the degree hearty applause showed the approval of the audience. As each graduand reached the center of the platform, she knelt while Vice-Chancellor Story touched her head with the cap which he held in his hand, at the same time addressing some remark to her, apparently in benediction. As she rose she handed the hood to the Clerk, who placed it over her head and about her shoulders. She then proceeded to write her name in an album.

Among the distinguished divines who received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and who took precedence of the ladies in the order of exercises, was the Lord Bishop of Ripon, royalty's favorite Bishop, whose appearance was warmly applauded and whose march to the platform was to the music of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow". Two divines from Union Theological Seminary,

New York, Dr. Charles A. Briggs and Dr. Francis Brown, were also given the same degree.

The graduands who were honored with the degree of Doctor of Laws included representatives from every corner of the globe and men and women distinguished in various callings:—Earl Beauchamp, formerly governor of New South Wales; Lord Provost Chisholm; the Marquis of Dufferin; Le Comte de Franqueville, President of the Royal Institute of France; the Earl of Glasgow; several presidents and professors from our American universities, eastern and western. A most enthusiastic reception was given to Mr. Andrew Carnegis of Skibo Castle and New York. He was presented as a gentleman whose name would descend to all generations of Scottish students as the most munificent benefactor to the universities of his native country. His gift of ten million dollars to the four Scottish universities had been announced not long before and was still fresh in the public mind. The college choir sang out with a will, "He's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny", and the audience heartily joined in the refrain.

The enthusiasm was renewed and redoubled when Major-General Sir Ian Hamilton and Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Hunter ascended the platform. Both were fresh from the field in South Africa, where they had gained new laurels by their deeds of valor, and the audience did not lose the opportunity of extending to them the soldier's proud reward—the appreciation of arduous and dangerous work well and truly done. The applause was prolonged and hearty, and "The Soldiers of the Queen", sung by the choir to an organ accompaniment, conveyed the sentiments of the vast assemblage to the distinguished officers. The long, black academic robes concealed with difficulty the brilliant uniforms of scarlet and gold which the gallant officers wore beneath the sombre exterior. The scene, which was brilliant before, became far more so when the one hundred and thirty-five scarlet hoods of Glasgow were added to those of various hues already worn by the graduands. This most interesting ceremony concluded with a very graceful acknowledgment by Professor Bonet Maury, of the University of Paris, of the honors and hospitality accorded to the delegates and graduands by the University and the people of Glasgow.

On Thursday afternoon the jubilee festivities were continued by a garden party at Queen Margaret College, whither many of the delegates found their way. Women graduates were present in large numbers, among them Mrs. Campbell of Tullichewan. She wore her Doctor's robe and hood, and was the recipient of many congratulations.

Earlier in the afternoon occurred the opening of the new Botanical Department by Sir Joseph Hooker, the famous botanist.

The conversazione held Thursday evening in Bute Hall Hunterian Museum and Library, was another brilliant affair. On this occasion, to the gorgeous academic robes and hoods worn by some of the guests, and the scarlet and gold uniforms of the naval and military officers, were added the handsome evening toilettes of the ladies. But pinks, blues, and white could not equal in brilliance the scarlet and the stronger colors, and it was very evident that the gentlemen felt that they outshone the ladies on this occasion. Palms and banners, with which the halls were decorated, formed an effective

background. Elaborate entertainment was provided in the way of music by band, choir, and soloists stationed in different parts of the immense building, and dainty refreshments were furnished. More than four thousand people were in attendance and were most gracefully received by Vice-Chancellor Story and his wife, assisted by several members of the professoriate.

On Friday morning an oration on William Hunter was delivered in Bute Hall by Professor Young. Principal Story, accompanied as before by other members of the Senate, as well as by several delegates, and preceded by the bedellus carrying the mace, entered the hall and proceeded to the platform. After the oration, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, and Mr. Harold Ryder gave an organ recital which was listened to with the closest attention.

One of the pleasantest functions in connection with the University festivities was the reception held in the new art galleries at the International Exhibition. The company was a distinguished one and included most of the prominent men and women present in connection with the jubilee. At the functions previously held most of the delegates had appeared in full academic dress, but on this occasion for the first time the University graduates and the majority of students wore their robes, hoods, and trenchers, and the scene was particularly striking. The rich yellow tones of the Bombay delegate's turban and hood were in decided contrast to the quiet, sober-tinted gowns of certain British universities, while the elaborate and artistic robes of the Parisians added another bit of color to one of the prettiest assemblies ever held in Glasgow. The collection of pictures in the galleries was one of the finest ever gotten together in the world, as most of them were works of art loaned by prominent collectors all over Great Britain. There is time but to mention the excursion down the Firth of Clyde on Saturday, when even the weather did its utmost to afford the visitors a delightful day by which to remember the Glasgow jubilee.

To me it was a rare experience, and I wish to express my thanks and appreciation to those who were instrumental in giving me the privilege of representing my Alma Mater.

MARY DUGUID DEY '84.

Except for Vassar in its early days, Smith has always been the favorite college for women in Syracuse; but it was not until December 1896 that any

The Smith College Club of Syracuse

attempt was made to unite the graduates and non-graduates into an association. Then, however, an informal meeting was held at the house of Miss Charlotte Stone to discuss the proposed Smith College Club, and in the following month the constitution was accepted and the club formed with a membership of twenty-four.

While the meetings have always been purely social in character with the idea of "increasing (to quote the constitution) the interest of members in the college and in each other", yet another clause in the constitution has never been forgotten which asserts that the object of the club is "to further the well-being of the college". With this end in view three entertainments have been carried through in different years. The proceeds of the first two were sent to the Library Fund, and consisted of seventy-five dollars from a

reading by Miss Mary French Field, from the poems of Eugene Field, and of eighty-five dollars from a reading by F. Hopkinson Smith, from his own works. Both these entertainments were held in private houses, which has proved the more successful way. The year in which Miss Beatrice Hereford gave her deliciously diverting monologues, only fifty dollars were forwarded by the club to the Students' Building Committee during the entire year, and these few were the result of hard labor and diligent collection of voluntary offerings. Since these contributions the club has sent to the committee only a little sum of twelve dollars and fifty cents; but plans are made for great liberality under the stimulus of the unknown friend who offers to cap a hundred thousand dollars from us with another hundred thousand from him. Lack of size never kept Napoleon from rising to fame, and lack of size is not to keep us from rising to an enthusiastic share in the efforts of the *alumnæ*.

The graceful allusion to a historical personage we once knew well in college days would indicate that the Smith College Club of Syracuse does not count its members by the hundreds. Indeed it can barely count them by the tens, for there are but twenty members although at the first meeting there were more than that number. While many new recruits have come from successive classes, the membership list has grown smaller for several reasons, of which the chief is matrimony. It is unquestionably delightful to have very charming members in the club; but those who are left behind feel perhaps that a little less charm might have saved for them many friends whose names still stand upon the secretary's book and whose memories linger pleasantly upon the members' lips.

KATHARINE MAY WILKINSON '97, President.

On Monday afternoon, October 28, Mrs. Donald Dey cordially invited the members of the Syracuse Branch of the Smith College *Alumnæ* Association to her home to meet Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke of Williamstown, Mass. In the informal talk that Mrs. Clarke gave to the members of the club she told them of the promised gift to the college of \$100,000 on condition that an equal amount be raised within a year. She very kindly and patiently answered many questions and went into detail in explaining how the moneys are credited to the different classes and branch organizations. Before Mrs. Clarke had finished she had indeed inspired her hearers with the feeling that this is the opportunity of the hour and that during this year, above all others, it is every Smith girl's privilege as well as duty to work and sacrifice for her Alma Mater.

There are in the United States four inter-state associations of colleges and preparatory schools, the New England, the Middle States and Maryland, the North Central, and the Southern.

The Association of
Colleges and Preparatory Schools
in the Southern States

The first three are powerful organizations, with membership lists rising to the hundreds, and their work is well known. The last has, after six

years, a membership of only ten colleges and forty preparatory schools, and its work is certainly not so well known, yet it is perhaps the most vitally interesting of the four.

I say vitally interesting because the Southern Association, in the very fact of its formation and in its purposes, is more significant in the general history of the South than the other associations can be in the histories of their several sections. It is preëminently the outcome of struggle, and is another fighter in the great battle of the southern people for the salvation of their beloved "Southland". Further, because the South has been in a way a submerged community for thirty-five years, and is now becoming, far more than ever before, the New South and a part of the nation, because its pulse is quickening and it means to make something of itself, the significance of such a determinate factor in southern life is of real national interest.

It is not therefore possible to do justice to the work of the Southern Association by mere comparison with the work of the other three. The South has been like the blind giant Orion, reeling and faltering in its gait; there have been countless difficulties to be faced, to whatever quarter the spirit of progress might turn; and the educational difficulties have not been the least.

The membership of the Southern Association embraces, at a rough guess, four per cent of the colleges, real and so called, of that section, and a very much smaller proportion of high schools. Its membership is restricted in the following ways. No preparatory school granting degrees is eligible; no college furnishing preparatory instruction; no college admitting students under fifteen years of age; and no college that does not hold written entrance examinations in a Latin, Greek, mathematics, and history requirement not more than a year below the standard of the New England colleges, and in an English requirement identical with that of the Middle States and Maryland Association. There is as yet in the by-laws no question of examinations in modern languages or in science, for the reason that the preparatory schools can not give them.

To a citizen of the North Atlantic states these restrictions, conjoined with the percentage of membership, should be significant of an educational condition that is almost pitiful. It is in reality, as the best men in the South know, a state not so bad as it might be or as it has been, and full of promise; yet these will be the first to say that it is still terribly discouraging.

An understanding of its real status lies, as I have said, in the history of the South and involves comprehension of a social revolution,—an aristocratic order become democratic, a rural community drifting into commercialism, high ideals crowded to the wall by materialistic ones. It must do justice to the fact that colleges have had to yield to pressure, that they have abandoned their standards because they have been driven to it.

Before the war there were in the South two clearly defined strata of free society, the wealthy and aristocratic planters, as over against the small farmers. There was practically no middle class, for there were no manufactures and consequently few towns of any size. The educational system corresponded to the social. There were fine and well endowed universities and private schools, ranking with the best in the North, well correlated, and well filled by young men of the "first families". But there were no public schools for the poor and scattered rural population, and that class was therefore wholly illiterate.

After the war, in the place of well ordered simplicity, there was confusion.

The need of public schools was imperative, and every state saw them established, but these had to begin at the bottom in order to meet illiteracy, and there for years had to stay; moreover, they could not be properly supported by the poverty-stricken South; and they were organized and run by men who, however intelligent, and however familiar with universities, completely misunderstood the fundamental requirements of a public school system. It is true that by 1885, with a generation between most of the pupils and illiteracy, the system could in some cases institute high schools, but high schools with confused and stultifying courses, composed of the too difficult and too easy, encroaching on the colleges while at the same time falling far below the point of meeting them; not only so, but uncorrelated with the lower grades. The whole system, in fact, was a chaos.

During the same period—1865 to 1885—colleges and private schools fell away in numbers and in standard. The war had destroyed "plants" and endowment; those that lived had to concede at every point to the demands of the students, whose fees were almost their sole reliance. So few schools were left that the colleges found themselves obliged to establish preparatory departments, or give preparatory instruction, an action sure at some more prosperous time to bring difficulty.

This first period, then, was a time of profound discouragement. Yet even then there were better influences at work. 1876 saw the opening of Johns Hopkins, with its specially generous attitude toward the South in the bestowal of scholarships, and its output of trained men in southern fields. Institutions like the University of Virginia and the University of the South were doing good work; the Peabody Fund was helping the southern schools; and there was a constant stream of young men returning from the foreign universities.

The second period, from 1885 down perhaps to the present day, has been a vigorous time, with better things on the horizon of the colleges, but with dangers to education no longer negative. It may be divided into two parts by the year of the founding of the association. Before 1895 the most hopeful thing that the colleges could say for themselves—and it was really very hopeful—was that their financial condition was slowly improving; after that time they had the strength of a united front. There are many things to be said of the first ten years. It was a peculiarly unmanageable time, for several reasons. The South had become, from an agricultural and rural section, a region of manufacturing towns—not cities. The body of its people were middle-class and the product of the public schools and of a twenty years' struggle, for comfort first, and then wealth. This class was now demanding of the colleges a technical curriculum that should fit its sons for a place in the new industrial community. Few colleges, had they even felt it safe to yield, could meet this demand. But the pressure grew steadily heavier, and it was a sober matter to isolate themselves from this vigorous new people, to refuse to give what was so sorely needed. This was the dilemma of the stronger colleges; the weaker yielded, to become a travesty on their name.

A second outcome of the new forces was that the new public high schools were beginning to compete with the private schools, and in this middle-class period it was the private schools that lost patronage. There was great danger

in this to the colleges. They were receiving more students, it is true, but students increasingly ill prepared. The college preparatory departments became thereby more a necessity than ever, at the same time that it was clear that their existence was a menace to the private schools, and to the public schools a discouragement. Nor were the colleges themselves blameless; the dissimilarity of their entrance requirements and the various constructions they put upon their degrees were infinitely confusing.

Ten years of such conflict forced organization on the colleges. The six charter members of the Southern Association were Vanderbilt University of Nashville, at whose instance the association was formed; the University of North Carolina; the University of the South, at Sewanee; the University of Mississippi; Washington and Lee University; and Trinity College of North Carolina. If the association was to meet a real need it had four things to do:—"organise Southern schools and colleges for coöperation and mutual assistance"; "elevate the standard of scholarship" and "effect uniformity in entrance requirements"; "develop preparatory schools and cut off this work from the colleges"; and fit the colleges to give technical and scientific courses, since the establishment of technological institutes would not be for many years within the reach of the South. The last was not one of the declared objects of the association, but it was a question that had to be faced at last, and when it came it was faced manfully.

The constitution and by-laws set the pace; henceforth there was at least a measuring rod. The defining of the entrance requirements was the next step. This had to be most carefully done from the bottom up, but 1899 saw a complete report on school curricula. In 1898 the question of college degrees first came to the front, in two aspects:—what degrees could a college grant, and what should be their meaning? In 1900 the association approved a report recommending that the degrees of B. A. and B. S. alone be entitled to academic rank, and fixing the value of each as nearly as possible at 2400 hours for the four years. The B. S. differed from the B. A. mainly in the greater stress laid on modern languages and science. These degrees represented struggle. The B. S. was the recognition of the claims of the New South; its increased weight testified to the determination of the colleges that their sanction should not be interpreted to mean sanction of the former light and ill planned course for incompetent students, which had led to that degree. The definition of the B. A. brought its value up in many colleges.

The third main effort of the association is the logical outcome of the report on degrees. This year there will come up, probably for final discussion, the question of optional entrance requirements, so divided as to lead to the B. A. and B. S. degrees respectively, and containing at last recognition of the modern languages and of science.

In all these points the steady gain is apparent. Other questions have come up for subsidiary discussion, such as the elective and the certificate systems. The colleges of the association feel that they are not yet ready for the first; in fact, the detailed report on degrees allows for a very small amount of election indeed. Such an attitude is the result of thirty years' bitter experience of unorganized work. The certificate system is almost a matter of course. The subject of technical education has not received final treatment, even for

the present; there will be at least one paper on the subject at the annual meeting this month.

The work of the association vouches for itself. It has been definite, well planned, and closely related to very real needs. There must have been many discouragements; in, for instance, the non-membership of such institutions as the University of Virginia, and Tulane, at New Orleans, and most of all, in the fact that while the private schools have been helped, the public schools have remained almost untouched—only two are on the list of the association. However, another movement is now being organized which will deal with the public schools directly; though it is not of the association, an outsider may be permitted to think that the work of the association in clearing the ground has hastened its coming. The chapter of discouragement, however, is no longer than the chapter of success. Schools and colleges alike have certainly been helped; even those who are not members show cordial appreciation; the meetings of the association are attended by non-members from Maryland to Texas, and not a respectable college in the South but has its representative there.

HARRIET W. TERRY '96.

Attention is called to an error in editing the report of this committee in the October issue. The grand total should have read \$18,061.84, instead of \$17,981.84.—Ed.

The committee is glad to announce that a fair sum has been added to the amount reported in the last number of the *Monthly*, and that interest in the movement seems to be growing.

<p>Report of the Smith College Alumnae Committee for the \$100,000 Fund</p>	<p>Meetings have been held during the last month in a number of the Branch Associations where the Fund has been the central topic of discussion.</p>
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The local committees are now well organized and at work in their various sections. At the college itself a meeting was recently held by the class presidents and vice-presidents and the senior members of the Council at which a plan was formed for raising money among the undergraduates. Pledge cards* have already been circulated and will be collected in time for a report in the December number of the *Monthly*.

It is understood that circular-letters and other similar methods of appeal are being adopted as a means of raising class gifts. The committee appreciates heartily the generous interest lying behind these efforts, but believes them to be on the whole unwise and likely to diminish rather than increase the sum total of returns. It suggests that all alumnae be asked to give independently as far as possible, according to the original plan, and that other methods be discouraged.

There is no doubt that we shall have to depend more or less on the kindness of outside friends for the completion of our part of the Fund. In this connection it is pleasant to report that a gift of \$1000 was recently secured by one of the Western Massachusetts alumnae.

* Owing to a printer's error on these cards the Fund is called the \$100.00 Fund instead of the \$100,000.00 Fund.—Ed.

Again the alumnae are asked to send all contributions directly to the chairman of the central committee. Finally, the committee wishes to say once more that any contribution, however small, will be gratefully received.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE, Chairman.

MARY VAILL TALMAGE,

GRACE A. HUBBARD.

November 1, 1901.

FROM ALUMNÆ.

Class.	Paid.	Pledged.	Total.
1879	\$10 00	\$50 00	\$60 00
1880		20 00	20 00
1881	185 00	20 00	155 00
1882		85 00	85 00
1883	13 75	135 00	148 75
1884	60 00	60 00	120 00
1885	305 00	10 00	315 00
1886	75 00	100 00	175 00
1887	615 00	100 00	715 00
1888	90 00		90 00
1889	47 00	45 00	92 00
1890	205 00	30 00	235 00
1891	12 00	5,125 00	5,137 00
1892	20 00	92 00	112 00
1893	45 00	10 00	55 00
1894	520 00	95 00	615 00
1895	246 00	177 00	423 00
1896	83 00	20 00	103 00
1897	213 00	160 00	373 00
1898	255 00	105 00	360 00
1899	579 00	342 00	921 00
1900	1,425 00	5,850 00	6,775 00
1901	1,371 00	630 00	2,001 00
	<hr/> \$6,324 75	<hr/> 12,761 00	<hr/> 19,085 75
			\$19,085 75

FROM ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION.

Forward,	\$727 09	
Life Membership fees,	240 00	\$967 09

AMOUNTS PAID TO PRES. SEELYE OR MR. C. N. CLARK
AND NOT CREDITED TO THE ALUMNÆ.

Forward,	\$1,390 00	
Paid,	100 00	\$1,490 00

FROM NON-GRADUATE ASSOCIATION.

Forward,	\$225 00	
Paid,	154 00	
Pledged,	15 00	\$394 00

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

125

FROM UNDERGRADUATES.

Pledged (class of 1902),	\$ 50 00	
Paid (class of 1903),	500 00	\$550 00

AMOUNTS SENT TO MR. C. N. CLARK.

Paid (class of 1902),	\$10 00	\$10 00
Total,		\$22,496 84

A book has been placed in the Reading Room, in which all alumnæ visiting the college are asked to sign their names. The list of visitors for October is as follows :

'96.	Harriet Terry,	October 26.
1901.	Marion Ashley,	"
	Amy Taylor,	"
'98.	Mabel Rice,	"
	Angie Dresser,	"
'83.	Clara Palmer,	"
'97.	Grace Taylor Lyon,	"
'98.	Cora Martin,	"
'97.	Lillian Forbes Wright,	"
'85.	Anna Chapin Ray,	"
'97.	Ethel Warner,	"
'94.	Clara Greenough,	"
'98.	Frances Shepard Childs,	"
'97.	Grace Kimball Griswold,	"
'82.	Sophie Clark,	"
'90.	Lucy Thomson,	"
'83.	Mira Hall,	"
'84.	Ella Clark,	"
'80.	N. E. Higbee,	"
'96.	Ethel Lyman,	"
'85.	Lucy McCloud,	"
1900.	Mary Wiley,	"
'90.	Cornelia Moodey,	"
	Catherine Minshall,	"
'91.	Mary Baird Williams,	"
'84.	Mina Wood,	"
'99.	Lucy Warner,	"
'98.	Cara Walker,	"
'95.	Mary Jackson,	"
'93.	Martha Blackstone,	"
	Maud Strong,	"
'90.	C. L. Sumner,	"
'98.	C. W. Brewster,	"
'95.	A. P. Hazen,	"
'98.	Henrietta Seelye,	"

'85.	Anna Cutler.	October 26.
'86.	Mary Eastman,	"
'93.	Ellen Cook,	"
'88.	Annie Kellogg,	"
1900.	Sylvia Hyde,	"
	Clara Heywood,	"
	Helen Story,	"
'97.	N. Gertrude Dyar,	"
'87.	Julia Caverno,	"
'90.	Virginia Lucia,	"
1900.	Edith Ramage,	"
	Helen Stevens,	"
	Anna Kidder,	"
'97.	D. R. Caverno,	"
'83.	Ella Flynt Dewey,	"
'87.	Elizabeth Mason,	"
'93.	L. W. Lyon,	"
'95.	Bertha Field,	"
'98.	Olive Rumsey,	"
'97.	Jennie Vermilye,	"
	Anne Barrows,	"
'94.	Mary Fuller,	"
'91.	Amy Barbour,	"
'96.	Alice Childs,	"
1900.	Frances Cox,	"
'97.	Frances Seymour,	"
'98.	Ysabel Swan,	"
'96.	Alice Rose,	"
1900.	Helen Shattuck,	"
'86.	Leona Peirce,	"
'87.	Celeste Hough Drury,	"
'94.	Helen Whiton,	"
'96.	Sara Duryea Hazen,	"
1901.	Alice Batchelder,	"
'97.	Imogene Prindle,	"
'90.	Louisa Cheever,	"
'98.	Lucy Cable,	"
'96.	Susan Foote,	"
'87.	Grace Hubbard,	"
1901.	Edna Fawcett,	"
	Helen Shoemaker,	"
	Ethel deLong,	"
'93.	Susan Kelly,	October 28.

Contributions to this department are desired by the last of the month in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Gertrude Tubby, Tenney House.

'84. Mrs. Mary Duguid Dey spent five months last spring and summer visiting in England, Scotland, and the Isle of Wight.

- '84. Mrs. Kate Dunn Spalding is at her new home on Harrison Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
- ex-'89. Mrs. Virginia Walton Thompson is in her new house on Highland Place, Syracuse, N. Y.
- '91. Grace W. Allen was married August 7, to Dr. Frederick S. Hollis. Address: 29 Norton Street, New Haven, Conn.
- '92. Eliza W. M. Bridges took the degree of Bachelor of Laws at the Boston University Law School in June, 1900, and has been practising a year as counsellor-at-law. Address: 548 Tremont Building, Boston, or 4 Mansion Building, South Framingham, Mass.
- ex-'93. Mrs. Irlavere Searle Barnum is at home in Syracuse, N. Y.
- '93. Mrs. Jessica Grant Mackenzie is at home in Syracuse, N. Y.
- '94. Gertrude Gane and Marjory Gane 1901 have changed their place of residence. Address: "The Plaza", Chicago, Ill.
- Mary Lillas Richardson has returned to Keble School.
- Charlotte C. Wilkinson, who has been engaged in College Settlement work for a few years, is this winter to be at home in Syracuse, N. Y.
- '95. Bertha F. Bardeen is at home this year in Syracuse, N. Y.
- Mabel A. Paine spent this summer studying at the Harvard Summer School, where she received a certificate for her work in Latin.
- Jean M. Richards is assistant professor in English at Syracuse University.
- ex-'95. Anna Wells Bigelow of New York City has just lost her husband, Dr. Horace Bigelow, brother of Harriet Bigelow '93 and Laura Bigelow '95.
- '96. Mabel Hurd is to be married in December to Dr. Willette, who is an associate professor in Brown University.
- Maria Louise Kellar is at home this year in Syracuse, N. Y.
- Charlotte J. Mitchell is teaching in the Syracuse High School.
- '97. Lois E. Barnard will be married Nov. 19, in Syracuse, N. Y., to Mr. Thomas McElderry Vickers, Cornell '91, of Philadelphia, Pa. Address unchanged.
- A volume of poems by Anna Hempstead Branch, entitled "The Heart of the Road and Other Poems", is about to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Anna G. Carhart went abroad in 1900, travelled in Italy, Switzerland, and France, spent the winter, 1900-1901, in study at the University of Geneva, and returned home by way of England in August, 1901.
- Josephine Hallock returned from Europe August 20. Address: care Dr. T. W. Moore, Huntington, W. Va.
- Katherine May Wilkinson is teaching in the Goodyear-Burlingame School in Syracuse, N. Y.
- ex-'97. Beatrice Bardeen will be in Syracuse, N. Y., this winter.
- Edith McChesney is at home in Syracuse, N. Y.

- ex-'98.* Anne Grey Noxon has been doing practical work in sociology in the State Reformatory at Hudson and in the City Charities of Baltimore. She is now in the State work at Albion.
- '99. Caroline S. Bell was married October 9, to Mr. David Foster.
 Etta L. Clough was married May 1, to Mr. William H. Merritt. Address: 23 State Street, Springfield, Mass.
 H. Beatrice Hayes has changed her address to Hotel Nottingham, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.
 Mary Kennard returned from Europe in September, and expects to be at home this winter.
 Helen Makepeace has changed her address to 141 West 90th Street, New York, N. Y.
 Annie M. Marcy was married September 25, to Rev. Charles Melvis Crooka.
 Edith N. Putney is still teaching rhetoric and English in St. Mary's College, Dallas, Tex.
 Edith E. Rand and Emily P. Locke 1900 are studying at Teachers College, Columbia University, Address: 158 West 106th Street, New York, N. Y.
 B. B. Reeves is teaching at Ivy Hall, Bridgeton, N. J.
 Harriet S. Stockton was married September 18, to Mr. Maunsby Kimball. Address: 65 Linwood Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Edith Winifred Tieman has changed her address to 15 Alice Court, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- ex-'99.* Adèle M. Fisher was married October 9, to Mr. Edward Marsh. Address: 36 Marsh Street, Dedham, Mass.
1900. Martha E. Ellis has announced her engagement to Mr. George Freeman Parmenter of Providence, R. I.
 Caroline King is at home this winter in Syracuse, N. Y.
 Edith Sheldon is studying domestic science in Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Edith Symonds was married November 14, to Gordon A. Ramsay of Chicago, Ill.
- ex-1900.* Katharine H. Greenland spent the summer visiting in Seattle, Wash.
 Marriella Grant is at home this year. She spent several weeks last summer in Charlottesville, Va.
1901. Nellie Ayres was married September 12, to Mr. Willard Hayes Garrett. Address: No. 508-5519 Monroe Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
 Frances Buffington is teaching in the city schools of Manila, and studying Tagalog, Spanish, and Chinese. She is pleasantly located with the Superintendent of the Trade Schools (an American) and enjoying her work. Address: Exposition Grounds, Manila, P. I.
 Edith Burbank is teaching mathematics and sciences in Fairmount Seminary, Washington, D. C. Address: Yale and 14th Sts.

1901. Ruth Fayerweather left home early in the month with her mother and father to spend the winter in Daytona, Fla.

Florence M. Homer is assisting in physics in the Chelsea, Mass., High School. Address: 56 Parsons Street, Brighton, Mass.

Belsita M. Hull has been assigned to a school in one of the provinces, Philippine Islands. Nothing more definite has as yet been ascertained.

Helen W. Kitchel is General Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

Rosamund Lent has entered the Chase Art School, New York City.

Bertha J. Richardson is assisting in the biology department of the Central High School, Cleveland, O. Address: 1188 (in class-book erroneously printed 188) East Madison Avenue, Cleveland, O.

ex-1901. Lucy G. Nichols is in her new home, 209 Robinson Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

BIRTHS

'94. Mrs. W. N. Damon (Mabel D. Searle) a daughter, Muriel Ford Damon, born May 20, 1901.

'96. Mrs. Irving S. Merrell (Carolyn Snow) a daughter, Mary Antoinette, born September 20, 1901.

ex-'97. Mrs. Catherine Warnick Hall a daughter, Marian Warnick, born February, 1901.

'99. Mrs. Frederick H. Paine (Mary E. Tillinghast) a son, Frederick Tillinghast, born June 21, 1901.

ABOUT COLLEGE

It is to be found everywhere, on all occasions, and is of all sorts and conditions. It lurks in the hovels of poverty and it stands proof against the higher education. There is no one description by which it

Absent-Mindedness may be always and unfailingly identified, for it may be manifested in any one of a thousand ways.

Most of us know best the girl who can't remember people. Perhaps she can never recognize a face until she has seen it at least ten times, or perhaps she always knows a face once seen but not the bearer's name. In either case her lot is miserable, it is hard to judge in which least miserable. On the one side there is the guilty feeling, as she murmurs her pleasure at meeting, that possibly she has done so twice or thrice already and that probably she will do so as many times again. There is the sudden determination to turn the corner or feign absorbed interest in shop windows as she sees approaching her a girl who might be the one she danced with last night, or any one else. There is the careful avoidance of streets and houses which she knows are frequented by a recent acquaintance, and the confused racking of her brains when the girl last introduced laughingly informs the hostess that they have met ever so many times, but absolutely fails to give any clue to the time and place. Then there is the intense mortification when she moves heaven and earth to meet a shining light, whom she cuts the next morning. All this is hard, but look for a moment at the other absent-minded girl and see how conscientiously she repeats to herself the name of the newest acquaintance and yet gains the reputation of being cold and silent. She lingers till the other guests are gone and then entreats the hostess to tell who sat on the sofa, who stood by the window, who wore the red waist. She stations herself and a well-informed friend behind the curtain and learns the names of those who pass down the street. She skilfully avoids addressing her neighbor by name until a third person comes on the scene and she presents Mr. Murmur to Miss Mumble. We have seen two miserable persons, but we will spare ourselves the pain of contemplating her misery who remembers neither names nor yet faces.

Carelessness about her personal appearance is another of the absent-minded girl's failings. Collars, ribbons, and belts are too often left on the bureau, while their owners wonder what causes the ill-concealed smile. However, unless they are expected to do special honor to a friend, these forgetful ones furnish more amusement than annoyance to those about them. As for their own feelings, none of us envies the girl who finds herself in a public place with her toilet half completed.

Nor yet do we envy the state of mind of the girls who forget to give messages. They always have the blame of two besides themselves and, however sincere their repentance, are seldom really forgiven. And indeed it is vexing to the soul to miss so narrowly an invitation to a bountiful spread in the room of the girl you are especially fond of, or to have your spread dull and stupid because so few come. If a note is undelivered there is wrath indeed; but isn't it most easy to forget when half the errand is off our minds at the beginning? This suggests a habit of forgetfulness which is generally considered peculiar to the other sex. Many romances turn upon a letter which reposes for a week or two in a father's or brother's pocket. But have not many of us entrusted to our best friend as she starts for Vespers the regular weekly letter home, and have we not in reply received word that our mothers in Boston were most anxious, not having heard from us till Friday?

We have seen but too often a long and unsuccessful search for something absolutely necessary. Men generally need women to find their belongings, and women generally succeed in finding them, but that is because men have not the fine art of unfailingly failing to put things in the right place. Alas! too many women, whether of weak or strong characters, seem to be thus endowed. When you see a girl who can not find her pocket-book, you may credit her with the maximum or minimum carefulness. Either she never remembers to put even her greatest valuables away, or else she puts them away in corners so ingenious as to elude her own mind.

Then there is the girl who in everyday life is calm, regular, and orderly, never making a mistake, but who in excitement immediately loses her head. If there is a sudden decision upon a journey, she surely leaves behind her trunk-keys and checks. When honored or unexpected company arrives whom she wishes to entertain, she neglects to order the ice-cream or fails to introduce half the mustered assembly.

We do not claim to exhaust the types of the absent-minded by these sketches or even to give a very striking likeness of the few. To most of us, however, they suggest some persons who, whatever their virtues, are not always a blessing to themselves or others. With pleasure we turn from them to our well-tried friend, the happy-go-lucky, absent-minded girl. Her merry, unfailing friendliness, her endless scrapes endear her to us. She has most or even all the individual failings which we have seen in others and which have aroused our indignation,—but then they were not hers. She has never been a responsible person, and in our sober judgment we never expect her to be. Still she is always willing and eager to help, always offering to do things for us; and her evident kindness and self-assurance are likely to blind us to the danger of too much confidence in her. She forgets our concerns with the same certainty as her own. Her repentance is deep, and short; in a minute she is as light-hearted as ever. We are cross over the inconveniences thus caused, but her good humor is contagious. We quickly forgive, and quickly forget, and trust her again,—and adore her ever.

ANNIE MAY MURRAY 1908.

The Sophomore Reception may be an old story. The same talk of boredom is repeated year after year, and the same girls who repeat it go and find that they are interested in spite of themselves.

The Sophomore Reception The older the story, the more it seems to mean, and the fact that at least a hundred people have thought of the same similies before does not take away one whit of the enjoyment, as one sits in the gallery and watches the kaleidoscope of bright colors shifting and whirling in time to a two-step. The presidents of the sophomore and freshman classes, Emma Hausell Dill and Katharine De La Vergne, received: and the alcove where they stood had been so transformed by the decorating committee, of which Bessie Bell Boynton was chairman, that the jumping standards which huddle there in gymnastic time would not have known it. The decorations were in the class colors, sophomore purple and freshman yellow, and festoons of flowers in these colors hung from the running track.

Over the platform was the emblem adopted by the sophomores for the freshman class—a downy yellow chicken with its beak open as if it would never get tired of the new sensation of making its voice heard. In this respect the emblem seemed merited—in tirelessness at least, for the roar of conversation almost drowned the music. The steps of the freshmen, however, were firm and self-confident—except where someone stepped on their trains, which happened every few minutes. In fact nothing about them suggested extreme youth, as their hostesses would have liked, with the exception perhaps of a few remarks. Grinds are not in order now, however. The grind books have been distributed, and the slips which escaped may die a natural death and run no risk of being disinterred by memory books.

The grand march is over for another year, and every one who looked down from the running track on October 9 will agree that the college has reason to be proud of the class of 1905.

CANDACE THURBER 1904.

During the days immediately preceding the Sophomore Reception and the succeeding day of recuperation, the college was urgently invited by large placards to come to the Gymnasium on the evening of Mountain Day to satisfy the hunger acquired on the mountain tops, and thereby to benefit the Students' Building Fund. A good many accepted the invitation. As we made our way up the stairs in the course of the evening, we were greeted by a very promising odor; and as we stood at the door, the bewildering array of chafing-dishes, all with their cheerful little flames burning merrily underneath, seemed more promising still. We gazed down the long line of them on either side of the Gymnasium, delighted at the prospect of such an extensive "spread". As we moved forward to look for a suitable first course, we stumbled upon the cashier's table, which reminded us of the condition of our invitation. There we invested in five and ten cent checks with which we bought our supper on the instalment plan, here a little, there a little.

Behind each chafing-dish was a cheerful operator in white cap and apron, who could serve us hot soup, hot sausages, hot rarebits, or anything else hot. Perhaps the most cheerfully long-suffering of the cooks were those making

griddle-cakes on small pans rather insecurely balanced on the chafing-dish frames, while a dozen or so hungry girls crowded around waiting their turn for the cakes that sometimes refused to brown, and again refused to stop browning and cook. In Dr. Brewster's room, coffee was being made by the chemical sisterhood. An extensive apparatus had been constructed out of glass ware from Chemistry Hall. As the hot water was poured over the coffee bag, it passed—provokingly slowly, to be sure—through a glass funnel into a large retort. This was later suspended over a business-like gas-flame and heated as long as the patrons' patience allowed. The final result—and it was good, too—was served in small beakers for coffee cups, with just commonplace cream and sugar. Down by the fire-place the lemonade stand was kept hidden most of the time, and in the center of the room the candy booth was stampeded, exhausted, then deserted.

The constant reunion of wandering groups of friends and their eager comparing of notes on the fun and mishaps and pleasures of the day kept the holiday spirit at high pitch until late in the evening. Every one went away with the satisfaction of having had a good supper as well as a good time, beside having contributed her little to the hundred dollars, which, in round numbers, was the sum realized that night.

EDITH JEANNETTE GOODE 1904.

The recent and sudden popularity of the game of hockey among the girls' colleges, and particularly here at Smith, has brought three questions to our minds:—what has occasioned its sudden rise into popularity,

Hockey where did it originate, and are the qualities of the game such as are likely to ensure its lasting popularity? In respect to the first question we may say that perhaps it is to Miss Applebee that is due the credit for the general appearance of the game. Miss Applebee is a hockey player of note in England, who came last spring to America to study and teach gymnastics. She became convinced, after a short time here, that the American girls would thoroughly enjoy the game and would soon become as proficient in it as their English cousins. Accordingly she tried to create a local interest in the game. Vassar College heard of her and sent asking her to come there and introduce the game. In the meanwhile Miss Berenson had written her, and it was not long before Miss Applebee visited Smith. During the few days that she was here she spoke with such enthusiasm and coached with such vim and life that ground-hockey took great strides in popularity.

The game itself, however, is by no means a new game. For many years it has been well known in England, and we are even told that a very similar game was played by our American Indians. In Canada ice-hockey has been much in vogue for a number of years, and it is now also generally played among men's colleges, clubs, and universities in the United States. Ice-hockey resembles ground-hockey in all respects save in the number of players, the former having seven, and the latter eleven, players. Shinney, the characteristic game of the American urchin, is merely a degenerated form of hockey, stripped of its science and skill.

Thus we see that the game, in some of its phases, has already stood the test of time, but from the point of view of a game for girls, what are its attract-

ive qualities? First and foremost it offers opportunities to many girls who do not care for basket-ball to belong to an organized team having specified hours for outdoor exercise and recreation. The diversity of positions is great and the grades of requisite physical ability are so numerous that the game may be attractive to the most, and at the same time to the least, athletic girl. For instance the position of guard calls for a responsible, careful girl, but she is asked to do no work other than stopping the ball when it is sent near the goal where she is stationed. On the other hand, to be a good forward a player should be a swift runner and have plenty of endurance.

Then too it is a game which may appeal to college girls as a game which needs quick, decisive judgment, good team play, and skill. "Play with your heads, girls," were Miss Applebee's favorite words, and they sound the key note to the whole game. When the game is correctly played it is a succession of quick passes, made with judgment and care, and bears no resemblance to a rough and tumble race with the ball.

"Then," says Miss Applebee, "there is no danger in this game, nor is it in the least rough or unwomanly. Players must keep the relative positions they held at the original line-up, so that there is no chance of getting hit with each other's sticks." Indeed the game is protected by the strictest rules from all forms of rough playing and offers fewer dangers than many popular amusements.

Thus, considering its beneficial and enjoyable qualities, we see no reason why hockey should not take its place among our college games and stand side by side with basket-ball among the popular recreations.

EMMA HAUSELL DILL 1904.

On Wednesday evening, October 30, Sir Robert Ball, Professor at Cambridge, England, and Director of the Royal Observatory, lectured before the college on "Times and Tides". The promptness with which Assembly Hall was filled, even to the standing room, was significant of our enthusiastic appreciation of rare good fortune in being enabled to hear the famous scientist. The subject was unfamiliar to the greater part of the audience, yet not one failed to follow with eager interest and understanding from start to close.

To the uninitiated it was startling, at first, to be invited to disregard mere ten-thousands of years and to deal largely with millions; but as soon as we ceased to gasp mentally at our temerity, there was something marvelously attractive in the situation. Starting from the present relative size and position of earth and moon, we were conducted by logical steps back through shorter and shorter sidereal days to the time when, according to mathematical calculation, the two bodies were one solid molten mass revolving once every six hours. The probable mode of separation was then shown, and we were told that the days had grown from six to twenty-four hours because the two bodies have always had a mutually retarding attraction to each other. As the orbit of the moon is steadily increasing, the attraction will gradually lessen in future ages,—but it may safely be said we shall not notice its diminution. It is the attraction of the moon which causes tides, gathering the waters into a heap, as it were, on the side of the earth turned toward it; and in past ages, when the moon has been much nearer and exerted a much

stronger attraction, the tides have been a great deal higher. The lecture was illustrated throughout by stereopticon views comprising photographs of the moon, fancied representations of scenes there, diagrams, comparisons of extinct volcanoes on the earth's surface with appearances on the moon's surface, and lastly of prehistoric animals or their skeletons, and a forest of the coal period. These last views were shown to emphasize the fact that though they do antedate all history, yet in point of actual antiquity they were of no comparative importance. The touches of humor all through the lecture filled us, as Americans, with particular delight, the more so as it was the last thing we should have expected to find in all time and space. We count the evening among the number of those most enjoyed in our experience as individuals or as a college.

Last May Mrs. Kelley, the secretary of the National Consumers' League, came to Smith to speak of the purpose and work of the League. The interest in it became wide-spread, and immediately a branch Consumers' League was formed which numbered about four hundred members. The object of the League is to increase the demand for goods made and sold under right conditions; and the requisites for membership are the active approval of this object and the payment of an annual fee. For a member of the National League this fee is one dollar, but in our branch it is fifteen cents for each member, or twenty-five cents if she wishes the various reports of the League work sent to her. The immediate practical effect of the League in college was the demand in Northampton for goods bearing the League label. This was so great during the last of May and the first part of June that one firm sent an urgent request to Mrs. Kelley to inspect their factory as they were anxious to have their goods bear the label. Mrs. Kelley visited the factory, found that the goods were made under wholesome conditions, and so gave her permission to have the label used. Just at this time the firm received word from New York merchants that the label would be a hindrance to their trade. It was then a question of the extent of the two demands, and it was thought that the Northampton demand would soon die down. As a consequence their goods are yet without the label. It is evident then that there is urgent need for the continuance of our interest when we consider the effect of a few weeks last year.

The value of an interest in the Consumers' League is particularly great among college girls who, here as elsewhere, come from all parts of the country, and whose interest is active and permanent.

EDITH GRACE PLATT 1902.

An open meeting of the Philosophical Society was held in Music Hall Friday evening, November 1. Professor J. E. Creighton of the Sage School of Philosophy of Cornell University, and editor of the *Philosophical Review*, delivered a lecture on "Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century Modes of Thought". After the lecture an informal reception was held at the Tyler House.

By the courtesy of the Music School the Dannreuther String Quartette of New York gave a concert to the college in Assembly Hall, on Wednesday evening, October 23. This was the first concert of the year, and on this account, as well as on account of the charming program so adequately rendered, was it hailed with delight and enjoyed to the full by the music-loving members of the college.

Through a typographical error copied in the last issue of the *Monthly*, Miss Amy L. Barbour '91, who has been studying at Yale, was credited with the degree of Ph. D., for which she has not yet presented herself.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS

ALPHA

President, Mary Gove Smith 1903
 Vice-President, Beale Adele Knight 1903
 Corresponding Secretary, Lucy Hayes Breckenridge 1903
 Recording Secretary, Lucy Webb Hastings 1903
 Treasurer, Rebecca Dickinson Carr 1903

PHI KAPPA PSI

President, Ruth Hawthorne French 1903
 Vice-President, Ada Isabel Norton 1903
 Secretary, Clara Julia Lynch 1903
 Treasurer, Eva Augusta Porter 1903

VOICE CLUB

Vice-President, Selma Eisenstadt Altheimer 1903
 Secretary and Treasurer, Blanche Lauriat 1903

Saba Drake Coggeshall, of the class of 1903, died in Northampton on the twenty-seventh of October.

CALENDAR

- | | | |
|------|-----|--|
| Nov. | 16, | Students' Building Fair. |
| | 18, | Philosophical Society. |
| | 20, | Delta Sigma and Southwick House Dance. |
| | 21, | Biological Society. |
| | 23, | Phi Kappa Psi Society. |
| | 28, | Thanksgiving. |
| Dec. | 2, | Philosophical Society. |
| | 2, | Open Meeting of the Voice Club. |
| | 4, | Dewey, Hatfield, and Haven House Dramatics |
| | 5, | Biological Society. |
| | 7, | Open Meeting of the Alpha Society. |
| | 11, | Albright House Dramatics. |

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The

Smith College

Monthly

December - 1901.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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HELEN ESTHER KELLEY.

Vol. IX.

DECEMBER, 1901.

No. 3.

MORAL INSIGHT THE KEYNOTE OF PROPHECY

In New York to-day there are three million people roused to a man, with every nerve strung to its highest pitch, who are vitally stirred, earnestly thinking, striving, working. And why? Because they have been made to realize that under the outward veneer of wealth and prosperity there lies the most horrible evil and corruption. The men who have been governing the city have expended their efforts, not for the good of the city, but for the good of their purses and that of their lord and master, "Squire Richard Croker, of Wantage, Berks, England", as the "Sun" aptly designates him. Every department of the municipal government is proven "rotten to the core". The police, instead of hunting out and tracking down the gambling-house keepers and the "crooks" of every kind, protect them almost openly, for a remuneration, of course. There seems to be no privilege, no matter how vicious the consequences of it may be, which cannot be bought for a remuneration. I believe there is even a tariff of prices for protection, varying with the degree and nature of the crime.

Is it necessary to say that there are citizens in New York, both down town and up town, who, when they appreciate the

facts and their significance, will not "stand for this"? There is no remedy so potent for an evil as the truth earnestly told to the people. And in the hour of her direst need the city found a man who knew the truth and was not afraid to speak it. He says:—

"You have no idea of the actual condition of the awful tyranny on the East Side. I know of it from thousands of cases that have come before me in my judicial capacity. I know who is responsible. The police are responsible. I arrested Bissert? Where did the five hundred dollars go that Bissert received for protection? Where did the fifty dollars a month that he received go? Not to the patrolmen, not to the men who obey their superior's orders, and of whom ninety-five per cent are honest and straightforward. Who receives the price of protection? Ask the sergeant, the captain, the inspector. Ask — but perhaps I had better not go 'higher up' just yet. [Cries of 'ask Devery']. Let us hope for the time when the Crokers, the Sullivans and the Deverys will cease to have control of the city. It is not fighting personal liberty to oppose that organization which is dominated by blackmail and rottenness or to oppose police made subservient to the interests of that organization. We shall, we must, have an end to this oligarchy of plunder."

"Most of you here to-night," he said, "came to this country from foreign lands, filled with hope because you were told it was a land of freedom. Freedom? God save the mark! Is it freedom in this Assembly district? Is it freedom south of Fourteenth street and east of Broadway? Yes, it is freedom for the grafter and for the thief; but is it freedom for the man that would live clean, for the man that would keep his name honest and honorable as his father gave it to him? I know what the East Side is and I know what the domination of Tim Sullivan, Max Hochstim, and Jake Hertz means here.

"Coming down in the car I read a sign which said that I am a 'crusader', a kind of 'Carrie Nation Jerome'. Now if crusading is a question of standing for clean living and the purity and sanctity of the home, then I am a crusader."

In a city where it was said and even believed that no decent man cares to hold office, that is, serve his city, and that even should he care to, it is impossible for him to enter that office without being bound hand and foot by pledges to party leaders

and office-seekers,—in that city, I say, a man came forward ready to serve her, who stood for honesty, decency, and good citizenship, who stood for no party, no class, and gave no pledges, whose platform was moral reform and moral reform alone. He made no concessions, he asked no favors, he gave no promise other than that he would be guided by his own conscience,—a pure and honest one indeed. He had a message of morality, decency, and honesty to deliver and he delivered it earnestly and fervently. He appealed to the best side of man's nature, he pleaded for righteousness for its own sake, and he moved every man that heard him. There is no American who needs to be told that the man to whom I refer is William Travers Jerome.

Jerome! That name suggests to the American of to-day the highest ideals, never relinquished for any considerations of expediency; the cause of morality and righteousness for their own sake, pleaded with prophetic intensity by a God-inspired prophet. Prophet indeed, prophet of to-day. For many of us, blinded by the lapse of intervening ages, have not realized that the great men whose prophetic utterances have formed the Book of Books for those ages, were living men, addressing a living people about live issues. How much the appreciation of this fact enhances the dignity of the Bible! How much greater seems the inspiration of these earnest and righteous men if we understand the full import of their words as the people who heard understood. Their problem, too, was a social one, their issue a moral one. "All social bonds were loosed in the universal reign of injustice, every man was for himself and no man for his brother. . . . Things were tending to a pass when ere long none would be found willing to accept a post of authority, or to risk his substance for the good of the state." Official and "Judicial corruption increased; every man had his price." The nation was "unclean".

Despite the difference between the East and the West, despite the twenty-six hundred years of material, scientific, and intellectual advance, the fundamental moral and social problem is identical to-day. Of course the difference in the resulting environment has changed the outward aspect, the superficial appearance, but that is all. It is a truth whose force staggers us when we first realize it, that since the days when man first recorded his experiences, his passions, his feelings, his sufferings

have been essentially the same. He has sinned and he has striven for righteousness. The sins of ancient Israel are our sins to-day: the message of their prophets is the message of our prophets.

Israel was evil and corrupt, and Amos did not hesitate to upbraid her for it. Amos, a poor man, a shepherd, left his crook and came to Bethel to tell the people in plain straightforward words that cruelty, immorality, and bribery must be stopped. He tells them: "Publish ye in the palaces at Ashdod, and in the palaces in the land of Egypt, and say, Assemble yourselves upon the mountains of Samaria, and behold what great tumults are therein, and what oppressions in the midst thereof. For they know not to do right, saith Jehovah, who store up violence and robbery in their palaces. . . . Thus saith Jehovah: For three transgressions of Israel, yea for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof: because they have sold the righteous for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes; they that pant after the dust of the earth on the head of the poor, and turn aside the way of the meek: and a man and his father go unto the same maiden to profane my holy name: and they lay themselves down beside every altar upon clothes taken in pledge; and in the house of their God they drink the wine of such as have been fined. . . . For I know how manifold are your transgressions, and how mighty are your sins; ye that afflict the just, that take a bribe, and that turn aside the needy in the gate from their right. Therefore he that is prudent shall keep silence in such a time; for it is an evil time. Seek good and not evil, that ye may live; and so Jehovah the God of hosts, will be with you, as ye say. Hate the evil, and love the good, and establish justice in the gate."

As Amos took Bethel to task, so did Micah Jerusalem. He too was a moral reformer, he too argued "from the universal principles of right". "Hear this, I pray you, ye heads of the house of Jacob, and rulers of the house of Israel, that abhor justice, and prevent all equity. They build up Zion with blood, and Jerusalem with iniquity. The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money: yet they lean upon Jehovah, and say, Is not Jehovah in the midst of us? No evil shall come upon us."

But the prophets of the people were not the only men who

saw Israel's depravity and told her thereof. Isaiah, a prince, probably of the royal house, the greatest statesman Israel ever had, felt most keenly the need of internal moral reform. His policy of neutrality between the two great military powers of Egypt and Babylonia, which were fighting for supremacy on the very borders of Judea, was politically Judea's only salvation. But no political policy, no matter how great, could save Judea unless she eradicated the moral cancer from her heart. "Why will ye be still stricken, that ye revolt more and more? the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. . . . Your country is desolate; your cities are burned with fire; your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate, as overthrown by strangers. . . . Thy princes are rebellious, and companions of thieves; everyone loveth bribes, and followeth after reward: they judge not the fatherless, neither doth the cause of the widow come unto them."

The prophet knew and the people knew that these things were so. But the people did not understand what these things meant, what these things would lead to, while the prophet did. His moral insight was far keener than theirs; and he realized that if the people went on violating all the laws of morality, harboring corruption and evil of every kind, the vitality of the nation would be sapped; it would weaken and weaken and finally fall. He perceived the laws of cause and effect, he saw what would be the result, and in order that the people too might see he pictures to them vividly the future that must of necessity grow out of such a present. "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink; that justify the wicked for a bribe, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him! Therefore as the tongue of fire devoureth the stubble, and as the dry grass sinketh down in the flame, so their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust; because they have rejected the laws of Jehovah of hosts, and despised the word of the Holy One of Israel. Therefore is the anger of Jehovah kindled against his people, and he hath stretched forth his hand against them, and hath smitten them; and the mountains tremble, and their dead bodies are as refuse in the midst of the streets. For all this his anger is not turned away, but his hand is stretched out still. And he will lift up an ensign to the nations from afar, and will hiss for them from the end of the earth; and, behold, they shall

come with speed quickly : none shall be weary nor stumble among them ; none shall slumber nor sleep ; neither shall the girdle of their loins be loosed, nor the latchet of their shoes be broken : whose arrows are sharp, and all their bows bent ; their horses' hoofs shall be accounted as flint, and their wheels as a whirlwind : their roaring shall be like a lioness, they shall roar like young lions ; yea, they shall roar, and lay hold of the prey, and carry it away safe, and there shall be none to deliver. And they shall roar against them in that day like the roaring of the sea ; and if one look unto the land, behold, darkness and distress ; and the light is darkened in the clouds thereof."

The evil was too deep-seated, too wide-spread to be capable of gradual betterment. Overthrow and the instalment of a new order of things alone will avail. "Let me sing," says Isaiah, "for my well-beloved a song of my beloved touching his vineyard. My well-beloved had a vineyard in a very fruitful hill : and he digged it, and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine, and built a tower in the midst of it, and also hewed out a wine press therein : and he looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes. And now, O inhabitants of Jerusalem and men of Judah, judge, I pray you, betwixt me and my vineyard. What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it ? Wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes ? And now I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard : I will take away the hedge thereof, and it shall be eaten up ; I will break down the wall thereof, and it shall be trodden down : and I will lay it waste ; it shall not be pruned nor hoed ; but there shall come up briers and thorns : I will also command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it. For the vineyard of Jehovah of hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah his pleasant plant : and he looked for justice, but behold, oppression ; for righteousness, but behold, a cry."

And now let us return to our modern analogy, to the prophet of to-day, prophesying to the people of to-day. He knows and they have known of the bribery, corruption, and immorality in the city. But the enormity of these facts and their overwhelming significance they did not appreciate. A year ago, Roosevelt (who some few years since was likewise a prophet of morality), as his last act while governor of the State, removed from office

one of the promoters and agents of this corruption and replaced him by an honorable man. This man and his assistants proved to the community the existence of some of these abuses. But many of the people were still indifferent and lay dormant till Jerome roused them out of their apathy and awakened them to the significance of this condition of affairs. He points out what these conditions will lead to unless they are nipped in the bud, and having thoroughly aroused them, like the prophet, he tells them that an overthrow, complete and absolute, of the present governing, or rather, misgoverning, ring is the remedy. But here he goes one step further than the prophet. He sees what the prophet overlooked, that it is the immediate remedy, but that its permanency depends entirely upon our ability to resist a relapse, and that we can only resist it if each individual realizes his personal responsibility in maintaining the highest moral ideals in the community. He says:—

“If you want to find a true American citizen, the man who has a trust that is pathetic in American institutions, the man who tries to be better and to do something for his country, go to the poor humble foreigner living in the tenements. You talk so much about helping him. What have you ever done for him? Why, it will be the tenements who will help the brownstone district if you don't look out. I have received a letter from a Russian. He can't vote yet, but he has sent me two dollars for this campaign. How many of you have given two dollars? How many of you have given one dollar or one hour of your time? All the help we get that is in any way proportionate to means comes from the poor.

“I don't feel inclined to waste even bitter words on you. A few choice spirits among you have done something, but they are all condemned by the rest of you as cranks. That's what you do, you criticise evils that you never lift a finger to remedy. Perhaps I am wronging a few of you, but the number is so small as to be a negligible quantity.

“It's been a delight to me in this campaign to tell you, in your own opinion God-fearing people, just what I think of you. You came here to-night, I suppose, as to a sort of political hippodrome, to hear somebody that has been advertised as a “whirlwind”. But I must tell you what I feel and know, the things that have been burned into my heart for the last thirteen years. Take it to heart and see if I have not told the

truth, not only about the vice on the East Side, but about you.

"If the people who sit before me here had done their duty, we would not be discussing these questions to-night, the things that I have been telling about in this campaign would not exist. But while the telling of them seems to cause horror for the time, it is only temporary."

Only temporary! Let us strive, each and every one of us, that this time it will not be only temporary. Let us, unlike the Israelite of old, heed the message of our prophet, so that, led by his spirit of moral insight, we too may become prophets of righteousness and truth."

AMY ESTHER STEIN.

CALLISTA

Once more must I, discouraged and alone,
Turn back to pagan thoughts and gods again,
Pluck up my strength, and mould my heart to stone,
Cease yearning for a solace in my pain.

Didst thou not swear thou worshippedst God alone?
That Christ would hear and answer every plea
For comfort sweet? But thou hast ruined all
My faith, by worshiping not God but me.

LAURA JOHNSON WESTCOTT.

EUNICE

The last day exercises of the Stony Hill schoolhouse were over. All the little girls had spoken pieces, two little boys had had a dialogue, and the largest girl had presented the teacher with a copy of the "Moral Educator", in red and gold, as a token of her pupils' affection.

The teacher was still blushing with the pleasure of a public testimonial of esteem, and the embarrassment of receiving it. The night before, she had composed a little speech of acceptance, in case they should give her anything, but when the crucial moment came, the opening sentence left her, and after

beginning bravely, as specified, with "My dear scholars", she faltered forth, "It—is very kind of you—to give me such a—handsome book. I'm sure I'm very much obliged for it. I—thank you very much!"

The children had lingered to say good-bye and to assure the teacher that they did not grudge the ten cents apiece they had put into the "Moral Educator", and a whispering chorus had duly explained that the Perkins children "didn't give, 'cause they're most on the town".

The half-dozen visiting parents had testified feelingly to the advance their children had made in conduct and arithmetic during the last term, and the last shout of "Good-bye, teacher!" "Good-bye, Miss Atwood!" had died away as the children neared the foot of the hill.

Now the teacher was left alone with the committee-man, who was re-elected annually because he was so easy-going that he didn't mind taking time to visit the school, even to the extent of attending closing exercises in the middle of haying.

He coughed encouragingly and patted his fat wallet with a quizzical smile. "Well, Eunice," he said genially, "now we've come to the 'greeable part of it," and he laboriously counted out some worn and faded bills. "Lemme see," he muttered, "sixteen weeks at five dollars a week. Five times sixteen used to make eighty when I went to school. Does it now, or is it only seventy in your 'rethmetic?"

"I guess it don't make any less, Mr. Wilkins," returned the teacher, with a gay assumption of asperity.

"Here y' are. Fifteen five dollar bills, two twos and a one. You count 'em to make sure I ain't cheatin' you. No tellin' what I might do with deestrick money, you know."

She counted the bills primly, folded them, and put them in an empty purse which she produced from her lunch basket.

Mr. Wilkins' face suddenly grew sober and business-like. "So you think you don't want the school next year, Eunice? You sure you don't want to change your mind? They ain't a better school in town, you know. Good folks and likely scholars. They ain't put a teacher out in four winters, and I guess he deserved it. Wouldn't take a dare to lick that six-foot Martin boy. You sure you don't want it, Eunice? The folks all want you, you've given good satisfaction. You can't get a better school nowhere."

Eunice flushed, for this was a moment that she had been living in anticipation of during the past six months. "I know that, Mr. Wilkins. I haven't a word of fault to find with the scholars or the folks, I never was better used, but—I'm not intending to teach this fall."

Mr. Wilkins' face relaxed into its familiar wrinkles. "Well, well!" he said gleefully. "Of course I know what that means. I ain't been committee-man twenty-four years for nothin'. You're goin' to get married, be you?" Dunno's I ought to be surprised after the way Nate Simmons has seen you home Sunday nights."

Eunice was prepared for this outcome. "No, I'm not expecting to get married", she replied calmly, as she packed her bell and clock in her lunch basket. "You needn't say anything about it, but I'm planning on going to the Pemberton Seminary for a year."

She awaited his reply with interest. She had never been able to decide whether he would say, "Pshaw, Eunice! you don't say so!" or "Well, I declare! I want to know!" It proved that he said, "You don't say so! That beats all!"

What followed she had had no doubts about. "Well, Eunice! Haven't you got schoolin' enough, I'd like to know? Why, you'll be so eddicated we won't know what to do with you! But you're real smart to have so much gumption, Eunice. I 'spose you've laid up enough to put yourself through?"

Eunice assented with well-controlled pride. "Yes," she said, "I've been saving four years now. It does take so long for money to creep up." Mr. Wilkins sighed sympathetically. "So it does, so it does! My! I didn't know you'd been teachin' four years—I allays think of you as a new beginner. Let's see, you must be goin' on nineteen now."

"No," corrected Eunice, "I was twenty in March. I taught summer term the year I was sixteen."

The committee-man turned toward the door. The teacher closed the heavy wooden shutters at the windows, and they went and stood on the steps outside while she locked the door and shook it conscientiously. Then she gave the key to the committee-man, trying to realize that this was a significant moment for her. Mr. Wilkins went to the hitching post, woke his horse, clambered into his buggy and uttered a loud and threatening "Glang!"

"Well, good-bye, Eunice, good luck to ye. Don't let any one rob you of your money before you get home."

The buggy rattled away, and Eunice walked on down the water-washed road.

Then she walked briskly along, carrying her lunch basket with an ostentatious swing, stopping at every few rods to open it and see that her purse was safe under the clock. Another mile and the gray buildings of her father's farm came in sight. She hurried on, and reached the kitchen door breathless. Her mother met her with an anxious face. "You're late, Eunice. I was beginnin' to think something had happened to ye. You're all tired out, ain't ye? I tried to get your pa to let Myron go after you. I knew you'd be so wore out, but he didn't see his way clear to lettin' him go." Eunice ran upstairs with her lunch basket, but returned immediately and gave a detailed account of the exercises, and exhibited the "Moral Educator". "I almost wish they'd given me Longfellow's Poems, long's they were giving me a book," she said, "but this'll be real handsome on the center table, and we need one for the other corner."

Meanwhile the men had trooped in from the hayfield, and stood silently regarding the table until Mrs. Atwood said apologetically, "Eunice, you an' the boys set down. I'll have the rest on in a minute."

"Now mother," protested Eunice, "The idea of your fussing with warm biscuits and cake this hot afternoon."

"I thought mebbly you'd be pretty tired to-night," returned her mother meekly.

There was no further attempt at conversation. The hired men did not look up from their plates. The silence was broken only by Mr. Atwood's request to have his tea warmed, and an occasional "Pass the pie, Ma," from Myron. Eunice breathed a sigh of relief when supper was over. She was accustomed to give her daily confidences to her mother as they washed the dishes together, and she was eager to report her interview with Mr. Wilkins. But to-night her mother did not seem inclined to listen.

Eunice suddenly felt constrained and ill at ease with her, and she began thinking how to enter into conversation. Finally she swallowed hard, and said with assumed carelessness, "Well, Mr. Wilkins was a good deal surprised to hear I was going to

the seminary." Mrs. Atwood looked less responsive than before. "Did you tell him not to say anthin' abaout it?" she asked in a stiff, forbidding way. Eunice gave her a quick glance. "Why yes, I didn't want him to think I was counting my chickens. You're awful tired to-night, aren't you Ma?" she added. "Yes, I am pretty tired. I guess I won't set up after we get these done." After that there was no sound in the kitchen but the clattering of dishes and the jingling of the wire dish-cloth.

It was almost dusk when the last dish was put away and Eunice lighted a lamp and went up to her room. She looked around with her accustomed feeling of pride at the set of imitation black walnut furniture, the visible proceeds of a six-weeks term at Sugar Hill, and came to her usual conclusion that it was a wonder how she ever got along with that four-poster and chest of drawers.

She had been considerably depressed by her mother's irresponsiveness, but now her spirits rose. The time had actually come when she was to write her letter to the principal of Pemberton Seminary. She had long ago finished composing it, but it was an hour's work to write it to her satisfaction. She was using some new pale violet ink which was inclined to make little pools of the loops of the g's and f's, and the light was so poor that it was hard to keep on the lines. Finally she held it up by a corner and read it aloud, in an awed, unnatural voice:—

Mr. Virgil Hamlin, Esq.,

Principal of the Pemberton Seminary.

Dear Sir:—As I am thinking of discontinuing teaching school and pursuing my studies, I would like to enter Pemberton Seminary this ensuing fall term. I would like to arrange for my accommodations by further correspondence.

I am Truly Yours,

Eunice E. Atwood.

P. S.—I do not care to board myself.

The effect was all she had desired. She had had a struggle about the postscript, but now there was no doubt that it gave the letter an air of ease. She had added it because she had somewhere read a facetious statement that women never omitted a postscript. The last process was to go over the letter, shading the down strokes. Then she ruled three envelopes with a pin, addressed them, chose the neatest, carefully fitted a stamp into

the corner, enclosed and sealed her letter. She took it down stairs to the kitchen and stood it conspicuously upon the lamp-shelf. "Pa!" she called to her father, who was mending a harness in the woodshed. "Pa, here's a letter I've written I want the boys to take when they go down with the milk in the morning."

In another minute she was back in her room, seated at a table, her purse and bank book in hand. She unfolded her roll of bills and laid them on the table in straight rows. Then she gathered up four of them. "Sixty dollars left after I pay my board," she murmured. "Sixty and a hundred and thirty-five makes a hundred and ninety-five."

Then she opened the catalogue of Pemberton Seminary to the familiar line which read, "Total expenses for the year, \$130."

The one remaining question was to decide whether she should get a wine-colored silk or a navy blue cashmere trimmed with brocaded velvet. The two seemed to merge into one blot of color which swam before her eyes, and her head nodded toward the rows of bills. She roused herself and sniffed with disgust. "I'm a pretty one to go to sleep over all this money, and I'll warrant I left the cellar door unlocked." She hurried down stairs and felt her way to the door. As she returned through the dark entry she heard her mother's voice, sounding shrill and distressed. "I tell you it ain't right to Eunice, Pa, you ain't givin' Eunice her rights."

Eunice sighed wearily as she went up the stairs.

"Something new about the wood lot," she thought. "I wish mother wouldn't fuss so over my share."

She put her money in a small box stuccoed with shells, and went to bed. She tried to think what she had decided about the dress, but before she could remember she was dreaming that she was at the seminary, and Mr. Hamlin was telling the school that she had done every example in Greenleaf's arithmetic and could teach algebra, and that Nate Simmons was presenting her with the "Moral Educator", bound in wine-colored silk.

The next morning the family were through breakfast when Eunice came down stairs. Her mother looked at her disappointedly. "I was goin' to let you sleep," she said. "You had such a headache after your last day on Sugar Hill."

Her father did not start for the barn with the other men. He walked nervously about the kitchen, turned over the leaves of

the almanac, and looked at the inside of the clock. Suddenly he cleared his throat and turned toward his daughter.

"Eunice," he said, "if you're through with your breakfast I'd like to see ye in the settin'-room."

Eunice looked up in surprise, and went into the sitting-room; her father followed, carefully closing the door behind him. Eunice had resigned herself to a tedious exposition of the intricacies involved in the selling of the wood lot, and she sat passively waiting to acquiesce. Her father hunted deliberately through his vest pockets, and finally drew out a letter and held it towards Eunice. "Father," she cried, "that ought to have gone this morning. I must put it in a clean envelope." Her father coughed. "I thought mebbey you'd change your mind about sending it," he said hesitatingly. "You see, Eunice, I jest want to lay the case before ye. I s'pose you know I'm hard pushed for money. Money's dreadtul scarce these days, and what they is don't seem to come my way. Takes money to run a place, best you can do. Course you know the barn's all run down an' needs fixin' over."

Eunice glanced mechanically at the barn across the road and took in its shabbiness as if for the first time. The side door was hanging on one hinge, the roof sagged miserably in the middle, and a bunch of hay stuck out through a hole in the weather-beaten boards.

"It's reached the point when something's got to be done. I can't keep stock there another winter, an' they ain't no sense puttin' hay in when the roof leaks the way it does. It's got to be shingled anyhow, an' it ought to be new clapboarded and the back end raised up to give more room for hay. Course if I was a nabob and lived off other folks' money, like 'Square Nichols, I'd build a new one with a slate roof, and paint it yaller, but they's good timber in that barn, and now it'll outlast some of these fancy buildin's people are puttin' up. With two hundred dollars I kin put that barn into first-class shape, so's 't will last a lifetime, but I can't raise more'n seventy-five nohow."

He paused, and Eunice looked at him squarely. "You can have my share in the wood lot, father," she said slowly.

Her father shifted uneasily in his chair. "Well," he said, "it'll take all I can raise on the wood lot to straighten out the mortgage interest. Nichols does pester anybody so. The reason I

spoke to you about it this mornin', Eunice, was I thought mebby you'd be willin' to put your money into it. With my seventy-five that would piece out jest abaout right, an' you'd have some left for a nest-egg."

Eunice turned pale. "But Pa," she gasped, "I couldn't go to the seminary—it would only leave me twenty-five dollars!" Her father coughed loudly and sat upright in his chair.

"I wouldn't say so much if I held with you're goin' to the seminary, but I don't. You've had more eddication naow'n your mother'n I ever had, an' we've got along without it. There's My—never been a day out o' this deestrick. I don't believe in your gettin' eddicated above your folks. You've got a good place, an' you'd better let well enough alone. Wilkins was tellin' me in the store the other day that you'd given good satisfaction on the Hill, an' the folks was anxious to have you another term. I don't see any reason why you shouldn't keep on with it, an' give up these idees abaout gettin' more eddication then you'll ever have use fur. I've allus been a good father to ye, Eunice. You've had your wages right along to do as you pleased with, and you couldn't get boarded anywhere else for a cent less'n a dollar'n a half a week. 'Tain't as if the money wasn't comin' right back to ye. Course half of it'll be yours before very long."

He sighed and rested his head on his hand.

Eunice looked at him absently. "It would make an awful difference, my not goin' to the seminary. I thought mebby I was goin' to be somebody."

"I knew you was too good 'n sensible a girl not to see it my way, Eunice," her father said briskly. "You'll live to be glad you took my advice, too." He rose and walked to the window. "I saw Hicks abaout it the other day, an' he said he'd draw up a load of shingles an' timber this afternoon, but he wants cash. Folks are dreadful afraid of givin' you a little credit. One reason I spoke to you abaout it this mornin' was I knew you'd have your money handy." Eunice got up and went through the entry to the staircase door. It was five minutes before she came back and handed her father the folded bills. "It's all there but the twenty-five dollars," she said. He counted them fumblingly. "They's no hurry 'baout the rest, he said. "You can go to the bank the next time you're to the village 'an see abaout drawin' of it aout."

Eunice sat down in the big rocking chair and began working the loose top of the arm back and forth on its spindles. Her father stood still before her a moment and then went into the kitchen. Fifteen minutes later, her mother came in with the table lamp. Eunice started up and half rose. "Don't come aout, Eunice," her mother said, "I did the bakin' yesterday, so they ain't any work to speak of." Ten minutes later, Mrs. Atwood came in again. She glanced anxiously at Eunice, and straightened the vases on the mantelpiece. "Eunice," she said, "when Mrs. Nelson stopped here the other day she was askin' abaout you, an' she said she had any number of Godey books you could have jest as well as not." The tears rushed to Eunice's eyes. "O mother," she sobbed, and she pulled the long white tidy over her face and rolled her head against the cane chair-back.

Her mother came and patted the tidy stiffly.

"Why, Eunice," she said, "I haven't seen you cry since the summer you was eight." Eunice rocked violently, and sobbed on. Her mother paused by the kitchen door. "Eunice," she said, "you mustn't be hard on your pa. There wouldn't be a better man anywhere if he had to do with."

All the morning Mrs. Atwood stopped her work at intervals to listen for the creaking of the rocking chair. At half-past eleven it stopped and ten minutes later Eunice came into the kitchen.

"I'll set the dinner on," she said.

"I made a chicken pot pie," her mother rejoined apologetically. "We've got more chickens than we know what to do with, and I thought mebby it would be good for a change."

After the dinner dishes were washed Eunice slipped into the shut-up parlor and lay down on the shiny black sofa. The slippery haircloth felt cool to her hot cheeks, and the dim light was a relief after the glare of the kitchen.

She was very quiet now, and the interview with her father seemed as far away as the day she had cut her foot on the scythe, that last time she had cried. It was easy to go to sleep in the silent parlor, and Eunice slept quietly.

Late in the afternoon she was wakened by an unfamiliar noise of slamming and bumping. She sat up and listened, then went to the window. The shingles and boards had come, and were being thrown in two large piles in front of the house. She

looked at the boards and thought vaguely that they would make good see-saws, and then laughed at her childishness.

Supper was early, in order to allow the men to get to the village early in the evening. Mr. Atwood talked enthusiastically about the barn, and Eunice and her mother kept up a persevering flow of remarks to each other.

After the dishes were washed, Eunice sat down in the rocking chair by the kitchen window and began turning over the newspapers on the window ledge. Her mother looked at her timidly.

"Hadn't you better put on your challis?" she said.

Eunice flushed and turned toward the window. "I s'pose I had," she said quietly.

Half an hour later she appeared in a pink challis, with her hair in a French twist. Myron gave her a quizzical glance as he carefully combed his hair in front of the kitchen looking-glass.

"Beats all how Eunice dresses up Wednesday nights an' Saturday nights," he said in playful sarcasm. "'S'pose it hasn't got anything to do with Nate's comin'?"

Eunice sat down primly and began reading the last week's "Tribune". Myron clattered noisily through the kitchen and drove off with the hired man.

Mrs. Atwood unlocked the front door, opened it with great difficulty, and carried four chairs out to the broad marble slab in front of the door. Eunice listened to the drone of their voices as she read. Suddenly there was silence for a few seconds, then her father was heard calling out, "'d-evenin'. Won't you take a chair?" and a third voice was added to the murmur.

In three or four minutes her mother called in through the doorway in her restrained company manner, "Eunice, Nate's here."

Eunice went to the looking-glass and pulled her frizzes farther down on the forehead, then walked slowly through the sitting-room and entry. She greeted her caller with carefully assumed surprise, and sat down by her mother.

Nate blushed painfully, nodded, and returned her good-evening, then went on questioning Mr. Atwood about his plans for the barn.

Mr. Atwood talked long and eagerly of beams and joists and

underpinnings, and Nate listened with the interest of a fellow-farmer.

Eunice and her mother sat silent and immovable, but Eunice occasionally glanced furtively at Nate. He had on his pepper-and-salt suit, and a new salmon-pink tie. He was in evident discomfort. His face was red and shining, and he fanned himself nervously with his brown derby.

As the kitchen clock struck nine, Mrs. Atwood slyly touched her husband's elbow and gave him a significant glance. She murmured something about feeling the night air, and went in the house, carrying her chair.

Mr. Atwood made a visible effort to bring his conversation to a close. "Yes," he said, "it'll be a good tight barn ef it ain't painted yaller an' got a cupulo. Well, I guess I better take a look at things," and he disappeared around the corner of the house.

When they were left alone, an uncomfortable silence fell upon the remaining occupants of the doorstep. Nate coughed uneasily and turned his hat over and over between his hands. Finally Eunice laughed nervously. "Heard about you at the surprise party at the Center the other night," she ventured with some coyness.

"What was it you heard?" Nate inquired with a challenging note in his voice.

"O nothing much," she replied. "What sort of a party was it? Were they surprised?"

The ice was broken, and Nate talked freely of the party, the guests, and who went home with whom. When the subject was exhausted, another silence ensued, until Eunice bethought herself to mention the Pemberton County Fair that would be coming off in September. As it grew later there seemed to be less and less to say. They touched upon all their usual topics of conversation, but none of them proved fruitful. At last they relapsed into silence. Nate began to whistle softly. As the clock struck twelve he stopped and sat up very straight. Suddenly he spoke.

"Eunice," he said, "I don't s'pose they's any use in askin' you, specially as long as you're thinkin' about goin' to the Seminary, and you think so much of education and all that, but you know how much I think of you. Course you're educated and I haven't got any schoolin' to speak of, but I'm a good

worker, an' I think a lot of you. Would you feel as though you could marry me?"

Eunice sat very still for a moment, then she spoke quite calmly. "Yes, Nate, I will if you want me to. I think a good deal of you, too. I—I've given up going to the Seminary. I guess it wasn't meant for me to do it."

Nate clasped her hand somewhat awkwardly with his blistered palm, and kissed her.

"You don't know how glad I am, Eunice. You're the only girl I ever liked. I never cared a fig about that girl at the Center. I thought it was all up with me when you talked about goin' to the Seminary. I'm glad you decided not to. I haven't dared plan on it much, but I couldn't help thinkin' what we could do. We could take that farm of Nichols' next spring and let the rent go towards payin' for it. I guess we ain't neither of us afraid of hard work."

Eunice stood up and listened cautiously. "I hear the boys coming over the bridge," she said. "You'll have to go before they get up the hill or Myron 'll plague the life out of me."

"I 'spose I'd better," Nate agreed. "I'll see you to-morrow night. P'raps I'll see Nichols about that to-morrow." The laughter of the men drew near, and Nate left, with a hasty good-night.

Eunice took in the chairs and locked the creaking door. As she crossed the sitting-room, she brushed against the table and something fell to the floor. She picked it up—it was a sealed letter—O, of course, her father had left it there that morning.

When she reached her room she lighted her lamp, went to the bureau, and carefully cut the stamp from the envelope. Then she put the letter at the bottom of her handkerchief box, with her teacher's certificate. She took a small roll of bills from the shell box, counted them carefully, and replaced them. "I'll get a wine-colored silk and put a little white on it," she murmured.

LAURA MARY ROGERS.

GROWTH

Flood and tempest, plague and famine,
Thunder of Assyria's horde,
Darkened noon, and death down treading
The chosen of the Lord—
And Jehovah's children trembled
At the anger of their God.

Creeds and dogmas, pomp and ritual,
Starving poor, and priceless shrine,
Monks corrupt, and prelates bickering
O'er prophecies divine—
And the martyr's life-blood flowing
For the faith of Palestine.

Many faiths, but all outreaching
For the final harmony,
Striving for the light, and learning
The broader charity—
Asking but to be in concord,
God of Life and Love, with Thee.

RUTH STEPHENS BAKER.

IN MRS. PERKINS'S PARLOR

What was the use, after all? Of course Caroline Conant wouldn't spend another summer in Hillside; it was perfect folly to suppose she would, and Jack Stafford knew it.

"But," he argued, flipping off the head of a daisy with his cane, "people sometimes do do foolish things. For instance. And it's only the ghost of a chance—"

Ah, there was the farmhouse, the same cosy little red house nestled under the maples, just as it was last summer, excepting—and Jack knew himself for a greater fool than ever because of the disappointed pang in his heart—the hammock wasn't up, and there wasn't a sign of a fluffy blue gown anywhere.

Well, even if there had been, what was the use of coming, when she had as good as refused to listen to him? But it had been so long since last August, and even if there was no hope at all, yet he did want just to see her. He glanced up at the window of the little room which had been hers. Of course, the blinds were closed, why shouldn't they be?

He walked mechanically up to the front door and rang the bell. At the sound of the rattle of the old knob, he came to himself. What was he doing? Whom did he care to see, since she was not there? What did he want to say to Mrs. Perkins if she should appear? What a mess he was making! Some one was coming; he must think quickly. The door jerked open. A tall, bony woman, in a calico dress half covered with a big brown apron, glared out at him.

"Is—is Mrs. Perkins at home?" stammered Jack.

"Yes, she is," returned the woman brusquely. "Step into the parlor, and she'll be here in a few minutes. She's out in the strawberry patch." And she was gone.

So there would be time to think, then. Ah, he had it. He would ask if his sisters might come there for two or three weeks. And with a sigh of relief, Jack entered the parlor. That, too, was the same. The striped paper on the wall, that Caroline had said must be like the laws of the Medes and Persians, since it had never been changed and in all human probability never would be; the little black stove, which she used to transform with vines and ferns; the slippery, haircloth sofa, where they sat one rainy evening, and where he almost told her—but that was all over now. He turned and walked to the little book-case on the other side of the room.

Hang it! Wasn't there anything in the place that didn't remind him of her? These books—the only modern articles around, because they had been the college books of a son two years dead—even these books were full of her. They had helped settle many an argument between them. Paulsen's "Ethics", James's "Psychology", Romanes's "Mental Evolution in Animals"—how she did love all animals, except him,—and Wood's "Man and Beast".

What a jolly time they had had disputing over the intelligence of robins! He could almost see her running to the little book-case, taking down that "Man and Beast" book, and commanding him to turn to page one hundred and forty-two, and read the stories about the robins there, and then to say a robin was not appreciative, if he dared. And then he had taken the book away, laughing, and saying she shouldn't see it again for two weeks. He pulled it down from its place between the ponderous James and the little Romanes, and turned over the pages till he came to the robin stories.

Suddenly a perplexed expression spread over his face. What under the heavens—yes, that was his own handwriting.

"Miss Caroline Conant, care Sammy Botts."

Why—what note was that?

He opened the bit of white paper, which for ten months had been lying beside the robin story, and read:—

My Dear Miss Caroline:—

Will you go to the pine grove with me right after dinner? I have something very important to tell you.

Please do not disappoint me, for I have to go back to Boston to-night, on important business, and it will be our last time together until —

As ever, J. O. S.

Why that—that was the note he had written right after he got the telegram about the business, and he had given Sammy Botts a nickel for delivering it to her, and for returning that book to Mrs. Perkins.

That idiot of a boy must have slipped the note into the book and forgotten it by the time he reached the house. And that was the reason, then, why when he had called for Caroline to go to walk with him, he had found that she was off horseback-riding.

What must she have thought of his sudden disappearance? That confounded Sammy Bo—

Footsteps in the hall. Mrs. Perkins must be almost at the door. Jack crumpled the note into his hand, summoned up his thoughts about board, and took a step forward.

But it was not Mrs. Perkins who entered the room. It was a slender figure in a fluffy blue gown.

Wood's "Man and Beast" fell from Jack's hands to the floor and lay sprawled out on the carpet.

"Caroline!"

"Mr. Stafford!"

Then Jack suddenly handed to her the crumpled note in his hand, blurting out, "Read it! I just found it in that book."

Caroline, astonished, and at a loss to know what was the meaning of it all, read it.

"Why, when did you write this?" she asked.

"Last year, the day before I went back."

"But how—"

Heavy footsteps at the door; and in came Mrs. Perkins.

"Well, now, Mr. Stafford," she began, "I am just that sorry to have kept you waiting so long—but I see you've not been lonesome—and when did you come? and how are you?"

"I—I've only just come," said Jack, in great confusion. "I—I didn't know Miss Conant was here," he added rather lamely.

"Well, she hain't been here but two days," rejoined Mrs. Perkins, beaming upon them, "she's been sort of homesick so far;

I didn't know but she'd come down with something, she was so pale and still; but she's got quite a good deal of color in her face now, and I guess there ain't any danger."

Whereupon Caroline's cheeks grew even pinker, and Jack burned to have her all to himself until he had told her everything, because he felt almost sure how it would end.

"Poor dears," Mrs. Perkins was thinking, and then went on a trifle hurriedly, "I'm real sorry to be so rude, Mr. Stafford, but I'm canning strawberries, and I dasn't leave them long at a time, so I'll have to go back to the kitchen. But you'll stay to dinner, won't you?"

And without waiting for an answer, she bustled from the room, not once looking behind her.

For a moment the room was very still. Then Jack came over to Caroline and took both her hands in his.

"The pine grove isn't very far away," he said wistfully, "will you go?"

And the rest of the story didn't happen in Mrs. Perkins's parlor.

EVA AUGUSTA PORTER.

CHARACTER-ANALYSIS IN THE MODERN NOVEL

The analysis of character is, perhaps, one of the most definite marks of a modern story. In the old-fashioned three-volume novel, *Clarissa* or *Belinda*, the heroine, was continually and uninterestingly good, beautiful, and charming. She had no "soul-agonies" or "self-searchings". As far as she herself was concerned, all was calm, continuous, eternally the same. What affected her and made the story were the outside happenings, the plots against which she was helpless, the ardent wooing of her lover, and the happy climax at the end; while through all the most exciting events her way of expressing emotion was to "smile sadly", or "sigh gently", or at most to swoon. As for Alphonso, the hero, he generally remains the hero, nothing more, ready to perform wonderful deeds of valor, or endure the greatest hardships, in about the same frame of mind. Nowadays, the heroine, who is as likely as not to be plain Mary, endures the greatest of soul-sufferings, or is swept along in a rapid tide of emotions—while nothing in particular happens. The hero, John, is the plainest of men, but goes

about his daily work with thoughtfulness and self-analysis. In a crude and uncivilized world doubtless the old-fashioned novel would claim our interest, and we should follow the fortunes of Belinda and Alphonso with breathless interest, and leave them in the end happily wedded, and no harm done. But in our present educated state it is the fashion to scoff at these simple old novels, and feel immeasurably above our ancestors who read them. Now we sit down to stories like Mrs. Ward's "Eleanor", and feel a virtuous sense of well-doing when we begin it. Not one of us, if she wished to appear intellectual, would dare say that "Eleanor" had bored her, that there was too little story and too much emotion, and yet I think in our secret souls we know that a constant diet of Eleanors would produce mental indigestion in no time.

Seriously, however, there is no doubt that subtle character-analysis is a sign of progress in novel-writing. And I should like, just here, to distinguish between analysis of character, and characterization. It may be a fanciful distinction, but it simplifies matters if it is made. If we say that characterization is the showing forth of one or two particular characteristics, and analysis the following of a character through all its different stages, I think we have established a distinction. "David Harum", for example, is characterization, and Anthony Hope's "Quisanté" is analysis of character. The difference between these two is immediately apparent. Frank Stockton characterizes his immortal Pomona, but does not analyze her. She is a character, which, as the common saying goes, he "created". With characters that are analyzed we ought to feel that the author could no more have helped their doing and saying the things they did than he could have stopped the progress of time. He must appear to be merely the scribe and not the creator.

The virtuous sense we have in reading such books is not altogether false. If novels are read for relaxation, perhaps it is as well to leave this kind alone, but nine people out of ten need to have their minds stimulated instead of relaxed when they pick up a novel, and books like "Eleanor" do this. We can recognize that it is art, and good, hard-working art, too, that produced this character. Eleanor is not perfect, but she has many noble parts, and some one has said that the reading of good stimulates good.

On the other hand, they say that one of the tendencies of the

time is self-analysis, and such novels as "Eleanor" encourage this. We begin to analyze our own emotions as the author has analyzed her heroine's, and the result is self-consciousness, and a great deal of self-questioning, and indecision of character. How much happier a life Belinda had, preserving her calmness through all vicissitudes and sublimely conscious that all would come right at the end of the third volume. We are not so sure of that. The end of our third volume may be clouded in sorrow and doubt, our mind in a chaos, and nothing settled with regard to the future.

Eleanor leaves us with somewhat this feeling. She is a beautiful and noble woman, and yet from the beginning her life seems unjustly sad. First there is her unhappy marriage, her child's death, her own ill-health, then the taking from her of her lover, by the girl she has championed and befriended. We ask ourselves what is the justness of this, and can find none.

To turn from Mrs. Ward to W. D. Howells is like coming from the mountain tops to the prairie. Mrs. Ward treats her heroine emotionally. Mr. Howells lays bare Silas Lapham's character in the most cruelly matter-of-fact way. He is a common man, and all the commonness of his character is shown us as calmly as though the author were describing the deficiencies of the scenery. This is a man, he says, with all the common virtues of love of family, honesty, and integrity, and the common vices of vulgarity and vanity, just as he would say, this is a back-yard with the usual clothes-line and cabbage plants. And yet in the end he makes us feel that "the essence of life is divine"; and Silas is a hero, and still a common man. We may, perhaps, almost shrink from the plainness with which he tells us that Lapham's feet were large, or that he said "ain't" and "want to know", but we forget all this when the character of the man stands revealed to us in all its heroism. Is not this true character-analysis, and profitable, too, with its large charity of the world.

These two books, then, represent two different phases of character-analysis. The one is emotional, the other practical. The one shows a delicate and refined soul, under the stress of the most brutal and barbaric of all passions, jealousy; the other the heroism of a common man in the common walks of life.

George Meredith's stories represent still another phase of the

novel analyzing character. There is a strain of sarcasm in his books which is not always pleasant. He has the attitude of an outsider looking on at the world's pranks, keenly alive to all its hypocrisies and foibles, and gently amused by them. In his "Diana of the Crossways", for instance, he analyzes, too truthfully perhaps, a woman's character and certainly leaves the feminine little on which to congratulate itself by the end of the book. The worst of it is that, up to the last few chapters, we are assuring ourselves that it is a eulogy on what the sex can achieve. Diana, it will be remembered, is a beautiful, good, and clever woman. She has our admiration and sympathy, through her unjust desertion by her husband, and then, at the end, on the verge of bankruptcy, she reveals her lover's political secret to the newspapers, for a promise of some thousand pounds. Our idol is fallen; we think her turned a complete villain. But her lover informs her of the betrayal; she tells him, with innocent surprise, that she was the traitor, not knowing that she was revealing so important a fact. "You did not tell me to keep it secret," she says. So, after all, our would-be idol is not a villain but a fool, which is worse, and Meredith has been laughing at us all the time for supposing that his heroine, an exact copy of nature, could keep a secret.

It would be hard to tell wherein lies the interest that novels analyzing character have for us. Perhaps it is that we all like to think that we have a taste for the study of our fellow-creatures, and the analytical novel encourages our aptitudes in this direction. An author has no surer way to popularity than taking for granted the culture and perception of his reader, and this he is obliged to do, to an extent, in analyzing character. Besides that, we are all of us excessively bored at times with the novel of action. Even the Hugh Wynnes and the Gentlemen of France pall occasionally. (It is only the love stories that we find eternally interesting). This taste for analytical novels is undoubtedly growing. Would a publisher have been found for "Eleanor" fifty years ago,—much less readers? We all want to know, and that by short cuts, and this is psychology made easy. Besides, we all pride ourselves on our knowledge of the world—for Belinda's rôle of sweet ignorance has been played out—and the analytical novel gives us our cues.

LUCY WEBB HASTINGS.

SKETCHES

WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES

When daylight dies, the world is hushed and still,
All nature trembles, Heaven itself bends low,
And from the woods the wailing whippoorwill
Sings elegies in cadence sweet and slow,
When daylight dies.

When daylight dies, o'er all the earth is spread
A quaker robe of softly shaded gray.
The flow'rets slumber 'neath their leafy bed,
In dreams with wooing butterflies at play,
When daylight dies.

When daylight dies, the whispering zephyrs stir
The quivering leaflets, children of the dawn.
The shadows fall from oak and beech and fir,
And melt into the darkness, newly born,
When daylight dies.

When daylight dies, the water's mirroring breast
Reflects the breathless calm of earth and sky ;
While over it, with downy pinions spread,
The winged ships, like birds, glide slowly by,
When daylight dies.

When daylight dies, peace enters troubled hearts.
From wearied souls, by countless cares oppressed,
The deadly burden of each grief departs ;
And earth and sky and sea are all at rest,
When daylight dies.

BERTHA CHACE LOVELL.

They had broken his little heart, but they did not know it.
He didn't understand just what the matter was, either. It was
all so different. America was very nice.

A Little Man His mother had always said it was, and
this used to be her home till she had gone
out there where he had been born. She had told him all about

it under the banana trees—and it must be so. He looked out of the dormer window over the old-fashioned garden.

Yes, they had all kissed him, his maiden aunts, and—and two or three others who had just “happened along,” they said, “to peer at the boy”. They said they used to know his mother. He—he supposed it was all right for his aunts to kiss him, tho’ he had never seen them before—but he really would have preferred to shake hands. And he didn’t quite see why they should look at him so pityingly. One aunt, he had forgotten which one, had said, “Poor little dear”, and asked him if he had ever played ball “in them regions”. Why, yes, he used to play ball all the time with his brothers out there, and he used to climb for cocoanuts and run races and yell, and he could swim like a fish—why, he used to live in the water. Wasn’t he a boy? He guessed he was. He pinched himself to see if he wasn’t. The very afternoon of his arrival his thirteen-year-old cousin had said rather condescendingly, that he “s’posed he’d never batted a ball”! It was real kind of cousin Bill to show him how so carefully, and he hadn’t wanted to hurt his feelings by saying that his father, who used to be a great hand at baseball in college days, had taught him all about it. Then the tea bell had rung before he had shown Bill he could do it too.

Aunt Joe—the thin aunt with a long nose—she had spread his bread with jam. That was kind of her he thought, but then he wasn’t a baby—he—he was thirteen, and mother used to call him her “little man” when he shoosed the green snakes away.

And last night—Saturday night—he had only been here one day. . . . He looked wistfully out of the window and thought of the little bungalow, and the piazza, and the dusky nurse crooning baby to sleep. And—and—yes, the other aunt was kind last night. She had dug out a lot of Sunday School books, and “Rollo” books, and “Jack” series, and “Friend Fido”, and said compassionately as she put on her mits to go out,—“naow the poor dear should hev a chance to read; like uz not he’d hardly looked inside a book out in them cannibul isles!” To be sure, he had read them all, and much more too, but then it wasn’t polite to say so, after she had scooped them out of the “back settin’-room” chest. So he looked over the pictures, and watched the old-fashioned timepiece, and trod manfully up to his room.

He had opened his old-fashioned little leather trunk, which his mother had taken out on her wedding journey to Zululand. He used to think what a grand thing it would be to pack his clothes in a trunk, and when mother had brought it out and brushed it up, and pasted bits of heavy cloth over the torn parts of the interior, he had almost jumped for joy to think he was going to America to be educated—yes—this was America. He had just been taking out his faded colored shirt and stockings when the other aunt had come in to see about his clothes for Sunday. And—she had swept all his stockings into her apron! He didn't just see what was the matter with them. He had mended them all himself too, on the sailing vessel, for it was before the days of quick transportation, and the missionary packet wasn't of the fastest. Yes, he had sewed the holes up tight with darning cotton—a sailor had given him some, as his colored yarn had given out. And then the coarse colored blouses which he had taken such care of, she had stared at through her gold spectacles; then had picked them all up and gone out. Pretty soon a starched white one was laid on his chair. It used to be Frank's, she had said. He didn't know who Frank was, probably one of his relatives. But what had she done with his? Why, his mother had made them all! Yes—she had sat up nearly all one night to finish one, after the busy day's work was done. Mother knew how to make clothes, didn't she?

He didn't see why they all looked at him that way, and sort of smiled, when he walked to church that morning. Yes—he guessed they were all kind—only—only if they wouldn't look at him so. Why, he was a healthy strong boy, had come half-way round the world, and had seen lots of things, and could talk about lots of things, too, if they'd stop asking him about the heathen, and whether he had ever tasted butter before, or had seen pie! Why, of course he had! He supposed he had eaten like other people. Why, yes, he had eaten rolls and muffins often for breakfast. He didn't see why they always called him "Poor little dear"—if sister Mary were here she'd like that, you bet! that's what Bill said Saturday, "you bet".

The moon was rising over the shrubbery now. He was sort of glad the moon hadn't changed. It seemed like—like home. Not that America wasn't new and—and—nice. Mother had said so; he guessed—it was so.

Yes, they had been kind to him in Sunday School that morning too. He looked down at his little awkward trousers, coming below the knee. He had kept them so nice all the way over, specially to wear in America. He had worn them to Sunday School this morning; he had sat on the front row; he had sung with the rest. Then a man had stood up and said, "the collection will now be taken"—and—and he didn't quite understand, but the man had picked up his little felt hat, and said they were to gather the pennies in it, to buy the "little missionary chap" a new hat! And—and they had all looked at him so, and the big boys giggled. It was real kind in them to get him a new hat. Two dollars and a half! My! He kind of wished it had been a baseball bat though; father had told him about the real kind.

He took hold of the faded hat. Six months ago father had taken him into his room, unlocked an old chest, and taken the hat out of the box, smoothed and brushed it. Mother had sewed it in one or two places. Father told him how it used to be his and he had kept it for him, and how he was to wear it to America. He remembered how he had tried it on, and—and looked in the glass, and felt so proud. Why, he had worn only straw or woven palm-leaf hats before, and he thought it looked so fine. Mother had kissed him, too, as he stood with it on, and said he was growing to look like his father—her brave little man—and now—and now, he smoothed the rather flimsy rim, he—he was going to get a new hat. They were real kind in America, only—only different. . . . His head crushed into the little hat—and—and—he wished he didn't have to be educated!

KATHERINE FISKE BERRY.

THE LONG AGO

Ah, 'twas long, long years ago, my boy,
In a land beyond the sea,
And the rose climbed high in its riotous joy
Where my love would wait for me.
By the trellised gate,
Though the moon rose late,
My love would wait for me.

'Tis a soft warm night of the long ago
 And the moon shines full and clear,
 And the scent is deep where the roses grow,
 But my heart it is full of fear,
 For the gate swings lone
 With a wistful moan,
 And my heart grows sick with fear.

Oh, the rose-leaves fall, and the chill winds blow,
 And the gate creaks wearily,
 And the sun, for me, since that long ago
 Sets gray in a dreary sea,
 For the earth's cold breast
 Is my loved one's rest,
 And the sun has set for me.

MARGARET WILSON McCUTCHEEN.

Heinrich, violin in hand, out of breath from the long flights of stairs, stumbled into the ill-lighted, ill-smelling room. Lotta, his daughter, was in a temper, and at the sight of the old man in the doorway her pent up wrath vented itself in a jargon of broken English and bad German, hurled out in rasping tones that confused poor Heinrich's enfeebled wits.

He was worn out by the long hard day. The general air of Christmas cheer had not reached him, for the busy shoppers on the streets rushed along, intent on their own affairs, and only a few coins had fallen into his shabby old cap, despite the jigs and songs he had patiently labored out of the old violin.

He gave his earnings to Lotta nightly. It was all he could do in return for his place in her already large family. To-night she asked for it before he had time to get his breath.

"How much got? Give it me. Give here!" she demanded shrilly. "Fifteen cents! That all? Du lazy Kerl! Ach, du arbeitst nicht. Das weiss ich. Nun, du bleibst nicht hier! Ach! you shall go out—out!" and she raised a red fist threateningly.

Heinrich, still grasping his violin, held out the coins, a confused expression on his thin, wrinkled face. He was trying to comprehend the torrent of words screamed at him.

Did Lotta really mean that he must go out again into the

streets so tiresomely long and so cold? Did she mean that he couldn't live with them any longer? No! Why—she was his only child, this his only refuge, and yet—

"Take your old fiddle and go," the woman repeated coarsely. "You can't earn your keep. Johann und me can't keep you any longer mit four kids to feed. Go to police station, work-house, anywhere. Ist mir einerlei. Hear?"

One of the children came up timidly and touched her grandfather's arm. Lotta snatched the coins violently from his outstretched hand, and the violin fell to the floor with a crash. Intelligence seemed to return to his face. He picked the instrument up tenderly and felt around for his cap. The child began to cry.

"Ach, Minna liebchen," he whispered, "weine nicht für den alten. Ich gehe, gehe. Leb' wohl. Leb' wohl."

Lotta turned to the stove and the frying of greasy sausages, her heavy, sullen face lighted up by the fire as she removed the stove lid. Heinrich fumbled with the door-latch, giving one last wistful look at the children. Then he stepped out and closed the door carefully behind him. Pulling the old cap down on his head, he hugged the violin to his breast and felt his way clumsily down the rickety stairs in the gathering dark. He shivered as he reached the street and muttered tenderly to the violin, "du armselige, wir gehen—aber—wohin, wohin?"

Down one long street after another he walked, until the lights of the city became fewer and farther apart. He whispered vacantly, now to himself, now to the violin. Under a gas lamp on the outskirts he stopped to unwrap his instrument and tighten the bow. The damp snow which had been falling nearly all day stiffened into ice around the bottoms of his ragged trousers, and the wind pierced his thin coat. He turned up his ragged collar and trudged ahead.

A little farther on he stopped in front of a house and began to play, not noticing its darkened windows and deserted air. There was no response but the howl of a dog shut up somewhere within.

"Das geht nicht," whispered Heinrich, meditatively. "What was it I used to play in Berlin?" His brain was whirling in the effort to recollect. "It is so long ago—I forget. There was a stage and many, yes, many people to listen to young Heinrich. Das war ich, ja wohl. Und I played und the people they cry, Bravo, Heinrich! Was, was?"

His fingers wandered over the strings as if seeking the notes of that music, forgotten through years of increasing poverty and hardship.

Again he stumbled aimlessly on and on. Finally he had left the city behind him and was out in the open country, almost at the summit of a hill. "It's up there, I think," he said.

The full moon appeared from behind the heavy black clouds, and the snow-covered fields, stretching down the hill and away on every side to distant woods, glittered and sparkled in the cold light.

At the top of the hill Heinrich stopped and looked around him. "Ah," he said, drawing a long breath. Then he seized his cap from his head, and the wind tossed the long white locks of hair in his face. He threw his head back impatiently, then stood motionless, staring down across the fields. The moonlight intensified the pallor of his face. His eyes had lost their dull, uncomprehending look. They shone like coals of fire.

He seized the violin and laid his chin lovingly against it. Fondly, tenderly, he drew the bow over the strings, which vibrated passionately under the touch of former years. One look over the lonely fields, as a master glances half indifferently at his audience, and Heinrich began to play. Out into the night floated the *Preislied*, played as Heinrich had never played since those old days. Love, warmth, soul, the power of his lost youth seemed to return and burst into passionate expression at midnight on a lonely hill, with none to hear or know.

As the last chords died softly away, Heinrich bowed slightly twice. "See, they applaud," he muttered, "they appreciate. I will make some more music." Again the violin, like a human voice, alternately stormed and sobbed, then melted to glowing beauty. From one thing to another the old man played on, his face ethereal in its radiance, his eyes closed, his hair a white halo in the moonlight; around him stretched endlessly the sparkling expanse of snow.

But for Heinrich the country, the snow, the moonlight had disappeared. He was once more the young Heinrich, the violinist of growing fame in the Fatherland. He was making his *début* in Berlin. In a box at his right sat his master, nodding encouragingly. The audience was before him, titled lords and ladies, noted musicians, listening to him,—Heinrich. He could

see the mass of faces, feel the warm air of the theater, hear the ringing applause.

"Ach, süßer Ruhm," he whispered, bowing low to the fields, the forests, and the snowy fence-posts. Tossing his hoary head he began to play again the Handel Sonata in A major. Swaying to and fro, he drew the magic notes from the violin, through the adagio, allegro, and largo, his eyes shut, his limbs quivering with emotion. He had reached the climax of the last movement when suddenly his fingers trembled and missed the strings. The bow dropped softly, unnoticed. Heinrich staggered and fell backwards into the snow, the violin across his breast. The clouds closed in over the moon, and later the snow began to fall.

KLARA ELISABETH FRANK.

THE STRANGE THINGS OF THE SEA.

Full patiently the fisherman lay rocking, rocking, rocking ;
Against his boat the little waves came knocking, knocking, knocking,
The dark little waves, the blind little waves, on the sea of the eyeless night,
Till the fisherman rocked, and swayed, and rocked, into the day of sight.

Full merrily the fisherman stood singing, singing, singing ;
Against his face the spears of light came pricking, tingling, stinging,
The swift little spears, the bright little spears, from the hand of the clear-eyed day,
And the fisherman sang, and rocked, and sang the joy of his life away.

For joyously the fisherman stood working, working, working,
And piled the gleaming fish full high, nor knew the strange things lurking.
The strange little things, the fierce little things, from the heart of the heartless sea,
Till the things reached over the fisherman's boat ; and where might the fisherman be ?

Full patiently the fisherman lies swaying, swaying, swaying ;
Across his face the small sea things run, gliding, leaping, playing,
The small sea things, the still sea things, from the fields of the cold green sea.
Up in the light, the sun's at his height, but here must the fisherman be.

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS.

Bobbie was in trouble. When Bobbie found life difficult and wanted to think, he always retired to a dark corner of the hay-loft. That is why he was there

For the Princess's Sake now, sitting with his elbows supported on his knees, and his chin resting on his hands. Bobbie was very sad to-day. He would have cried, but he was convinced that the heroes of his books never did such things, and he wanted to be like his heroes.

It was all because Laborlaye Grimm, the fastest runner, the fiercest ratter, the best fox terrier in the town had bitten the postman. After the first offense, when Lab had bitten the grocer's boy, father had decreed that a repetition of the sin must be followed by expulsion from the family. It was wrong, father said, to keep a vicious dog. And now Lab had bitten the postman, and according to the usual course of human events, the house would know him no more. Bobbie could not imagine life without Lab. Could he run races without Lab? Could he ride in the goat-cart without Lab? Could he play in the hay without Lab? Could life have any sweetness for Bobbie without Lab?

He remembered a story his mother had told him. A Man owned a Dragon and loved it very much. The Dragon had a bright red head with green spots, and a purple tail with orange spots, and a white body with black feet. He was a very graceful Dragon, more graceful even than the snakes that Bobbie liked to watch as they glided through the long grass back of the barn. Now the Man and the Dragon lived near a tower, which was owned by a Princess, the daughter of the King of the Country. The Princess was beautiful, but the Princess had a maid who was ugly and wore gaudy colors. The Dragon disliked anyone who was ugly and wore gaudy colors, and so at the first opportunity he bit her. When she had recovered from the illness which she had been sure was fatal, she went out of the Country, because she was afraid of the Dragon. Then the King of the Country commanded that the Dragon should be slain, and the Man was very angry, and said—to himself and the Dragon—that he would not obey. So the King summoned him to appear before him, but, although the Man went to the court, he would not speak a word. Since no one else dared approach the Dragon and they could not force the Man to speak, they were powerless.

Bobbie sympathized with the Man in the story. It was a great sorrow to part with a Dragon or a dog that you loved, and Bobbie did so love Lab. It occurred to him that as the Man had refused to kill his Dragon—although he was not openly disobedient—so also he might save Lab. The postman had told him to carry a message to his father, that the dog was a danger to all who came to the house. Why should he tell father? Why should he tell any one? Why should he not bribe the postman to keep silence? He could give him a dollar bill from his bank, and if that would not satisfy him,—yes, Lab was worth it,—he would give him his shotgun.

What shivers of delight were Bobbie's! In silence he would guard his secret and Lab would be saved. Father would never know. It would be delightful to keep his secret from father. But then Bobbie thought of mother. How could he kiss her good-night without telling her everything? But then, think of losing Lab! Lab was worth any sacrifice.

Bobbie was seized with a desire to crawl under the hay and hide, for he heard voices and knew that father and mother were coming into the barn. But thinking it better to behave as if nothing had happened—such is the worldly wisdom that is sometimes revealed unto babes—he swung himself slowly down the ladder, and pretended to be surprised when he saw father and mother. That was the first transgression, but it was for Lab's sake.

Bobbie thought it necessary to say something quickly. "I say, I've been huntin' eggs in the loft, and I found twelve." Then, thinking they might ask to see them,—“But I guess they weren't fresh, so I threw 'em into the barnyard.” That was the second transgression. At first he had acted a lie; now he had spoken one, and, worse than all, he was not sorry.

It is strange how much sadness a coming event may cause us before we are certain of its happening. All Bobbie's gloom in the hay-loft had been but the foreshadowing of father's question, “Tell me, Bobbie, where is Lab?”

Bobbie pressed his lips together until they formed a straight line, called in grammars a dash, and used sometimes to signify that further information can be gained only through the imagination.

Father looked grave. “Robert,” he demanded, “where is Laborlaye Grimm?”

Bobbie tried to keep silent, but the words pushed themselves through his throat in spite of his efforts, "Oh, I guess he went down with the men on the hay-wagon," he said. "I ain't seen him since this mornin'." That was the third transgression.

"Robert," said his father, "do you mean to say that you do not know that Laborlaye Grimm has bitten the postman, and that you do not know that Laborlaye Grimm must be sent away?"

Bobbie stamped his foot, "I tell you, I ain't seen him since yesterday afternoon, and he ain't been here neither."

Mother took Bobbie by the hand and led him away into the garden. Bobbie was so afraid he would cry.

"Robin," she said, looking at him with an expression he never forgot.

"Yes, mother," said Bobbie, very gently.

"Robin, do you remember the story I told you yesterday about the Man that owned the Dragon?"

Bobbie felt better. "Well, I guess," he said, "when the King told him to kill it, he just wouldn't say anything, 'cause he loved the Dragon and didn't want to kill him. That's just the way I felt—"

Bobbie stopped. It was very hard to think that they knew all about it.

"But Robin, don't you remember how it ended? At first the Man wouldn't obey the King, and then the Princess went to him and asked him if he would get rid of the Dragon for her sake, because she felt sorry that her maid had been bitten, and she was afraid that some one else—her father the King, perhaps—would be bitten. And he did not think it right that he should keep the Dragon when it made the Princess unhappy, and so, even though he loved the Dragon very much, for her sake he sent it out of the country."

Bobbie was thinking. Maybe father was the King and mother was the Princess—and may be he ought to—but he hoped mother would not ask him to—and the postman was not mother's maid anyhow.

"Do you know, Robin, I think the Man in the story book was very noble to sacrifice himself for the Princess's sake."

"Well, any how, I don't think the Princess was nice to ask him," said Bobbie, fiercely. He wished mother would stop talking. He wanted to go back to the hay-loft.

"But, Robin, you know the Princess did not ask him for her own sake alone. It was for the sake of all the people in the country. So really she was a very lovely Princess to do it."

Bobbie kicked the ground with the toe of his shoe. Was ever boy so unhappy?

"Robin dear," said mother, "do you love me?"

"Yes," said Robie, choking, "I love you and L-l-l-ab."

"Then if you owned a Dragon who bit people and hurt them, and I asked you to give him up, and promised to give him to some one who would be kind to him, would you do it?"

It seemed to Bobbie just then, that the world was made up of mother and Lab and Bobbie. And yet mother did not want Lab. It was very hard for Bobbie.

"Robin, darling, if the Dragon bit me, would you be sorry?" Bobbie sobbed.

At the side of the barn Lab appeared. Bobbie looked at mother. Was there ever such a beautiful Princess?

Bobbie walked slowly over to Lab, knelt down, and put his arms around him. Then he looked into Lab's eyes, and they seemed to say, "It's all right, Bobbie, I know it's for her sake."

"Good-bye, Laborlaye Grimm," said Bobbie.

Then the King came and took Bobbie in his arms, and carried him to the Princess.

"Why, how funny," said Bobbie, "the Princess in the story book didn't cry."

MARY ABBY VAN KLEECK.

THE MAGICAL CHARM

When the cup of your joy is full to o'erflowing,
And your head is thrown up, with majesty glowing,
When a yellow-gold gleam through your soft hair is playing,
And light beams shot out from your eyes go a-straying—
Then the wine of your glance
Spurs me on in a trance,
To go out and to do,—
Hard striving, to conquer the whole world for you!

But when the gray sorrow o'ershadows your brow,
And the poise of your head is a yearning—as now—
While your wistful brown eyes down the dim distance reach
As if searching a Something too thrilling for speech—

Then the radiance like fire

Burns my soul. I aspire

To be noble and true,—

To be all that is highest and grandest for you!

HELEN FLORA McAFEE.

Arabella, the Youthful, was sitting in a straight-back chair regarding the tips of her boots thoughtfully; well, after all, she reflected, it is comforting to

Arabella and the Victim know that it is all arranged and there's no danger of my seeing

any third season still under my father's roof, even if my father doesn't know about the arrangement. And here her reflections were interrupted by the appearance of the Victim. He wandered in and dropped into a chair. "Mind if I smoke?" Arabella smiled her most condescending smile—of course she didn't mind. Then followed a long pause in which Arabella applauded the wisdom of the person who said that between persons of mutual understanding conversation is unnecessary. At last he broke the silence. "Oh! by the way, that reminds me—there's a girl up at the house—friend of my mother's, going to stay a week and the family'll expect me to show her around and jolly her up a bit, and will think there is something doing if I don't. I thought I'd tell you—so you'd know why I'm not hanging around here."

After due reflection, Arabella replied, "You are quite right, you will be expected to help entertain her and your mother will suspect something if you don't. Since we have come to an understanding, I will release you from all engagements for the week and allow you to devote all your time to her."

"You are jolly nice and generous about it, Arabella," replied the wily Victim, but ~~was~~ Arabella feeling generous—not she!

Arabella, the Inexorable, was sitting in judgment on the Victim and her bearing was grave as befitted the gravity of the occasion.

"No"—she said, and she spoke calmly and slowly. "You may not smoke; the smell of tobacco is offensive to me, besides it is a habit of lazy men. You are not only lazy but you have no ability. Some lazy men are entertaining, but I find your company most irksome. You are not only incapable, but you are frivolous. You spend your time making foolish conversations with young women when you ought to be out in the world making a name for yourself. It pains me to tell you all this, but somebody must, and your mother surely won't. This understanding between us has been a dreadful mistake, there is absolutely nothing we could have in common."

"It's jolly nice of you to put it that way," replied the wily Victim.

After he had gone, Arabella sat for some time reflecting. A complacent smile played about the corners of her mouth—she was confident that not one of his disqualifications had been omitted. Suddenly her eyes fell on the Victim's cigarette case. She picked it up, and regarding it fondly, tied it in her handkerchief. "It is probably weakness on my part, but it is all I have of his now", she thought. And did she wish anything more? not she!

Arabella, the Unattainable, sat regarding her brother across the pink candle-shades. He was intent on carving his bird. "And what did you tell him?" she persisted. When her brother had succeeded in severing a wing, he looked up at her, and his eye twinkled. "Why I told him that he needn't be at all alarmed—that you didn't mean a word you said." Arabella considered a reply unnecessary, but she stiffened perceptibly. "And I based my statements entirely on what I happened to see done with a cigarette case of his." Her brother's attention was again riveted on his bird. "And what is more," he continued, "I invited him to dine here to-night."

Arabella had intended to say, "How dare you"—but at that moment the door was opened and the Victim stood in the door-way.

"Oh! hallo there," her brother called out, "It's such a beastly night that we gave you up and sat down to dinner. Just take a seat and excuse me for a moment—I'm wanted at the telephone."

"Isn't it a horrid night," murmured Arabella, as the Victim

took his seat. Out of the corner of her eye she saw that he was smiling, and the reflection on her face of the pink shades grew deeper and deeper. "Beastly unpleasant position to put a fellow in," he muttered under his breath. Arabella smiled too. Did she find it unpleasant—not she!

RACHEL PEABODY.

THE POET'S FLIGHT

To Phyllis and to Elinore my verses I indite,
The while 'tis to Jemima Jane I'd really like to write.
The editor, indifferent to my poor heart's request,
Says, "Give them a romantic sound, the public likes that best."

So Hyacinth, Sybilla, Lucile and Marguerite,
I rave o'er you and plead with you, and say I'm at your feet.
I have to earn my salary—and this is why, you see—
I must praise *you* to gain the means to make *her* smile on me.

LILIAN ELIEL LAUFERTY.

EDITORIAL

In the light of the new Social Regulations we naturally begin to wonder whether we really are burning the candle at both ends in the time-honored and proverbial fashion ; or rather we wonder whether the authorities consider this to be the state of affairs. There has been no doubt of the student opinion on that matter since the days when we overheard our fellows remarking that they certainly would never be able to stay here and bury themselves for more than two years at the outside. Freshmen never seem to remember that gymnasium lockers have ears, though in most cases those ears are likely to be sympathetic rather than otherwise. We all of us have a feeling that, after all, our purely social excitements are quite few and far between.

To be sure we are aware of the fact that the outside world is inclined to differ with us in this particular, but we have usually been rather entertained than otherwise by the recital of our impossible but suspected doings. Yet here we are with a new set of Social Regulations scattered broadcast among us, while we are left to infer almost anything that we will. Are the scatterbrain sentiments of the press bearing fruit among us ? Having heard of the dreadful things we might do, do we now insist upon executing them, or do the authorities really consider that our social life is becoming too prominent ?

Do the Social Regulations really limit our social life ? In the first place we are told that the college day closes at ten o'clock, at which time the lights shall be extinguished. Of course we knew that before. Now the general object of any person's wishing to stay up after the reasonable hour of ten o'clock is almost sure to be a desire for study, and the college in insisting on the ten o'clock rule does so, at least in large part, to insure us plenty of rest, and to prevent over study. Any one would admit that such a regulation is directed toward maintaining the general health of the community, and as such should certainly

be enforced even if a minority feel that they don't need so much sleep.

This ten o'clock rule and many of the other regulations are simply old conditions dressed up in new form, to make them a little more attractive perhaps. On the whole they are such things as any one of us would insist upon ourselves, where large numbers are concerned. There is one new plan, however,—that of having all entertainments on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and as a sort of corollary we hear the rumor of the appointment of one particular night for all the societies. Under the old state of affairs, plays and dances were always given on Wednesdays and Saturdays any way, so we must come to the conclusion that this new legislation is, in great measure, directed against open meetings of the societies—and in the corollary, against the societies themselves.

What is in a name! We call these things societies, but even the authorities couldn't regard the Mathematical Club as a rabidly social affair. When was Philosophical known to discuss the state of the weather, and current gossip? The department societies are anything but social. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi, though tending more in that direction, still cling to papers, and papers mean work. The majority of our social affairs (those that have been legislated against) are in reality only a continuance or extension of college work. It looks very much, then, as if the authorities, in the ten o'clock rule, in the restriction of entertainments to Wednesday and Saturday, and in the rumored "Society night", are really trying to keep us from working too hard. But we are willing to admit that too much of this kind of outside work is really more dissipation to our energies than anything purely social could possibly be, and that, consequently, there is more need of preventing it, than there is of discouraging our social tendencies.

Still, if these new Regulations will appeal to the press and the public as the death of our social life, so much the better for us. We in the meantime will not be in so much danger of over work—while the public mind is gently and considerably put at rest.

EDITOR'S TABLE

It is with great pleasure that we have to notice this month the publication of a small volume of poems by Anna Hempstead Branch, of the class of '97. We all know the name as that of one who did much to raise the standard of literary work in college, and who has since published some verse of pronounced merit. Several of the poems included in the present volume, which have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, retain a hold upon our memories because of a distinct poetical quality of their own, a certain strong and sweet simplicity of thought and expression. There is little of sounding word-effect and no conscious elaboration in Miss Branch's work, but her verse flows with perfect ease and clearness like a little stream that falls from its source in some deep-hid mountain spring.

The title poem, "The Heart of the Road", is, perhaps more than any other, full of the unstudied, delicate literary quality peculiar to the author's work. The human yearning which lies in the heart of the road is voiced thus :

"Behold, one journeyed in the night,
He sang amid the wind and rain ;
My wet sands gave his feet delight.
When will that traveler come again ?

.

"How did he find me where I lay,
Remote, untraversed, and forespent ?
How blithe I journey since the day
That he conceived the ways I went !

.

"Nor bread, nor scrip, nor staff had he,
When he went out from the gray town.
Now heavy folk that traverse me
Burdened with wealth go up and down.

"Each unto each I hear them call
With idle speech and empty boast,
And I have ease to give them all
Save him that I did love the most."

There are several other poems in the collection which might be immediately set apart as belonging in the same class with the one just quoted, dealing with like simple themes, in the same delicately suggestive way. Such are "The Shadow of a Cloud", "The Blooming of a Rose", "The Song of the Wandering Dust", and the exquisite "Thought of the Little Brother". In dealing with such subjects, Miss Branch is most successful, especially in the sympathetic treatment of things small and little considered, of children, and of inanimate things, as when her imagination finds a soul in the road we tread upon, and in the dust that blows "red upon the highroad and yellow on the plain". With subjects of greater intensity she is hardly as successful, although there are striking suggestions in "The Sons of Cain". "An Unbeliever", also, is full of a deeper meaning.

The publication of this volume by Miss Branch marks the beginning of her work, and gives her an enviable place among those whom she has herself thus addressed :

"All ye young Poets, crowding up with eyes
Yet wistful with the morning,....
On whom the seal and the fair promise lies,
Come up to the broad ways where ye belong,
Paven with golden echoings and strong
As stalwart stars set close along the skies."

We have also upon the Editor's Table a book by an earlier graduate of Smith, Mrs. Edith Elmer Wood, of the class of '90. Its title is "Shoulder-straps and Sunbonnets", and it is published by Henry Holt and Company, New York. As the title might suggest—though there is no certainty of it—the short stories of this volume fall into two classes, those dealing with naval men and matters, and the love—or rather flirtation—stories, for the wearers of the sunbonnets are, as a rule, somewhat frivolous-minded. Several of these tales were first published in the literary magazines, one of the best, "The Angel of the Mizzentop", having appeared in Harper's Bazar, and others in the Century.

Mrs. Wood's style is so simple and straightforward that she seems to be telling her stories rather than writing them. And she shows a delightful humor in the telling, especially in the

realistic little sketch, entitled, "That Cranberry Crop", in which is narrated the attempt of a professional artist to play amateur business man. There is realism also in "Waiting Orders", where the pathos is as strong and true as the humor in the other. This is a story of the management of affairs by the government amid the difficulties caused by popular criticism. The hero of "Waiting Orders" finds himself under the disapproval of his superiors after having successfully carried out the orders which they had privately given him. It was necessary, we are told, that an individual be sacrificed to the "howling press monster", and the part fell to Captain Blake. "Ah, you see," he says, "I am a failure, and it is too late to retrieve my reputation. . . . After forty years of honorable service to go out under a cloud!" The story strikes a true note of pathos, and is perhaps the most significant in the collection.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

As nearly all of the local associations of Smith alumnæ have now responded to the invitation to coöperate actively in the maintenance of this department of the *Monthly*, it seems advisable to print the calendar of contributions thus far assured. Let no one fall into the error of thinking that the months as assigned below are exclusively representative of one association or one locality. There is some space given, in every issue, to general news and contributions, which are always gratefully received.

November,	Syracuse Club.
December,	Chicago Association.
January,	Worcester Club.
February,	New York Association.
April,	Hartford Club.
May,	Western Massachusetts Association.

The Chicago alumnæ united in an association in 1888; enrolled nine members; and drew up a constitution, chiefly, it would seem from the secretary's records, in order to have a theme for debate at

The Chicago Association future meetings; then elected more than half of Smith Alumnæ of the members to fill the offices thus created.

It was modestly voted that "for the present the Association should not undertake any financial work apart from the general association, but should be purely social. Meetings occurred once or twice a year, the offices were redistributed annually, and home letters of college students, read at the meetings, supplied the chief news from Northampton.

Slowly, however, recruits came in, graduates returning home fresh from college, and eastern alumnæ of longer standing drawn to Chicago by the magnetism of the West. "Our duty to the gymnasium fund" appears on the records as the theme of one meeting, but no action in regard to it is recorded. In 1892 we were strong enough in numbers to do something as a body for our Alma Mater. Mr. Cable was on one of his first reading tours and kindly gave us an afternoon. We sent on, as its fruits, \$100 to purchase books for the departments of history and economics, then both under Professor Clark's charge, and about \$25 for books in the philosophical department. The books bought with this money have inside their cover a plate suitably inscribed, which the curious may find on inspection.

But it was intimated to us that our zeal, though praiseworthy, might be better directed if we coöperated with the eastern alumnæ, who were still

struggling over the gymnasium fund. We sighed, but took up the burden again which as individuals we had borne before. Since then we have refrained from independent financial enterprises.

When the World's Fair opened we tried to provide headquarters for the friends and daughters of Smith. We placed a register in the Woman's Building and held weekly receptions. The Massachusetts Building hospitably sheltered us at first, but we grew too numerous and demonstrative, and were very courteously invited to find another place of assembly. We moved to an open colonnade at the south end of the grounds, with our hospitable intentions still unimpaired. The numbers dwindled, however, until one week in September when the reception committee reported that they had no guests to receive, and the receptions were abandoned.

In the Christmas holidays of 1895 an annual luncheon was inaugurated, to which the undergraduates at home for the holidays have been asked each year. We have had letters from the president and faculty, and news of the college from Mrs. Rosseter and Miss Caverno in person.

We have continued to raise money in varying amounts by concerts, plays, lectures, and subscriptions, turning the proceeds over to the object presented by the general association. For some years we met informally once a month at private houses for tea and talk. This year the pendulum has swung back, and we shall meet less often.

Our active members number about one hundred. We have had a representative on the executive committee of the general association, who traveled to Boston to attend its meetings. From time to time we offer a nominee for trustee, looking forward to the recognition in the councils of the college, of our loyalty and growing numbers when the time shall be ripe for it.

President Seelye's long hoped-for visit is to have a chapter by itself, but I should leave out the climax of our history if I did not mention his coming. It was the means of bringing out numbers, enthusiasm, and resources which we ourselves did not know and which we hope to put to good service for Smith in years to come.

CORNELIA R. TROWBRIDGE '81.

The Chicago Association of Smith College Alumnae experienced the pleasure and inspiration of a visit from President Seelye on November eighth and ninth. Two opportunities were afforded the alumnae for meeting and chatting with him: one at a reception given by the association in the Fine Arts Building on Friday evening, November eighth, to their friends and to people of prominence in the city's educational interests; and another at the annual luncheon of the association, where there were gathered together one hundred and fifteen interested and loyal alumnae from Chicago and neighboring cities in Wisconsin, Illinois, and Indiana.

President Seelye made a delightfully cordial and interesting address on this occasion, speaking of the condition of the college, its wonderful growth, its new arrangement of studies and courses, its improved equipment, and its needs.

President Seelye was entertained while in Chicago by Miss Martha Wilson, the president of the Chicago Association. He spoke at several schools during

his stay, and at the Chicago University was the guest of Miss Marion Talbott, the Dean of Women there.

The association feel that it was a great delight to see and talk with President Seelye face to face, and that his visit will result in increased loyalty and interest in the college, on the part of its western daughters, and will stimulate them to carry on the work of the association with greater interest and vigor.

FLORENCE DAY STEVENSON '97.

A few years ago the sight of a woman student on the Brown campus was a thing of the future, but times have changed and the women of the past having endured the various masculine attitudes

Graduate Work at Brown of rage, disgust, and finally tolerance, those of to-day can cross the campus with perfect security and a sense of ownership, which, although possibly not agreeable to the masculine element of the college, meets with no marked signs of opposition. This is more especially true in the case of the graduate students, for there is still a prevalent opinion among the men that the "co-eds", as the members of the affiliated Women's College are called, have usurped some of their privileges by becoming connected with the college, although when it comes to social functions they seem very ready to be good friends.

A pleasant course, however, lies open for the woman graduate, and she is treated with perfect respect by professors and fellow-students alike, for she meets men of more mature minds than the average undergraduates,—men who respect the fact that she has the power of concentrated thought and deep research along the same lines in which they themselves are working. An alumna of any accredited college may become a candidate for a higher degree at Brown. All the courses of the college are open to her with privileges equal to those enjoyed by the men, and her work is entirely with them, unless for some reason she elects a course at the Women's College, which is entirely separate from the college proper in its location, although the courses and examinations are the same as those offered to the men and the same professors do duty in both places. It is the women undergraduates only who are kept separate from the men in almost all of the courses. If a candidate for a higher degree elects an undergraduate course, her work must be of a much higher grade than that of the under-classmen if it is to count satisfactorily toward the degree.

The special graduate work is of course the most difficult as well as the most satisfactory. Each department has one or more courses, called seminars, designed for graduate students only. They are less formal than ordinary class room recitations, since the classes are small enough to meet around a table in the library of the department, where recitations and discussions are in order, and papers prepared by the different members are read, criticised, and discussed. Each seminary usually counts for a three-hour course, but instead of meeting on three different days, as is usual with college recitations, there is one long session of two or two and a half hours a week. It is found that more scholarly work can be accomplished by this method of concentrating the recitations and leaving the rest of the week for private research and study.

The library affords a good opportunity for extensive study. For the size of the college, this building with its equipment is considered exceptionally fine. Besides the main library each department has a library of its own, kept sacred from the public eye by lock and key. These seminary libraries contain many duplicates of books already in the college library and many rare and costly volumes. These books are for reference only, except when a professor gives one permission to take them out for private study. Here is the place where the graduate student takes the greatest comfort and pleasure, since there is opportunity for quiet, uninterrupted reading, owing to the fact that each student working in the department is provided with a key to the library, so that one can work behind locked doors, secure in the thought that only professors and fellow-workers can invade the sacred precincts. The German library at Brown is considered one of the finest collections of the kind in the country and one of which the college may well be proud. Besides the fine advantages accruing from the various libraries of the college, all those of the city of Providence have been made especially accessible to Brown students, so that the opportunities in this direction are almost unlimited.

As might be expected, some of the departments are stronger than others, and some are more popular among the women students. English and the languages are largely elected, while many avail themselves of the classes in pedagogy. A large majority of the graduate students are teachers or pupil-teachers in the schools of the city and neighboring towns, and they generally do some work in pedagogy during their course at Brown. There is a strong bond between the college and the public school system of the city, by which a limited number of college graduates are received each year into the public schools as pupil-teachers. At the same time they pursue certain courses in the college, as candidates for a Master's Degree with pedagogy as a required major.

A Master's Degree can be obtained after one year of earnest study done in residence, if the candidate has the time and inclination for applied work, but as many of the students do this work in addition to their teaching, it necessarily takes longer than a year, and some can take only a few hours each year until the required amount is finished. At least two years of hard work done in residence, together with a thesis, are necessary to the attainment of a Doctor's Degree and the usual amount of time spent for this degree is three years.

So much for the intellectual side of graduate life at Brown. Of social life there is none for the women graduates, as far as the college is concerned. If they live in Providence, as many of them do, they have their own circles of friends and their own ways of amusement and recreation; and if they are alumnae of Brown they have ties which bind them to the Women's College. But for the girl from another college who goes to Brown for graduate work, with no friends in the college or city, the way is not always bright, and she must be prepared for loneliness and attacks of the "blues", unless she never indulges herself in such feelings and is resolved to bury herself in her books out of pure love for study.

As yet there is only one dormitory for the girls of the Women's College, and no provision is made for the graduate students, so each one must look up

a boarding place for herself, if she has neither a home nor friends in the city. This is by no means an easy task. Good boarding-places, at reasonable rates, are very difficult to find near the college.

This lack of college life necessitates a lack of social life. For several years there has been struggling for existence a Graduate Club, composed of men and women, but it is not a healthy, strong organization, as it should be with its membership of one hundred, and this is largely due to the difference in the ages of the members and a lack of common interest among them. This seems a pity, since in other colleges the graduate club is an important factor, and it is to be hoped that much will be done yet for the growth of the one at Brown. The societies connected with the various departments meet with much better success. They exist primarily for the promotion of greater interest and love of research in each special line of work, while the Classical Club, the one best known to me, has more of a social character. The four or five meetings of the year are held at the houses of the professors of the classics, and always end with an afternoon tea, where an opportunity is given for students and professors to become better acquainted.

There are the usual social events of college life, such as the junior promenade, society and class affairs, and dramatics, at the Women's College. A graduate from another college may be invited to some of these if she is fortunate enough to make friends among the undergraduates; if not, the college offers her no society.

As for myself, having entered there under the most favorable conditions I can speak enthusiastically of the possibilities for graduate work at Brown. Everywhere I was met with extreme cordiality, and it was very pleasing to note how marked is the respect shown toward Smith at Brown. While there I was invariably introduced as a Smith graduate. This friendly feeling ought to be gratifying to the *alumnæ* and friends of "Fair Smith".

S. ELIZABETH GOODWIN '99.

I have never been able to determine whether it is a real interest in antiquities, or a subtle form of politeness, which leads the students to ask so often from the older graduates for reminiscences

Some Unchanged Aspects and comparisons of the old days and the new.

of Undergraduate Life I have myself taken my turn at this in the *Monthly* at the only period when it was possible to do it.

For it is a curious fact that if you want to hear of changes you must ask for them from the *alumna* who has just come back. After a year or two she will be useless. She recalls the variations with difficulty, and they have lost their salient qualities for her.

Now this very interest in changes of itself presupposes a permanent substratum. There is no comparison of things completely heterogeneous. On those of us who are here long the continuity of the college, rather than its variation, comes to make the predominant impression. But to that fact we rarely bear direct testimony and for that reason leave an unwarranted impression on the mind, both of the undergraduates and of the *alumnæ* who are not in constant touch with the college, that between them there is a great gulf fixed.

This, however, is hardly a cause for wonder. In the personality of a college, as in that of an individual, the constant element is intangible and, as such, is far less easy to describe than are surface peculiarities. I could set forth with a fair degree of certainty the style of graduating gown in my own class and in last year's class, but I find myself baffled when I try to express what the quality is which makes my pupils so like my classmates. In fact, when set to give a reason for the faith that is in me that the Smith girl is still the same, I am sorely tempted to shirk not only proof, which is of course out of the question, but even explanation, and to rest content with the simple assertion, "It seems so to me at least". But as one set of reminiscences has in the past been likely to provoke another, possibly if I begin by bearing testimony to some points of similarity, some one else may supplement me later.

It will be generally conceded that the attitude of the students toward their work is an important and even a crucial point in the comparison, and in fact one hears constantly that the earlier students were of a different order, that they came here for serious work and lived with an eye single to that one purpose; there is a grain of truth in the contrast. It is growing more and more a matter of course to send a girl to college. It takes less individual initiative and bent on her part. But in laying stress on that grain of truth, I think we are carrying along many more grains of falsehood. There is a hoarier eld even than my own college days. Some one else may speak for that. But when I entered college in the fall of '88, there were all kinds of girls here. Some of them didn't get through, and about others I am wondering to this day how they ever did get through. And there were plenty of us too, good, honest, hard students, who couldn't bear to flunk, who would have felt eternally disgraced by a condition, who nevertheless were content to master a subject just to the extent that my own pupils do—not enough really to understand it, but enough to make the teacher think they understand it. We were here for work and we knew it, but the correct and conventional fiction was that the work was wrung out of us. It is a comforting reflection that then, as now, there was probably less of that attitude in senior than in freshman year.

The vision of the college in its early days, as a consistent mass of "digs" and "prods" is, after all, distinctly the creation of the undergraduate brain. It is the share which they contribute to the general misunderstanding, and it is absolutely unwarranted. Then as now students groaned over work and then did it, grew to like it often in the doing, but said very little of that. A respect for scholarship and a real ambition for learning are not inconsistent with some reticence on the point—and never have been.

The alumnae, as a whole, are not wont to find the break in college tradition in the line of the intellectual work. The social life is the place where they are sure the change has come. One may explain that it takes more teas and dances to go around among eleven hundred girls than among two or three hundred. The gay appearance and full-dress air of even the minor functions can be traced often to pink and blue dimities and lawns which may have cost not a tithe of the price of the "good black silk" which we probably wore on like occasions. But the best way to meet the anxious inquiry of the alumnae whether these things would not naturally destroy the old, simple democratic

spirit in which we took such pride is, it seems to me, to find whether they have destroyed it. It isn't a question to be settled *a priori*—it's a question of fact. The point at issue is not what one would think the "poor" students might feel, but what they actually do feel. Some one told me the other day—not a student—that clothes did make a difference here. I shall not deny that. But they make less difference than in any other place I ever knew, and almost their sole influence is their reflex one on the mind of the wearer. Few girls can be quite natural and agreeable with the consciousness of being badly dressed. Every year I know not one but many girls who tell me that their college life has been a perfect boon in that respect.

There are doubtless undemocratic and snobbish girls here. There were in my own day. But now, as then, they must generally, like Dundreary's birds of a feather, "go off in a corner and flock all alone". In the college world at large to be known to be ungracious to any one on the score of poverty would be the heaviest social handicap.

These are only two phases of what we call the Smith College spirit. They may not even be the most important ones, but the continuity of a wholesome if unobtrusive capacity for honest work and of a really democratic social spirit are phenomena worth much in my eyes, and these I am sure I have found.

JULIA H. CAVERNO '87.

Even at this late hour, information concerning the very successful meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ at Buffalo, October 28-29, may not

have reached all Smith College alumnæ, and the brief report which the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ secretary of the association, Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, wished

to have appear in the November number of the *Monthly* may not be altogether out of place in the present number. The delay in publication is due to the slowness of the reporter who, however, appeals for leniency on the ground of not having been forewarned of her duty.

The Association of Collegiate Alumnæ held its annual meeting in the Pan-American city and was most hospitably entertained by the Buffalo branch of the association, the Twentieth Century Club, and the Women Managers of the Exposition. The spacious and attractive home of the Twentieth Century Club on Delaware Avenue was placed at the disposal of the association for its meetings. At the Wednesday afternoon session, reports from the officers and committees of the general association were presented; in them, two points were established beyond dispute: first, that the association had in the last year entered upon a new era of development as witnessed by the marked increase in membership and the desire expressed in all quarters for reorganization on modern lines; second, that owing to the growth of the association the duties of secretary-treasurer had become too heavy for one woman to carry. President Thomas of Bryn Mawr, representing the committee on publication, assured us that the tables of statistics bearing on the health of college graduates in Massachusetts will appear within a year; already letters have been received from abroad asking for copies, showing that their useful-

ness is widely recognized. No new colleges were admitted to membership, and action on the report of the council to accredit for foreign study was wisely deferred for another year.

At the evening session, Professor Leach of Vassar, in her address as president of the association, referred pleasantly to her visit in Greece last spring, and pointed out the mistake too often made by travelers of judging the modern Greeks without knowing their language, customs, or character. The address of Professor Morse Stevens of Cornell on the "Educational Problem in the Philippines" further emphasized the necessity of understanding a people before judging them or attempting to instruct them. Professor Stevens is an Englishman and well informed on India. He expressed a wish that America might learn from the mistakes made by England how difficult it is to deal with the oriental mind, and he drew an amusing picture of our crusaders starting forth with the best equipment in copy books and blackboards to conquer the East. But, while he said many wise and witty things, he forgot, perhaps, that the Filipinos are not as oriental as the inhabitants of India, and that Americans are more adaptable than their English cousins. He left his hearers sufficiently discouraged as to the outlook in Manila and glad to listen to the much more encouraging account of our experiment in Cuban education, which was given by Miss Laura Gill, Smith '81, Dean of Barnard. Miss Gill spoke from her own experience in the island as well as in Cambridge where she ably assisted President Eliot in making the visit of the Cuban teachers profitable to them. Her words were full of the friendly, cordial spirit of appreciation which had been advocated by the two speakers who preceded her, as the first requisite in dealing with aliens.

On Friday morning, October twenty-fifth, the association met again in the Twentieth Century Club house to hear reports from the branches and a paper on "The Rights and Privileges of Women under the Laws of Ohio". In general, the eastern branches seem to devote their energies to promoting sociability among their many members, while the western branches are usually engaged in some municipal business. One new branch in New York won hearty applause for the very practical work it is doing, of raising money each year to send a girl to college. The paper by Professor Perkins gave an account of the recent codification of Ohio's laws relating to women, with a survey of the way in which these laws had come into existence, and compared them with the earlier statutes of Ohio and with similar laws in other states. At the later meeting for members only, important changes were made in the constitution of the association. Two new officers were created: a bursar who shall control the finances, investing funds and paying them out on requisition; and a general secretary who is to be a permanent officer, shaping the general policy of the association and representing it when necessary; by this action, a more or less honorary character as presiding officer is given to the president and many burdens are lifted from the shoulders of the overworked secretary-treasurer, who remains the only salaried officer of the organization.

Friday afternoon the Board of Women Managers entertained us at tea in the Women's Building at the Exposition. The house was originally a Country Club and is true to its traditions of hospitality. Few alumnae failed to see the wonderful illumination of the Fair grounds that night.

On Saturday morning the association met for the last time to dispose of the business which remained from the protracted session of the previous day and to hear a discussion on "The Desirability of a National University". As the two speakers, Mrs. Sewall of Indianapolis and President Thwing of Western Reserve, were agreed as to the desirability, there was none of the excitement of debate. Even the truant alumnæ who went to Niagara Falls that morning, did not fail to return for the luncheon which was given the association by the Twentieth Century Club, at which we could meet in the pleasantest way old friends and new, and could return thanks to our hostesses and to the Buffalo Branch Association of Collegiate Alumnæ for their excellent management and unfailing kindness.

HARRIET A. BOYD '92.

The Smith College Club of Kansas City presented W. S. Gilbert's comedy, "Engaged", in Music Hall, Kansas City, November 16, for the benefit of the \$100,000 Fund. The cast was made up of members of the club and several visiting alumnæ.

The program included also piano solos by Clara McDonald '96 and Myra Smith 1900, a Scotch song by Ruth Jenkins '97, and "Fair Smith", sung by all, at the close of the program. The ushers, who wore white gowns and carried the familiar white ribbon wand, were Mary Taggart and Caroline Taylor 1900, Bertha Sumner and Louise Harris 1901, Katharine Criley and Georgia Hollinger '99, Mrs. J. F. Downing (J. E. Burnham) '90, Theo Martin 1902, and Winifred Lombard 1904. The room was decorated in white, and was well filled by alumnæ and their women guests. The club has been organized very recently and numbers but twenty-four, so they feel well pleased at the success of their entertainment, which gave evident pleasure and satisfaction to the audience and netted \$275 for the Fund.

The Boston Association of Smith College Alumnæ has held two meetings this year. The first, October 5, was held for the purpose of rousing everyone to most strenuous efforts for the \$100,000 Fund, and was addressed by Miss Caverno and Mrs. Clarke, chairman of the general committee. On November 7 a reception was given by the Association to the 1901 girls of the vicinity. The President, Mrs. Alice Buswell Towle '89, received with the other officers of the Association and Ellen Emerson 1901. During the afternoon Mrs. Abbie Seelye Scudder sang several songs.

Owing to the risk of sending money through the mails at Christmas time, both individuals and committees are urgently requested to hold over their

Report of the
Smith College Alumnæ Committee
for the \$100,000 Fund

returns until after the holiday season. No figures will be reported in the January *Monthly*. Returns for the February report should be made before January 25. The different

committees have now sent in the names of all alumnæ who can best be reached from the local centers agreed upon last summer. There still remain, however, many who neither come under one of these divisions nor belong to

branch associations. It has been thought best, therefore, to appoint solicitors, one from each class, who shall be responsible for these scattering names. With this provision, every alumna will have an opportunity to keep in touch with the work and contribute her share. A list of these class solicitors will be found in the *Monthly* for January.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE, Chairman.

MARY VAILL TALMAGE,

GRACE A. HUBBARD.

December 1, 1901.

PAYMENTS AND PLEDGES TO DATE, NOVEMBER 25, 1901.

Class.	Paid.	Pledged.	Total.	
1879	\$10 00	\$75 00	\$85 00	
1880		75 00	75 00	
1881	166 00	25 00	191 00	
1882	20 00	85 00	105 00	
1883	51 75	100 00	151 75	
1884	80 00	40 00	120 00	
1885	310 00	5 00	315 00	
1886	100 00	80 00	180 00	
1887	615 00	150 00	765 00	
1888	90 00		90 00	
1889	57 00	45 00	102 00	
1890	205 00	30 00	235 00	
1891	42 00	5,125 00	5,167 00	
1892	45 00	167 00	212 00	
1893	55 00	10 00	65 00	
1894	570 00	95 00	665 00	
1895	251 00	177 00	428 00	
1896	98 00	70 00	168 00	
1897	248 00	247 00	495 00	
1898	255 00	105 00	360 00	
1899	589 00	342 00	931 00	
1900	1,440 00	5,402 00	6,842 00	
1901	1,422 00	560 00	1,982 00	
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	
	\$6,719 75	\$18,010 00	\$19,729 75	\$19,729 75
From Alumnae Association,				1,307 00
Amounts paid to Pres. Seelye or Mr. C. N. Clark,				1,500 00
From Non-graduates,				375 00
From Undergraduates,				550 00
				<hr/>
Total,				\$23,461 84

A book has been placed in the Reading Room, in which all alumnæ visiting the college are asked to sign their names. The list of visitors for November is as follows :

'95. Amey Aldrich	.	.	.	November 1
'01. Helen E. Brown,	.	.	.	" 2
'94. Elizabeth S. Dickerman,	.	.	.	" 4
'00. Minnie W. Foster,	.	.	.	" 8
'00. Mary Sybil Conant,	.	.	.	" 1
'01. Ethel Young Comstock,	.	.	.	" 1
'00. Mabel Milham,	.	.	.	" 5
'96. Alice R. Pierce,	.	.	.	" 11
'95. Jean C. Crowell,	.	.	.	" 15
'96. Lotta A. Casler,	.	.	.	" 11
'97. Josephine D. Sewall,	.	.	.	" 13
'94. Grace Smith Jones,	.	.	.	" 15
'99. Eva Sophie Forté,	.	.	.	" 15
'01. Mary Seelye Hunter,	.	.	.	" 15
'01. Rosamund Hull,	.	.	.	" 16
'00. Fannie Kingsley,	.	.	.	" 16
'00. Marion H. Smith,	.	.	.	" 16
'01. Mary Franklin Barrett,	.	.	.	" 16
'94. Mabel L. Merriman,	.	.	.	" 17
'93. Susan M. Kelly,	.	.	.	" 20
'94. Lucy I. Lamb,	.	.	.	" 20
'95. Derfla Howes Collins,	.	.	.	" 23
'96. Elisabeth W. Stone,	.	.	.	" 23
'97. Katherine Priest Crane,	.	.	.	" 25
'00. Katharine Ogden Fletcher,	.	.	.	" 25
ex-'93. Mina Ball Marsh,	.	.	.	" 27
'97. Caroline Tilden Mitchell,	.	.	.	" 27
'97. Clara Hunt Phillips,	.	.	.	" 27
'01. Clara Everett Reed,	.	.	.	" 30

The College Club of Philadelphia, of which Dr. Gertrude A. Walker '85 is president, and Caroline L. Steele '92 is corresponding secretary, and Julia C. MacAlister '98, one of the directors, devoted one of its six November meetings to an address by Caroline L. Steele on "Last Summer's Experiences in Asia Minor".

Alumnæ desiring tickets for senior dramatics next June. will please send their names to Ruth H. French, Business Manager, 20 Belmont Avenue, Northampton, Mass.

Contributions to this department are desired by the last of the month in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Gertrude Tubby, Tenney House.

'85. Mary W. Calkins has recently written an "Introduction to Psychology" published by the Macmillan Company. It was very favorably criticised in the "Outlook" for November 2.

- '94. Cora I. Warburton was married June 26, in Northampton, to Theodore F. Hussa. Address: 438 Park Avenue, Paterson, N. J.
- '96. Lucy Daniels was married June 20, to Mr. L. S. Doane. Address: 906 Grove Street, Jacksonville, Ill.
- Grace R. Lillibridge is studying French in Paris, where she will remain until next summer.
- '97. Katharine P. Crane is general Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association at Mt. Holyoke College.
- The engagement of Alice Tullis Lord to Mr. Edgerton Parsons of New York has been announced.
- '98. Marion E. Chapman was married June 20, to Mr. George Jacobus, Yale '95, of Garden City, Long Island.
- Rejoyce B. Collins is at home this year, keeping house for her father. Address: 1416 West 11th Street, Los Angeles, Cal.
- '99. Helen K. Demond was married September 25, to Mr. Albert Robinson, Superintendent of Schools in Warren, Mass.
- Florence Ketchum was married October 15, to Mr. William Rogers Westerfield of New York, N. Y. Address: 109 West 123rd Street.
1900. Clara Loomis sailed from San Francisco for Japan by the "Doric", December 8. She is going out under the Woman's Union Mission, to take charge of a girls' school in Yokohama. Address: 212 Bluff, Yokohama, Japan.
- Mabel Milham announces her engagement to Mr. Charles Kirkland Roys, Princeton '97, of New York, N. Y.
- Helen Story has been appointed reader in Biblical literature.
1901. Ethel Allison is teaching Greek, English, and mathematics in the French American College, Springfield, Mass.
- Gertrude F. Hall expects to spend the winter in New York, studying voice with Mr. Theodore Foldt. Address: 157 East 86th Street.
- Amy Stetson Jones has announced her engagement to Howard Crosby Rice of Brattleboro, Vt.
- Emeline Palmer will spend the holidays in Cleveland, remaining till about the first of February. Her address while there will be: 372 Bolton Avenue, Cleveland, O.
- Amy S. Pope is in the office of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, 26 Cortlandt Street, New York, N. Y. Home address: 438 West 23rd Street.
- Helen Shoemaker is at home this winter, keeping house.
- Elizabeth S. Wilson is assisting in the chemical laboratory at Friends' Select School, Philadelphia, Pa.

ABOUT COLLEGE

Among the criticisms which the modern college girl must face is the accusation that she is too lavish in her use of epithets. It is claimed that she treats both friend and foe much like geology specimens, tucking them away for future use after she has applied her neat labels in the form of clever word or epigram. However one may object to such a criticism in general, there are a few of these explanatory labels, I believe, without which the world would get along very well, particularly those that are neither accurate nor appropriate. To enter into a lengthy discussion of this subject would be profitless, and it will be sufficient to treat of one such title,—the word "crush", for instance.

Perhaps it would be as well to stop for a moment to define terms, since there may be, fortunately, a few people who have never heard of the peculiar significance of this college expression. A crush, according to the simplest definition, is a violent attachment between two people, and many would add, as a corollary, that one of these *must* be a freshman or sophomore. The duties of the two participants are as rigidly determined as if divided by mathematical formula. In the first stages of the situation, the function of the upper-class girl is to be as attractive as circumstances or natural limitations will permit, to receive innumerable gifts in the shape of candy and flowers, and to smile at all times upon her humble admirer. The duty of the latter, on the other hand, is to pay for said candy and flowers, and to be overwhelmed with confusion if she receive a "thank you" in return. A veritable crush does not stop here, and the next stage is more serious. It is the painful duty of the recipient of favors not to unbend too easily, in fact to appear actually unfeeling at times, while the adorer at her shrine gradually assumes the attitude of the love-lorn maidens in Dr. Holmes's classic tale, who

"Loathed their puddings and buttered rolls,
And dieted, much to their friends' surprise,
On pickles and pencils and chalk and coals."

The third stage of the crush is this situation stretched to breaking point, and ends with total indifference on one side, and mental and moral despair on the other.

Now it seems hardly probable that a sensible college girl is going to put herself voluntarily in a position of this kind, but in the case of the occasional exception, charity should at least keep her failings from public mention. Besides, anything as ethereal as a crush can stand the strain of absolute indifference on all sides far less than open condemnation, which tends to martyr making. Above all, do let us refrain from applying the epithet at all

times and under all circumstances. If two girls wander down the hall arm-in-arm, let us give them the benefit of the doubt. If a freshman goes into a senior's room, it may be only to inquire why Hannibal crossed the Alps as he did, or they may possibly be cousins.

To speak more seriously, the strongest friendships are not the product of a day, but gradual in their growth. All affection must have its testing time, its period of adjustment. Often it is at this crucial point that a whispered "crush" forces itself into public notice, and what might have developed naturally into a beautiful relationship is distorted or even destroyed. To apply such a term to a friendship of long standing, on the other hand, is manifestly unjust. In either case, the injury is too serious to be disregarded. We dare not dishonor the grand old name of friendship by replacing it with a term that at its best is the substitution of false for true and at its worst is sacrilege, since

"Love is too precious to be named
Save with a reverence deep and high."

HELEN ESTHER KELLEY 1902.

Let us begin with a supposition which you may at your will reject or accept as a working basis; and let the supposition this time be that the *Monthly* reflects the living interests of Smith College. But does

Faculty Notes it? The Alumnae Department, by throwing the burden of responsibility upon the branch associations, now chronicles the activities of the graduates, in organized bodies and as individuals. The undergraduates find their current events expressed in the About College department, which in addition tells us of those who come from the world outside to instruct, amuse, or visit us in an orthodox social fashion. Yet the graduates, the undergraduates, and the friends of Smith College are not concerned only with their own goings and comings, doings and undoings. Stand behind a table at an alumnae luncheon, a thousand miles from Northampton; read a letter from the president or some member of the faculty, telling what's a-doing in the college; watch the faces alive with a curiosity and interest that no conventional toast ever awakens; and you will then realize that the place of the college in the academic world, its share in the affairs of life, its contributions to scholarship, is the news, the real news of to-day. But who prints this news column? The truth is, our academic interests are taken for granted, our scholarly ambitions as a matter of course. Perhaps we consider ourselves too well bred to talk shop. The result is evident, whatever the cause,—an ignorance, quite general in character, of the nature and extent of these very things that give a college its reasons for being. Its various activities receive their power from its work academic; and this work is done by its faculty, now grown to so large a body that its interests can no longer pass from mouth to mouth. It is the intention of the *Monthly*, therefore, to describe from time to time in the About College department these living interests of the faculty as a body and as individuals; to keep undergraduates and graduates informed of writings and publications, of talks and lectures given outside our college halls, of contributions either in theoretic treatises or practical administrative work to all associations literary, scientific and educational. A word more is needed to fill out this introductory statement:

Miss Rumsey will gladly ask members of the faculty for information about their work; and it is hoped that their coöperation will be sympathetic in spreading the real news of Smith College.

Those of us who attended the meeting of the New England Association of Preparatory Schools and Colleges held in Boston in October last,—there were seven of us: President Seelye, Miss Czarnomaka, Miss Jordan, Miss Hanscom, Miss Cheever, and Miss Rumsey,—realized that Smith College is not an isolated institution among the hills, going its own sweet way in woman fashion. The subject for discussion at that meeting was the formation of a joint examination board for the colleges in New England. Two years ago this month, when the association of the Middle States and Maryland met at Trenton, that association under the guidance of Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler organized a joint examination board, by which students entering the freshman class of the colleges composing the association should take the same examination and receive a certificate from the board. The object of such a board is to bring uniformity into college entrance requirements and thus remove the practical difficulties that the schools now meet in preparing students for colleges asking a difference in kind as well as in amount in their entrance requirements. The idea of uniformity is to make all preparation alike as far as it may extend; so that a college requiring but half as much in algebra, for example, as another college, shall require that half from the same text-book, with emphasis upon the same subject matter, thus making it possible for students taking but half the algebra to be taught in classes with those purposing to complete the book. This joint examination board was put into operation a year ago, and the certificate of the board has been accepted by many of the colleges in New England as well as by those for whom it was lawfully organized. And now the question before the New England colleges for some months has been:—Shall we form a like examination board? At that October meeting, the committee appointed to consider the matter suggested several changes that should differentiate the joint examination board for the colleges in New England from that for the colleges in the Middle States and Maryland. These changes were talked over earnestly; but the real issue was passed over without comment and adroitly evaded, until President Seelye, in a speech incisive and convincing, laid bare the fundamental meaning of that report and forced the association to face it. Its message in brief was that no college admitting by certificate should become a member of this joint examination board. President Seelye's presentation of the fact that, should such a report be adopted, all the colleges for women and most of the small ones for men would be given no voice upon this matter or in time upon any other matter arising for discussion, was so convincing that when it was moved to lay this report on the table and to ask the committee, together with two representatives from each college, to reconsider the advisability of forming a joint examination board, there were but three dissenting votes.

This second conference was held in Boston about two weeks ago, the faculty sending as its delegates President Seelye and Mr. Hazen, the member representing Smith on the Commission of Colleges in New England on Admission Examinations. The question for discussion had in the meantime changed its form somewhat by adding an alternative, the possibility of uniting

with the Middle States and Maryland to form one board representing the interests of both associations. The opinion of the conference concerning the wisdom of making uniform the entrance requirements for college by further and accurate definition of these requirements remained unchanged. The advisability of forming such a board called forth a diversity of opinion. Harvard thought the plan impracticable, and that it was detrimental to its interests to be forced to receive a given set of papers, without the privilege of offering their own. Therefore Harvard, as well as the other large colleges admitting students by examination only, was opposed to the formation of a joint examination board. The certificate colleges, so-called, were divided in opinion, some thinking such a plan inexpedient, while others saw a distinct advantage to themselves through membership on such a board. Smith College, in the person of President Seelye, voted against the joint examination board, on the ground that if the feeling of the conference were not unanimous and enthusiastic in its favor there could be no advantage in such a union. The question of joining the Middle States and Maryland met with a similar diversity of opinion. About half of the colleges were averse to accepting such an invitation if extended, about one quarter favored it, and one quarter said "better wait a year". So for the present this discussion is at an end; it may however, be resumed at any time when the request of five college presidents authorize the chairman of the executive committee to call another conference.

The report laid upon the table in October, excluding colleges admitting by certificate from participation in a joint examination board, will never be taken from the table; yet its crucial matter, certificates, is to come before the college public for consideration from the same point of view from which entrance examinations have been looked at. In April last it was voted, at a meeting of the Commission of Colleges in New England on Admission Examinations, that "the commission recommend to the colleges represented in it the establishment of a board composed of one member from each college, to which shall be given the duty and power of receiving, examining, and acting upon all applications of schools that ask for the privilege of certification". This conference has not yet taken place; but in the near future Smith will again meet the representatives of the New England colleges to decide whether there shall be a joint board to pass judgment on preparatory schools and to take into its keeping the certificate systems of the several colleges.

The work that has been outlined makes clear the statement made at the outset that Smith College is helping to shape the ends that most vitally effect the academic body-politic. Nor is she neglecting her share in the interests that concern each separate department. In Boston, on November 16, was held the first program meeting of the New England Association of Teachers of English, organized to advance the study of English language and literature. Smith College was represented by Miss Czarnomska, Miss Jordan, Miss Cheever, and Miss Rumsey. The college is also represented in the administrative work of this new association by Miss Jordan as member of the Standing Committee on College Entrance Requirements. The meeting expressed by its size the interest that English has for pedagogues, and, in an earnest discussion, the opinion held about "The True Aim and Incentive in

Written Work". Professor Scott of Michigan University, Professor Damon of Brown University, and President Hall of Clarke University, were the speakers of the morning, who in turn narrowed their subjects to that always old and ever new dualism of form and matter in the teaching of English. What this new association is to accomplish, no one knows. Thus far it has brought East and West together to exchange experiences and opinions. And now we must stop abruptly because in the very nature of things there is no conclusion. Next month we hope to give further information of the college at large and its various departments.

OLIVE RUMSEY.

For three successive years those interested in French at Smith College have had the opportunity to listen in turn to three of France's distinguished writers, each speaking on a subject peculiarly his own: M. Rod, the novelist; M. de Régnier, the poet; and M. Deschamps, the critic. Those who were so fortunate as to hear these eminent representatives of literary France will count themselves doubly so this year inasmuch as they will have two instead of one of these rare opportunities. January 31, M. Mabillean, the well known professor, often spoken of as the orator of the Collège de France, will address us on "Les oeuvres sociales de la femme en France". Shortly after, on February 13, M. Hugues Le Roux will give his lecture on "Le roman contemporain est il la peinture exacte de la société française". Like the three lecturers first mentioned, M. Le Roux comes to this country in response to the annual invitation of Harvard University, to fill a place in the Hyde Lecture Course which is doing so great a service, not only to Harvard and its vicinity, but also to numerous other institutions, by attracting to our shore men who stand for the various phases of thought of an intellectual and brilliant people. M. Le Roux has perhaps excited most interest and discussion by his writings on sociological and educational problems. He has, however, published a number of novels and expressed himself in various literary forms where his vivid thought and vigorous style stand him in equal stead.

For many years Jules Lemaitre has been engaged in an energetic campaign for educational reform. In "Nos fils", published in 1897, M. Le Roux analyzes the condition and needs of French youth of the present day and emphasizes by weighty arguments the value of the theories advanced by Jules Lemaitre. In "Nos filles", published in 1898, he gives the same serious consideration to the present condition of young women in France, discussing not only their school education, but the subject of marriage and the suppression of the "dot", as well.

Colonization is another subject in which he is deeply interested, and in pursuit of which he has traveled quite widely. About a year ago "Le Figaro" published his series of most interesting articles on Algeria, in which he showed remarkable insight into the life and spirit of that colony.

Of all the brilliant men who have already come during the past few years, none has so peculiar and intimate a claim to the interest of educational institutions as M. Le Roux, and great enthusiasm can not but be called forth wherever there is opportunity to hear him speak. We certainly may count ourselves happy that we of Smith College are among the fortunate.

H. I. WILLIAMS.

The first of the house dramatics was given on Wednesday, December 4, in the gymnasium, when the Dewey, Hatfield, Haven, and Wesley houses presented "The Cricket on the Hearth". The selection of the play was daring, and caused some speculation and much apprehension before the curtain went up. All three acts were prettily staged and the costumes were good throughout, yet in spite of this careful management there was something lacking in the play. The acting was not striking in any particular case, and yet good enough, perhaps, to have made some other play entirely satisfactory. But the "Cricket on the Hearth" is the kind of play that can only be truly successful in the hands of a great artist. The action is subordinate, and the characters are all of the kind that have to be created. That seems to be little perhaps, yet it is a thing that college talent rarely, if ever, accomplishes. We are able to interpret, but not to create.

Caleb Plummer failed to dominate the play. He had none of the half-pathetic humor that Jefferson has given him; Alice Page would undoubtedly have shone in some less difficult undertaking, but her presentation failed for lack of creative power. Emma Otis as Bertha, the blind girl, was very good indeed, while Tilly Slowboy and Dot were really excellent. The play as a whole was disappointing, and particularly because one recognized that it was not at all the fault of the actors. The cast is as follows:

John Perrybingle.....	Clara L. Davis
Mr. Tackleton.....	Lucy Southworth Wicker
Caleb Plummer.....	Alice Page
Old Gentleman ..	Alice Laura Eastwood
Porter	Elizabeth Irma Telling
Dot.....	Phoebe Cook Smith
Bertha.....	Emma Heywood Otis
Mrs. Fielding.....	Margaret Ellsworth Gilman
Mary Fielding.....	Laura Gerould Paxton
Tilly Slowboy.....	Lucy Hayes Breckinridge

If any one were asked to classify the subjects of mothers-in-law, suburban life, the servant question, umbrella-borrowing, and the like, he would undoubtedly put them straight into the comic column, from force of habit. Under these circumstances it is perhaps a daring deed arbitrarily to transplant any of them into the staidly literal realm, but there seems to be some justification for doing so at present, with the umbrella-borrowing question.

When socialism rampant reigns to such an extent that one need never expect to know of what he actually holds possession, it will probably seem nothing out of the ordinary to gain and lose an umbrella each hour of a stormy day. At present, however, matters do not seem to have attained the true socialistic balance. It is exceedingly easy to lose an umbrella any hour one likes, but to gain one? That is quite a different matter—at least it should be, as affairs now stand, but there is a leakage somewhere. Wild conjecture suggests that an unknown admirer has merely acquired a longed-for keepsake, or that some one has the collecting craze; optimistic charity suggests that some one's umbrella must have looked very like one's own; pessimistic charity hints that the abductor must be subject to temporary aberration;

plain human nature grinds its teeth and groans "my seventh!" Any way one looks at it, the righteous are drenched, while the wicked flourish like a green bay-tree—under somebody's else umbrella. Put it as mildly as one may, forced loans are, at best, open and liable to interpretation, and as a rule, they do not foster brotherly love. It really would seem advisable hereafter to stop and carefully scrutinize our consciences and our umbrellas before departing in peace with either. Otherwise we may all be forced, in self-protection, to present ourselves at recitations somewhat after the fashion of Bo-Peep's sheep, dragging our umbrellas behind us.

An open meeting of the Voice Club was held at the Hubbard House, December 2. The entertainment consisted of a reading of "The Intruder" by Maeterlink. Seven characters were represented, each with a gruesome individuality, for the play is the record of an anticipated death. Dim candle light added to the direful effect, and the audience sat hushed at the conclusion of the play, in full sympathy with the effective reading of Miss Altheimer, Miss Egbert, Miss Freeman, Miss Peirce, Miss Manning, Miss Lauriat, and Miss Welles.

The annual Students' Building Fair has again been carried through successfully, in spite of the fact that during the early fall it seemed as if we were to be deprived of it this year. Last year the Northampton alumnae kindly took charge of the sale, the undergraduate committee not being allowed to give it unaided, since, in years before, the burden had proved too great in addition to regular college work. Last June the Northampton alumnae again cordially offered their services for this year's fair. Then the announcement was made about the \$100,000 fund, toward the raising of which all efforts have naturally been turned since then. Consequently it seemed for a time that the fair might have to be omitted, until finally it was suggested that we compromise and divide the proceeds. Half a loaf was better than none, so the arrangement was made favoring the Students' Building fund. One omission greatly to be regretted was that of the fancy table which is always so profitable. But the alumnae branches were too busy about the other fund either to solicit or contribute articles. With side-shows, salad supper, candy tables, and chafing-dish luncheons we tried to attract purchasers between the hours of five and ten on the evening of November 16. Miss Cornelia Gould 1900, was good enough to come back and give one of her inimitable lectures—this time on "Mere Man", after the style of Sarah Grand. Julius Cæsar was "repeated", and was as successful as before. The Biological "stunts" were very amusing, and a collection of college "stunts" under the management of Eda Bruné 1902, was another very popular side-show. Late in the evening came a spirited auction sale of most attractive posters and the left-over eatables. This Dr. Perry was kind enough to manage. The committee wish to thank most warmly the alumnae and all the energetic workers who contributed their services to the work of the fair. Even without the fancy table we cleared about four hundred and fifty dollars, of which a little over one hundred and fifty went to the alumnae for the \$100,000 fund and a little less than three hundred went to the Students' Building fund.

For the sake of those who entered college this fall, and also for all those who do not know the present state of the fund and the plan for the Students' Building, perhaps it would be well to give a brief account here. In 1895 a committee of seniors met to discuss the question of raising money to build a Students' Building. They drew up a constitution and agreed to work for a building which was to cost not less than \$25,000. In these few years the various committees have raised somewhat over \$27,000, as the accounts stand at present. Last June a site of land back of the Tyler House was offered by the college, where the building will be erected. During the summer three architects offered competitive plans. Last month Mr. Marcus Reynolds of Albany was chosen the successful architect. All the competitive plans were on a small scale, and Mr. Reynolds is now enlarging his plans for contractors to estimate upon. A number of members of the college, representing the various interests, will probably be asked to meet in due time to look over these enlarged plans and to offer suggestions as to modifications. At present there seems to be no reason why we may not start to build in the spring of this year, even if we are obliged to leave some parts to be finished or added later, as more money is added to the fund.

MAY WALLACE BARTA 1902.

A letter has been received from Mrs. Ballington Booth, asking if the students feel that they can respond as they did last year in giving a box of toys to be distributed among the children under her supervision.

S. C. A. C. W. Notice will be placed in College Hall, giving the time and place for the contribution, for those who wish to give.

Saturday, December 7, Miss Jouett attended in New York City a conference of the different colleges, to arrange for the conference next summer, which is to be held from June 27 to July 8, and at Lake George, instead of at Northfield as always before.

The Missionary Society had for its speaker in November Miss Sorabji, of India, and certainly every one who heard her felt that it was a rare privilege to meet and listen to such a woman. Miss Curtis was another visitor of last month, who gave a short talk at Vespers about college settlements,

The speaker at the open meeting of the Alpha Society, which was held in Music Hall on Saturday evening, December 7, was Mr. Norman Hapgood, the dramatic critic of the New York Commercial Advertiser. Mr. Hapgood talked about the American Stage, with delightful informality. In opening he contrasted the American stage, much to its disadvantage, with the stage in Germany, in France, and in England. In these countries the educational value of the stage is fully recognized; in America it is regarded solely as a means of amusement. Partly cause, partly effect of the position of the stage in America, the non-existence of a class of theater-goers among us was noted,—a class, that is, whose attitude toward the theater is serious, who do not regard it merely as a recreation. But the chief cause for the comparatively low level of dramatic art in America Mr. Hapgood finds in the absence of machinery by which really good plays could be put before people who not only could, but would appreciate them. Not only managers but actors are

imbued with the commercial spirit. Not an artistic but a popular success is the goal of ambition. It is this which leads to the continued production of plays absolutely worthless in themselves. In contrast to the tendency to count a play successful only as it has a long run, is the German custom of forbidding this very thing, providing very definitely that the same play shall be given only a limited number of times each season, and never more than two or three nights consecutively. Again in contrast to the average American manager, whose stock plays are invariably of this worthless character and who, if he does occasionally put on a good play, finds it a losing investment, to be paid for by more popular performances, is the position of leading London managers, such for example as Mr. Beerbohm Tree, whose success depends upon his reputation for presenting plays that are artistically worth while.

Despite his somewhat gloomy presentation of present conditions, Mr. Hapgood found some grounds of hope for the future of the American stage. In the first place, while the level both of appreciation and performance falls distinctly below the highest European standards it nowhere falls as low as it very frequently does abroad outside of the great cities. Furthermore, Mr. Hapgood insisted that there is plenty of material in America for making excellent playwrights, if this material could only be made available by more intelligent management.

After the lecture a most enjoyable reception was given by Miss Berenson at the Morris House, where the members of the faculty and of the Alpha Society had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hapgood personally.

ALICE EDITH EGBERT 1902.

We had the great pleasure of welcoming Booker T. Washington to the college on Thursday, December 5. He gave an informal address in Assembly Hall in the afternoon, in which he touched on the race problem, gave us bits of autobiography, and sketched a brief outline of the work done by Hampton Institute and its graduates. The college was unanimous and enthusiastic in expressing its hearty sympathy and good wishes for Mr. Washington and the noble work that he is doing in the South.

Mrs. Terhune, the superintendent of the Woman's Branch of City Missions of Brooklyn, spoke at the Vesper Service November 17, giving a brief account of her work in the slums.

On Monday evening, November 18, Dr. Frederick N. Scott, Professor of English at Michigan University gave a lecture in Chemistry Hall on "The Newspaper; and How to Read it".

On Tuesday evening, November 19, Dr. Brady spoke before his Latin classes and friends in Assembly Hall, giving an account of a recent trip through Sicily. The reading was illustrated by stereopticon views.

The Delta Sigma and Southwick Houses gave a very pretty and enjoyable dance in the Alumnæ Gymnasium on Wednesday evening, November 20.

At the open meeting of the Greek Club on Tuesday, November 12, Miss Boyd lectured upon her Mycenaean excavations in Crete last year.

CALENDAR

- Dec.** 14, Open Meeting of Phi Kappa Psi Society.
18, Christmas Holidays begin.
- Jan.** 3, Christmas Holidays end.
4, Junior Frolic.
8, Deutscher Verein : Open Meeting.
11, Alpha Society.
15, Morris House Dance.
21, Lecture by M. Mabileau.
- Feb.** 13, Lecture by M. Le Roux.

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The

Smith College

Monthly

January - 1902.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

Fair France—the land of sunshine and flowers and song, of drowsy hills and peaceful valleys—is a land of dreams. In it dwells a simple, happy people living very close to Nature; a people who are never stolid, are always contented, and sometimes imaginative. Now and then one of them sees a vision and is inspired. Such an one was Bernadette of Lourdes, when a few years ago she saw the luminous figure of the Virgin Mary on the mountain side; or Jeanne d'Arc who, while watching her flocks on the hot summer days, was visited by the archangel Michael; and such an one, too, was Stephen of Vendôme, the leader of the Children's Crusade.

Stephen was a shepherd boy, and when he had brought his flocks home at sunset he had been wont—ever since he could remember—to slip away to the house of an old man who had been on the crusade of Richard. There Stephen would sit spell-bound, until long past his bed-time, listening to the old man's stories of war and hardship and adventure, of Mohammedan and Turk, of the knightly Richard or the noble Saladin. Then one evening when Stephen went to the old man's house there was a stranger there who told of the last crusade under Bernard;

of how it had failed because of the wickedness of the soldiers, and how the infidels could be crushed and the Holy Sepulchre recovered only under the leadership of a knight far more pure and holy than any who had yet arisen.

The following Sunday Stephen went to the old parish priest's to hear him read, translating as he read, from that wonderful mysterious book—the Bible. He read and read, in a drowsy monotone, and Stephen began to grow a little sleepy, when suddenly one of the passages fixed his attention:—"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them." The priest went on, but Stephen stayed behind musing over these words—"and a little child shall lead them". How they rung in his ears; he dreamt of them, thought of them, even sang them as he led his sheep out to pasture. Then one night he suddenly awoke with a start and sat up on his straw pallet. He had seen himself sitting under a tree listening to the old priest as he read from a great book the words, "and a little child shall lead them". The priest stood; he was taller and more majestic, his robe became long and flowing, and around him there shone a light as, with deep solemnity, he said, "Stephen, thou art the child." And so it began.

Early in the morning Stephen began to preach his crusade of children; never once doubting that it was a crusade he was to lead. The people, well-nigh despairing of ever recovering the Holy Land, listened eagerly to this new plan, and because of Stephen's earnestness and purity, they flocked to hear him, and they believed. The priests encouraged the movement, the civil authorities made no effort to stop it, and in a short time thirty thousand children, ranging from seven to eighteen years of age, had collected around Stephen at Vendôme.

The report of the crusade spread rapidly and fired to similar action a youth named Nicholas down near Cologne. He had little difficulty in arousing the German children to enthusiasm and was soon at the head of a host of twenty thousand boys and girls.

The aim of these two bands was the same; namely, to proceed at once to Palestine and free the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidels. Their aim was the same but, although starting almost at the same time, they never met or joined

forces, and it is necessary to trace their movements separately.

The French children, under Stephen, started to march to Marseilles. The suffering which they endured can only be imagined; it never has been and it never will be told. We only know that, unaccustomed to the hardships of a long march; receiving neither aid nor encouragement from the towns which they passed and whose gates were invariably closed against them; once set upon by robbers and deprived of the few provisions they had; struggling against illness, hunger, and fatigue:—they finally reached Marseilles, having lost ten thousand of their number on the way. There they waited, expecting the waters of the Mediterranean to be cleft asunder so that they might pass through on dry land. They watched and prayed without ceasing, but it began to look like a vigil long and weary and in vain. So when two merchants offered to transport them in their ships to Palestine, freely and for the glory of God, the proposal was gladly accepted, and early one morning five thousand children set sail chanting "Veni Creator spiritus".

Towards the evening of the first day a storm arose. Some of the ships were lost, but the rest staunchly weathered the gale, and before many hours all was calm once more. For days they sailed on under the blue southern sky, hopefully and happily. They sang much; perhaps to keep up their courage, for they were only children after all, and children a long way from home. Then one afternoon land was sighted, and that night they could not sleep for very excitement. When morning came the sky was overcast and the boats went back and forth in a clinging mist, taking the children ashore. Ashore indeed, but not to the shores of Palestine. They were landed on the coast of Africa and were quickly hurried to the slave markets of Alexandria and Algiers, there to be sold into life-long slavery by the merchants—those merchants whom only yesterday they had crowded around, amid tears and prayers of thanksgiving, eager to kiss their hands or only to touch their garments. Such was the fate of the crusade of the French children.

In many respects the German crusade was different. In the first place Nicholas had neither the executive ability nor the magnetism of Stephen, and he failed to inspire his followers with the same singleness of purpose. Before his army—if we may call it so—had proceeded far, many of the children becom-

ing discouraged turned back home, and only five thousand reached Geneva. A little farther along they divided, one branch going to Brindisi, whence it set sail for Palestine and was never heard of again; the other and main body, going on to Genoa, which followed the precedent of the other towns and closed its gates. But finally, perceiving how the children were dying by tens and hundreds from exhaustion and hunger and disease, the senate sent out an invitation for all those who would give up the idea of going on a crusade; these might come in and settle, and this was done by most of the children. They went in and were given employment; many became wealthy and, according to tradition, founded some of the noblest families in the Genoese state.

Such in brief is the narrative of the Children's Crusade. It was hopeless throughout and an absolute failure, yet it is of deep interest for its inner significance. There is nothing which brings out more vividly the tendencies of mediæval society. In that day people who could think were either saints or scoundrels; the rest were sheep and followed. Stephen was a saint. He embodied the simple faith tinged by superstition, the deep religious fervor, and withal lofty ideals which characterized other leaders of the crusades. His influence was wonderful and not wholly to be explained on the ground that his hearers were ignorant. Not all were so. Many, it is true, were peasants, but in the ranks of his army there were also hundreds of children of noble birth. These children were carried away by religious frenzy and undoubtedly could not be restrained by their parents; but equally is it true that most of these parents, in their simplicity, sincerely believed in the divine inspiration of Stephen and were willing to endure bitter suffering and heart-break, that their children might win eternal salvation.

On the other hand, the Marseilles merchants are typical of the darkest side of life. Wholly unprincipled, selfish and sordid, seeking wealth above all things, they did not hesitate to sell for gold the five thousand little children who had trusted them. So we have the two sides in bold relief: simple faith and lofty forgetfulness of self on the one side; greed, treachery, terrible sufferings on the other.

There is still another aspect to this crusade:—the one revealing at this early date those very characteristics with which we are to-day familiar as constituting the fundamental differences between Latin and Teuton.

For while the French children, carried away by their hysterical excitement and buoyed up by nervous energy, kept onward Palestine until betrayed by the treachery of the two slave merchants, the German boys and girls on the other hand, starting out in the first excitement with the same aim, later, having tasted of the hardships and having had time to reconsider, were quite willing to give up the crusade and settle quietly and peacefully at Genoa.

Are not these the same traits we know in modern times? That nervous, irrational impulsiveness of the French which carries its victims to the wildest extremes; and the calm reason of the Germans which, if ever disturbed, quickly regains its balance.

As we look back upon this crusade, perhaps the most fantastic, surely the most impossible, of many similar expeditions, the tragic lines are softened if not wholly effaced, and we see the whole in true perspective rather as a pathetic comedy than tragedy,—or perchance neither tragedy nor comedy, but merely an incident in a great age—an incident which brought sorrow and desolation to thousands of homes, yet which on world-story left no imprint—even slight.

MARGARET WATSON.

TO A GIRL

Untempted—perfect soul, to us exprest
 In mortal loveliness, that takes the part
 Of the rose-glory, to proclaim a heart
 With heaven's own nectar blest,
 When wilt thou stir from out that small white calm
 To claim those largesses of loves and tears,
 Those sure heart-harvests of the coming years,
 And the final palm?

All that thou yet mayst be
 Lives now, to those that love thee, for there lies
 Thy largeness wrought for them in summer skies,
 Thy tenderness where brooding bird outcries,
 And in the mountain snows thy purity.
 The wine of many lives, that can not so
 Be poured again; the first fruits of young woe;
 The last all-pure ideals young love can know
 Even now are brought to thee.

Yet one great gift divine,
 O maiden, which is thine,
 All lightly hast thou used, and lightly cast aside ;
 Many have striven long
 To gain thy gift of song,
 And having gained it not, have died unsatisfied.
 Thou child, smiling secure in thy to-day,
 Knowest thou not these things must pass away ?
 Cherish thy jewel, then ; naught shall abide
 Of all thy pleasures, saving this, or stay
 To comfort thee against life's evening-tide.

Thou who hast dwelt
 Ever within a garden walled about ;
 Thou who hast felt
 No breath of evil and no sting of doubt,
 There cometh on his way,
 Nor resteth night nor day,
 An angel with the two-edged sword of flame,
 Who knoweth thee, who knoweth thee by name,
 Who from thy garden's grace,
 Who from thy resting-place
 Shall cast thee out.

O sister, sister, thine the tears must be,
 And thine the load no heart can bear for thee ;
 Yea, thine the bruised feet, the blinded eyes
 'That yet too clearly see ;
 Tremble thou must upon that alien ground,
 Where naught of roses save their thorns is found,
 Where phantoms of dead hopes, for butterflies,
 Hover thy heart around !

Thou canst not gain thy crown
 By looking down ;
 Look up in trust complete :
 God keeps thy feet :
 His wings are o'er thee, and His arm doth save thee :
 Sing to Him, then, with that sweet voice He gave thee :
 Despised no more, this angel-gift shall be
 Wings for thy weary spirit, raising thee
 Above all thorns and pitfalls, till the shadows flee.

They have an end,
 The wounds and tears, the tempest and the night ;
 And thou, with joyous new desires alight,
 Dost meekly bend
 O'er anxious brows, and bathe the weary feet ;
 Dost purely tend
 Souls sick to death, and aid with guidance sweet
 The steps of little ones, who well dost know
 The way that they must go !

Thou of the untried wings
 God bids thee rise,
 Rise, glorious made and strong, claiming the skies
 By right divine; nobly thy spirit sing—
 Having known the pain—
 Of ecstasy that conquered turmoil brings,
 Of gain
 Won out of the dim pathway ever trod
 By saint and seer, who, blest in sufferings,
 Well have descried the road that leads to God.

Thy portion is made sure,
 Love-worthy soul and strong,
 Who hast been faithful long;
 Truly mayst thou rejoice
 Whose welcome is secure!
 Lift up thy well-tuned voice
 And storm heaven's portals with thy victor's song!
 Take thou the place that waits thy spirit pure,
 And thine own part of praise in heaven's adoring throng!

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR.

THE PAINTING OF THE ILIAD

We were playing Queen Esther when the word came that Neil was wanted in the library. So of course he had to go, and that broke it all up, right in the most thrilling part, for I was queen, — generally I am not, for Freda is older and so she thinks that part belongs to her, but Freda was out dining with mother so I simply yelled, "I choose to be queen!" when Neil suggested we play it, so naturally Dorothy and Margery couldn't say anything. I am usually Haman, and it's perfectly awful the way Neil, who is always Mordecai, chokes me in the hanging scene. It doesn't say anything in the Bible about Mordecai taking part in the hanging, but Neil said he felt pretty sure that Mordecai wouldn't have let such a chance slip to see that it was done thoroughly, so I have to submit. Jay is always the king and he does it fairly well, though he nearly always forgets to hold out the scepter until Freda coughs herself black in the face trying to attract his attention; but then Jay is such a little fellow that one has to make allowances.

Well, this afternoon, with Neil and Jay in their usual rôles,

Dot as Haman, Marge as Vashti and Haman's wife,—we often do two parts,—and me as Esther, we were getting along famously. It had just reached the end of the banquet scene, the king was hopping mad and ordering the guards to remove poor Haman, who of course was shrieking and clinging to my skirts for dear life, when word came that Neil was wanted at once in the library. He got awfully pale at first, and I knew just what he was thinking of,—that old Iliad.

Father has a lovely big illustrated copy of it, and Neil and I used it for a painting book. We were tired of the store ones that have only stupid pictures of children picking flowers or swinging, so we thought it would be a good idea to do some really artistic work, and the battle scenes in the Iliad offered a wide field for original treatment. Father showed them to us one Sunday afternoon, so I knew right where the book was, and we spent a long time over it. I always painted Achilles while Neil took Hector. It was such fun seeing which we could make look the fiercest in their war-paint. They didn't have much on, so Neil thought it would be a good idea to fix them up with a few feathers like our Indians. We had worked the day before until tea-time and then we hadn't found a chance to put it back, so it came over Neil—I could tell by his expression—that he thought father missed it from its usual place and—well, we both realized quite suddenly that perhaps he wouldn't appreciate our attempts at decoration.

After Neil went, the play languished dreadfully; so we finally changed it into the daughter of Herodias dancing before Herod, because Dot can do the skirt dance perfectly.

Freda got home just as Dot was exhausted with her performance, and we were terribly interested hearing about her drive. This afternoon mother took Freda to the children's hospital, and Freda was simply wild about those poor darling children. She said mother stopped at the florist's and got some roses which she let Freda give, a rose to every child; and Freda said they were so cute the way they thanked her and kept smelling and smelling the roses, until they used all the smell up and the nurse had to put them in water to freshen up a bit. Freda was just telling about one little lame girl when the door opened, and Neil beckoned to me.

"Look," he whispered, and showed me a white box.

"What is it?" I cried.

He opened it and took out four fat red books. "See, the Arabian Nights, with pictures. Mine for my birthday. Don't you remember father gave me Macaulay's Essays, and you know I was disappointed, but father made a mistake. You see, to-morrow is Grace's birthday and he got those books for her and these for me, but mixed the packages up, and just now when he went to get Grace's present down, he opened it and of course found out at once, so he sent for me and asked if I had seen anything of them, and when I told him that he gave them to me he was so surprised and he told me to go get them and I did, and then he went to the big closet and got out these, and I guess he knew by the way I grinned that I didn't think much of old Mac's Essays, and he didn't say a word about the Iliad, so when they are all at dinner to-night would you be afraid to slip down and put it back? I would, you know, only I don't remember just which shelf."

Before I could say a word Freda called over to know what we were whispering about so long, so Neil went over to the window and showed them all the books, and they were just as pleased as he was, for our old book hadn't any pictures and was poor print, really a cheap book, while the new ones were simply stunning.

Mother came in just then, so Neil showed them to her and she laughed at father's mistake.

"If I had only been at home, dearie, it would never have happened, but Aunt Mary did want me at her baby's christening. Next time, however, I shall stay at home and see that my own precious babies get their right presents, so cheer up Dot, for yours is the next birthday we celebrate. Who chooses the story to-night?" she asked, as we all got fixed. Neil always lies on the hearth rug; Marge and Dot take the window seat, Jay climbs on mother's lap, Freda sits on the arm of her chair, and I on a footstool at her feet. We each have a night, as there are six of us to choose, and on Sundays mother reads us Bible stories. Neil always wants stories of battles, Jay likes animal ones, Marge and Dot never ask for anything but fairy tales, Freda likes mother to say poetry, while I always want stories about when mother was a little girl, for if you are named for your mother and look like her, and yet are so different, you want to know how the difference got in, so by hearing all you can of your mother when she was little and comparing it with

yourself you can soon see if there is any chance for you to grow up half as nice.

It was my turn to-night, so I asked for the naughtiest thing mother ever did, for I wondered if she had ever painted any of grandfather's books. Mother thought for a few minutes, then she laughed and told how once when she was a very little girl she was looking out of the office window in her old home,—grandfather was a doctor,—and just as some patients came in to see him an old colored man with a wheel barrow full of verbenas stopped on the other side of the street. Quick as a flash mother slipped out of the office door, across the street, and snipped the head off of every plant before the poor old man, who was asking the maid if the lady of the house wanted to buy any, could stop her. Then came the provoking part of the story, because mother couldn't remember at all how she had been punished.

It was such a short story that mother had time to tell us a little of her new plan. She wants us to save something each week from our spending money toward endowing a bed at the children's hospital. She explained what endowing meant and how much it would mean to some poor sick child to be taken care of and perhaps to get well and strong. Mother is going to give the bed herself, so I guess we only give the pillow-cases, but I didn't quite understand it all, only I know mother said she thought we would like to feel we had really given part of it and not have her just give it all in our names.

Then nurse brought in our supper and mother had to leave us to dress for down-stairs dinner. I couldn't eat very much, for I was just a trifle nervous at the thought of getting that troublesome Iliad book back safely. Then Neil kept making such mysterious winks and signs at me that I almost wanted to scream he could take it back himself. I asked to be excused before the others were through and I could see by the way Fraülein looked that she thought I was going to be ill and that she had better send for the doctor at once.

It was rather scary tip-toeing down stairs. I could hear them laughing in the dining-room, and in the library the lights were turned down low so that I had to feel across the room, and then just as I reached the right shelf and started to put the book up I heard such a queer rustly sound over in the darkest corner, so I simply jammed the Iliad in and rushed for the door. There is always one place on the stairs that I am afraid of. I know it

is very silly, and I told Neil, and he said he felt almost the same—so if he could, and he is a year and a half older than I, it isn't so silly after all for me to be afraid. It's the place on the wall on the first landing, right back of the tall clock, and close up to the ceiling. I can't help staring at it, for it simply fascinates me with expectant horror, for I am positive that a hand will come out and write, just as the one did at Nebuchadnezzar's feast, and then when the hand doesn't appear I am still frightened, for I always feel as if it would grab my ankle just as I reach the last step.

When I reached the nursery again, lesson-study had begun and Fraülein hates us to whisper, so I just nodded to Neil to let him know that the deed was done. He was working away like seven furies so as to have a chance to read some in his new Arabian Nights before bedtime.

Things went smoothly for a week, and then Neil had too bad a sore throat to go to school. Freda was practicing and the other children were up in the nursery having lessons with Fraülein, so when Neil wandered down to the library where I was playing paper dolls by myself, I hailed his arrival with delight. He had a flannel rag with turpentine on it around his throat, and he said it hurt to talk, so we got out the chessboard and had a game of chess. Neil thinks so long before every move that I almost grow wild, so I have made up a long story about the "Red and the White Queens" and I think about it while I am waiting for him to decide whether he will move his bishop or lose one of his pawns. Before we were half through the game Neil said his head ached so and his throat felt so queer that he thought he would go and lie down. He wasn't well enough to get up for dinner or for tea, and mother, instead of coming and telling us stories, sat in Neil's room all the evening and read to him out of his Arabian Nights. The doctor came in the middle of the night again, and I heard him say that Neil must be isolated. It sounded awful and I got to crying, for I couldn't bear the idea of Neil being put on ice. Neil's room is right next to mine, so mother heard me and she came in, at least she stood in the doorway. She said something about its being contagious so that she couldn't come near me. I told her what made me cry and for a minute she stopped looking so white and anxious and told me the doctor only meant Neil must be kept alone, that under no circumstances were we to go into his room.

Neil was sick for almost a week and he was just getting better when I began to have sore throat and headaches, only ten times worse than the ones he had. Neil only had mother and nurse to take care of him, but I had a real nurse from the hospital, and the one who wakened me up in the middle of the night to take milk and horrid medicines didn't look a bit like the one who washed my face and tidied up the room in the daytime, but then everything was so mixed up. Then the doctor stayed all night, and father, mother, and even gran sat in my room and stared at me in the most mournful way, as if I had been bad, and they kept asking the doctor for signs of encouragement. I thought it must be some nice fizzy drink and that they looked sad because he wouldn't let them have it. They all kept asking me if there was anything I wanted, and finally I said the Iliad. Then mother began to sob and said I was delirious, but father went right out of the room and in a few minutes he came back with the book under his arm and he gave it to me with such a sad smile. Then I went to sleep and I slept for ever so long, and when I wakened up they were all still sitting there, only they looked very happy, so I concluded that the doctor must have given them some signs of encouragement.

After that I soon got well again, only all of my hair had to be cut off so I looked just like Neil, and all of my clothes and everything in the room had to be burned, even the Iliad, and not until years afterwards did I know that father had been in the library resting on the couch the night I put the book back, and that after I ran from the room he got up and found the poor Iliad jammed in upside down, and that he wrote my name in the book and under it this: "Books are for use, not for abuse. They are our best friends and we must treat them as such."

ELIZABETH ROBINSON JACKSON.

THE VOICE OF THE SEA

One great star burns low in the sky
And over the ocean the moon
Moves still as the silent deep,
While the soft, sad voice of the sea
Whispers and dies away
Like the sob of a child in sleep.

Far, far out where the night is thick
And the sky bends low a sail
Drifts idly over the swell,
And a wandering breeze from the shore
Sweeps out into the dark
With the clang of a buoyed bell.

Past the rip of the harbor foam
The twinkling lights of a town
Are glimmering deep in the bay.
While the fishermen smoke their pipes
The faces of women are bright,
And the children laugh at their play.

Calm lies the ocean and seems to dream
As it crouches low to wait
In a hideous hungering glee,
And a sad low moan from the surf
Whispers and dies away,
The warning voice of the sea.

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE.

FRENCH-CANADIAN COUNTRY LIFE

In these days of the popular story of rustic life, it seems remarkable that so few as yet have seen the literary possibilities of the country life in Canada,—an existence far removed from that we know in the United States,—a life as quaint and picturesque as the prints of an old-fashioned book. As one sails from Montreal to Quebec, up the majestic Saint Lawrence, the scenes that meet the eye are a constant revelation. After one passes the noble summit of Mount Royal and the chain of hills adjoining, the landscape seems to have been planed down by some mechanical device; as far as one can see, there is nothing to break the level stretch of country, except here and there a lonely cluster of trees, and chains of wooden fences, crossing and recrossing each other in an endless maze.

Soon, however, one begins to pick out little low houses, usually black with age, and very like the quaint houses of Normandy and the French provinces; they are built so that each one fronts the river. The reason for this fact takes us back several hundred years, to the times when the country was still uncultivated,

and the Saint Lawrence was the only highway—in summer, for canoes; in winter, for sleighs. The want of roads was thus no disadvantage to the settlers who had built their houses along the river front. This system was also well adapted for defence against the Iroquois who, in their bloody raids, generally followed the course of the river. Each settler could fall back upon his neighbor; and as the news went on from farm to farm, the whole colony gathered together and stood to arms, until finally the “seigneur’s” blockhouse was reached. Even to-day the Quebec farmer speaks of going “au fort” when he means “au village”—a curious revival of those fighting days.

Little by little, the Canadian farmers divided and subdivided their farms among their children, giving each a portion of the river-front, with the result that one is bewildered by an endless succession of narrow strips of land, each divided by wooden fences; until it seems as if the fences covered more ground than the crops. This arrangement is distinctly anti-communal; and the villages are consequently noted as being, for the most part, long straggling lines of cottages, with no signs to show where one begins and the other ends, except the presence, from time to time, of a church spire, around which the cottages cluster a little more closely.

Each of the villages between Montreal and Quebec is very like its neighbor; each takes us back two or three hundred years into a life strangely isolated from the trend of modern ideas. The very names of the places impress us by their graceful beauty, by their sonorousness, or by the quaint legends and mediæval romances which they call up. Carillon, Pointe aux Trembles, Beaupré, Beloûil, La Lièvre, La Rose—a thousand others of the same kind—not only christen the land, but invest it with a wealth of poetry and tradition. Even where it comes to perpetuating the memory of famous men, what a sonorous ring there is about Champlain, Richelieu, Sorel, Contrecoeur, and Varennes! On the other hand, names like L’Ange Gardien, L’Assomption, Ste. Croix, and Ile Jésus, suggest the piety and beautiful faith of the Canadian country-folk.

The most significant fact in the study of these people is the way in which they have succeeded, amid centuries of war and radicalism, in keeping their character distinct and unique; in clinging to the faith and traditions of their ancestors. It is remarkable that such a barrier should exist between the French

Canadians and their English rulers ; that they should still have maintained a spirit of freedom and independence ; that they should have retained their ideal of representing Roman Catholicism in America ; that, finally, they should have clung to the French language and to French traditions with such tenacity of purpose ; and it is a fact that can be explained only by their vitality—the vitality due to their very origin. The hardy sailors of Normandy and Brétagne ; the sturdy farmers of Anjou and Poitou ; the soldiers of the Carignan regiment who had fought on every battlefield of Europe, — brought with them to Canada the spirit of adventure, of hardihood, and of bravery, which go to make up the perfect colonist. And the long dark years of their first history, — when they were encouraged by such men as Champlain, La Salle, and other “coureurs de bois”, when they fought with the strength of despair to keep the narrow fringe of straggling homes from the clutches of the bloody Iroquois, when they struggled and died to keep up the fight for the “Fleur de Lis” after the French king had abandoned his “few acres of snow”, — only served to develop the energy and admirable fortitude of the race. The French-Canadians have always fought for a faith and an idea ; and to this is due, in part, the preservation of a distinct national character.

When, in the slow sail up the stream, we pass the quays of each successive village and stop to take some stray passenger or load of goods, we find the dock crowded with a quaint assemblage. To these primitive people, miles away from any railroad, the passing of the steamer two or three times a week is an event of unwonted excitement. Every person in the village leisurely wends his way to the river bank, and gazes with open-eyed wonder at the host of English and American tourists who gaze back in turn from the deck of the vessel.

To these northern villages, an American — especially an American woman — is a continual source of amazement. They have not yet reached our era of short skirts, golf gloves, and endless freedom ; and they look upon these necessities of ours with a kind of disapproval which is not unmixed with a secret longing to dare to do as much.

If, perchance, a stranger disembarks, he is treated with the most respectful courtesy. Every one of these sturdy farmers, in his loose frock and wooden “sabots”, might rival the courtliest cavalier in grace and polish ; the stranger is greeted by

them with a quiet, unobtrusive courtesy which is the gauge of true nobility. Indeed, hospitality is the most noticeable feature of these country people. The humble beggar is invited to sit down and rest a little before continuing his weary round; he is refreshed by a glass of fresh milk or home-made wine, and with a few kind words of sympathy and cheer his lot is made infinitely easier.

In this part of the country one never sees the hurry and worry occasioned by the turmoil of our wear-and-tear American life. One is struck by the sense of peace, of rest, that pervades the very atmosphere. Our Canadian farmer is never in a hurry; he may be seen at any hour of the day reclining at ease in front of his lowly cottage, his pipe in his mouth, his wide-brimmed straw hat pulled down over his eyes. He has nothing of the awkwardness of the typical Yankee farmer; but his most careless motions are grace itself.

And yet it can not be said that he is lazy or idle: he generally manages to till the soil of his farm alone or with the help of his own family; he raises cattle and fowls to send to market; he cultivates his vegetables and tobacco; he makes his wine; he stores endless loads of hay into his capacious barns;—but he always has time to stop for a joke with his neighbors, a chat with the stranger passing by, or a period of blessed rest when he lets his eye scan along the rippling river, and he exclaims, “*Sacré! que c’est beau!*”

In the evening the whole family unites for a merry good time. The father takes a long box carefully down from the rafters and, the center of a respectful circle, he takes from it an old and squeaky violin; and when the ancient instrument is properly tuned the fun begins. The children dance to the fiddle’s merry strains; the women find time to laugh and gossip over their endless yards of knitting or crocheting; and the men tap their wooden shoes on the floor to beat the measure, until the playing is the faster and the merrier.

When the dancers are weary, all join in singing some sweet melodious song that still has traces of its French origin, like the faintness of a sweet perfume; it is the sad, plaintive melody of “*A la Claire Fontaine*”, a jolly rowing song of the Saint Lawrence, or the graceful tune of “*Vive la Canadienne!*” More often it is a hymn to the Virgin Mary, or the lofty Kyrie of the mass, for the Canadian is eminently pious.

It is only necessary to note the reverential raising of his hat as he passes a wayside cross; to see him reading an old worn life of the saints; to notice him teaching a little toddler to make the sign of the cross—if one wishes to learn how devoutly religious his spirit is. He has never suffered the terrors of incredulity; he reverences the faith of his fathers, and is quite content to tread the path their steps have trod. His little superstitions and childlike belief in quaint legends of antiquity do but lend an added charm to the naïveté of his undoubting soul.

He is little affected by the petty trivialities of life; like Wordsworth's Cumberland dalesmen, he lives very near to Nature's heart, he feeds his soul on the grandeur of the outside world, and he is quite content to let the bustling world slip by him. His pair of patient oxen is swift enough for him, and his existence, beautified by the breath of romance and tradition, is filled with peace.

ANNA MARIE LAPORTE.

SONNET

How can we sacrifice repay, in terms
 Of some dear giver's giving?
 The flame of love, that sears and burns
 The heart it fires with joy of living,
 Would fain consume its ardent foe
 Called gratitude; fain would not hear
 Of recompense, of profit, or fair show
 Of feeling, fawning smile, or heartfelt tear.
 Love, and love's service, wrought in pain,
 Needs not the world's acknowledgment.
 A life beneficent, its only gain,
 Is all faith asks as testament.
 Thus holding all love's gifts in view,
 To love, then, render love's best due.

RINA MAUDE GREENE.

IN AN OLD KITCHEN

It was a large old-fashioned country kitchen with quaintly-built cupboards, closets with fascinating nine-panelled doors, little-paned windows, and walls that were wood all the way up to the ceiling. On a high stool in the middle of it sat Kate, with her chin in one hand and a wooden spoon in the other. She was abstractedly watching a large kettle of jam which was bubbling laboriously on the stove.

"No," she said suddenly, "I will not. He is lazy," she pointed to her first finger with her spoon, "he is conceited," she marked off the second, "and he likes women. Three qualities which I can not endure in a man. I have always said so. No, I can not endure them. Moreover he is absolutely incorrigible—but I can't help—" She blushed quite pink and jumped up quickly to stir the jam. She stirred vigorously for a moment and the blush gradually faded from her neck and forehead, leaving her cheeks a pretty color.

She walked to the window and let the cool breeze fan her hot face. "Now it is perfectly certain that he will come over this morning," she said to herself, "and he is just conceited enough to think I shall be glad to see him. I wonder if Molly will tell him that I am making jam. Oh dear, what if he should come out here. I could not *stand* it." She smoothed her apron and tucked up a stray curl. "No, I could not stand it after last night, for I'm sure he will be just as foolish as he was then, and—" She picked a spray of the hop-vine which grew about the window. She smiled reminiscently, then added aloud impulsively, "Oh I *must* keep him off, for if he asks me I shall say yes."

Kate stopped short. What was that behind the big syringa bush? Heavens! It was! She flew to the other end of the room. Oh why had she done that! She could not hide in the closet. She had wantonly cut off her only means of escape, for to leave the room she must pass the kitchen door, and there he stood. She heard his step on the gravel, and—and— In des-

ration she flung open the cupboard door and violently rattled the dishes, her back to the intruder.

"Good morning," from the door.

"Oh, good morning, Joseph, you may put the eggs on the table. I shan't want any more for the week. I am very busy now hunting for something, and so you may just put the eggs on the table and I will pay you for them next time. You—you may just put the eggs on the table. Good morning."

The footsteps however did not retreat. Instead they came nearer. "Good morning, Miss Otis, I—" Kate turned quickly around.

"Mr. Hudson!" in polite incredulity.

"You did not notice me then as—" The same look was in his eyes that she had seen there the night before, but the corners of his mouth were drawn down and she knew that he was laughing at her, that undignified flight from the window, that feeble pretence of not knowing him. Her spirit rose and composure returned with it.

"Indeed, I am surprised."

"You see Molly told me—"

"Oh yes indeed, I see perfectly. Molly told you I was busy in the kitchen, and so you came out here after me. You supposed that you would be a help, I dare say?"

He started to explain but she cut him short.

"Well, upon my word, lack of assurance is not your failing." He had closed the cupboard door and was leaning against it. With head thrown back she regarded him from under her lashes. "I wonder if it is occurring to you, as it certainly is to me, that it is a rather peculiar thing for a man who has known a girl for but one summer,—who does not even call her by her first name."

"That can be easily remedied."

"Who has no business to call her by her first name," she continued unperturbed, "to come uninvited into that girl's kitchen and offer his worse than useless services as cook, of all things! And this by a man who has neither in word nor deed shown himself capable of one useful action during the course of an entire summer, who in fact has spent the entire summer in absolute idleness. By any possibility does it strike you as strange, is it the unique custom among graduates of Yale?"

She was bewitching with her pink apron, her pink cheeks,

the little damp brown curls on her forehead, and her scornfully tilted nose. Hudson took a step forward.

"I say, let's not talk about—"

"That's just what I was going to say, let us not talk. I am very busy and the jam might burn."

"But Katherine, I came to ask you —"

Kate began to hum.

"I came to ask you—," he repeated slowly and distinctly.

"Can't hear a word." She hummed louder.

"Won't you listen to me?"

"Can't. Busy." It was coming sooner than she had expected, and she knew in her heart that she would yield, but she began to sing beneath her breath, "No, no, — no, no," to the tune of "Captain Jinks".

"Katherine," he said in a low voice, looking straight into her eyes so she could not avoid him, "I want you to —"

She gave a little shriek and flung out her right arm. "Oh! the jam is boiling over." When she reached the stove she was laughing. Hudson was standing where she had left him, gazing at the cupboard door. She gave the jam three or four little pats to ease her conscience and furnish employment when he should look around.

In a moment he turned and sauntered to the table on which he sat down. "You don't really care if I stay, do you?"

"I don't really care if you stay, do I?" she echoed with righteous indignation. "For the last half-hour I have been trying to convey that impression to your mind."

"Well, to tell the truth," he continued pleasantly, "I don't want to stay. I came this morning to ask you —"

"Good gracious! When some men get an idea into their heads nothing under heaven can get it out again. Can you not see that I am not at all interested in what you came to ask me? You haven't any reason to suppose I should be, have you? And besides," she added in alarm, seeing him open his mouth to speak (perhaps she was a little afraid of his answer), "I should be quite sure to refuse anything you may ask this morning."

The young man smiled. "Oh, I thought," he began, and stopped to watch her confusion. He smiled again and continued in a conversational tone. "No, I see you can't do what I want,"—Kate's face took on a bewildered expression,—“and I am really very sorry. But I see of course how it is with all

at jam on your hands." Bewilderment was fast changing to blankness. "I remember how my aunt used to spend weeks together in the kitchen over her currant jelly and would never dream of leaving it except for meals. So I understand perfectly. You see I just wanted you—Oh, look out there. Isn't that jam boiling over?"

"What did you want?" said Kate, in a hard little voice.

"You are sure that the jam isn't burning? Quite sure? Why you see, I wanted you to come to walk."

There was nothing for her to say. She walked to the window and pretended to look out. Her mind was in a tumult. He hadn't meant it. He had been playing with her. She had been deceived in him. A scalding tear fell on her cheek. It recalled her to the situation and she turned quickly around.

"You see I can't go. And—and I am very busy." It was a pitiful attempt at her former manner.

Hudson sprang forward and seized both her hands. "It is true I did come to ask you to go to walk, but why do you think I wanted you? You must know it was because—"

She snatched her hands away. "Don't! don't!" she cried. "How dare you trifle with me! Do you think it kind? Do you think it gentlemanly? You listen to what you are not intended to hear, and then you take advantage of it and you come here to—to deride me."

"Me, to deride you? I couldn't do it. I wouldn't hurt you, I wouldn't give you a moment's pain for anything in the whole world. But it seemed the only way, dear, — won't you forgive me? You know I love you with all my heart, and if you will make a worthless fellow like me, why I would be the happiest man on earth. Won't you say yes, dear, won't you say yes?"

It was a muffled sound that came from some one's shoulder. It might have been almost anything. At any rate two people sat at least ten minutes on a big wooden settle in an old New England kitchen, and were extremely foolish.

"I feel like the leading lady in polite comedy," said Kate.

"Do you? How does this sound? Miss Katherine Otis as Juliet in the balcony scene?"

"Then you consider it a tragedy? Besides, you mustn't call me Juliet, in a pink apron. Spare my blushes."

"Oh I don't know that I should mind two or three."

Whereat the young lady obliged him.

"No," she said, "I am just Kate. And you,—not Romeo in the least,—you are Petruchio."

Petruchio kissed Kate.

"The jam is burned," remarked Kate.

MARGARET CLARISSA ESTABROOK.

WEHKLAGE

'Tis winter,—chill the icy blast
Howls and whines and whimpers
Through the leafless boughs.
And e'en the snow, with scurrying flake,
Though soft and warm, denies
The shivering earth to house.

A spirit, cheerless, far from home,
Groping feebly, cringes,
Tortured by a doubt.
O could it reach the smouldering flame
E'er 'tis too late! But lo,
The light of love is out.

Still shivering, crouching, agonized,
The blinded spirit, striving
Feebly and with bated breath
To form the sweet word "Hope",
Hoarsely utters "Death".

EVA MAY BECKER.

SKETCHES

WHITHER THY FANCIES?

Whither thy fancies, little white soul,
Dreaming here on my knee?
As close as floweret to the plant,
As close as leaf to tree,
As close as cheek to cheek close pressed,
So close thou art to me.
And yet thy fancies, little white soul,
Oh ! whither do they flee?

I fear thy fancies, little white soul ;
They bear thee far away,
And farther yet to regions strange,
Lit by more glowing day,
I see thee haste, and follow not,
And may not bid thee stay.
I fear thy fancies, little white soul,
That bear thee far away.

Wilt trust thy fancies, little white soul,
That bear thee on, so blind,
Through varied seasons seeking yet,
What thou wilt never find,
Searching in vain far-distant lands,
Hoping to greet thy kind ?
Yet trust thy fancies, little white soul,
Who knows what thou wilt find?

RUTH BARBARA CANEDY.

Business was in a horrible tangle that morning. Nothing seemed clear to me. I couldn't think consecutively or logically.

Twice I had tried to make a simple calculation, and each of two results had been in terms of Antoinette. There was no reason for this. She wasn't there at all.

Neither, to my regret, was anything that belonged to her.

"She is," I thought, "more remarkably tenacious of her gloves and handkerchiefs than any girl I ever knew."

I paused to wonder why this was.

"Stop it, you idiot," I said to myself and jabbed my pen into the ink-well so hard that I broke the point. I picked up a pencil and began again on my calculation. "If the United Street Car Company pays six per cent interest on preferred stock at sixty-seven cents a share, will it be possible for me to—call three times a week on Antoinette?"

"All right," I said to myself, "If you want to lose your job, keep on."

Just then Lawton came into the office. I hardly glanced up, but went on trying to straighten out that matter. Lawton calmly seated himself and lighted a cigarette. Then I did look up.

"Do you buy them at twenty cents a hundred?" I asked savagely.

"I buy them at just so much a hundred as I have small change in my pocket, see? You don't know good tobacco smoke when you smell it. What's your complaint this morning?"

"I'm thinking of arranging a day for visitors," I replied frigidly, "and putting out a sign 'At home, from four to five on Tuesday afternoon.'" This was Wednesday morning. Lawton leaned back in his chair balancing it on its hind legs in a way which would have led me to believe, had I not been familiar with this method of his, that he was about to break his neck and the expensive plate glass which surrounded my office. He sat there and regarded me quizzically, squinting his eyes like a sleepy cat and balancing himself with great niceness by making occasional smudges on the plate glass with his fingers and knocking up against my desk in the intervals.

"Look here," I said, "they rent swings in the children's part of the park. If you are looking for that form of amusement why don't you go out there? Here I've been up to my ears in business all the morning and you come in now when I'm busiest, and sit there grinning like a Cheshire cat. Don't you ever have to work?"

"Yes, but not so hard as you're doing," and Lawton swung his chair gently towards the desk and pointed significantly to the kodac picture of Antoinette which was half hidden by an official report under which I had stuck it because it interfered with business.

"Did you steal it?" he went on.

"No," I responded with dignity—"I took it."

"Indeed, same thing in my vocabulary."

"I took it with my camera," I replied and covered the picture up entirely with the report.

"I guess my word still applies then," Lawton laughed.

There is something peculiarly irritating to me about Lawton's laugh. It is positively disgusting at times. I pretended to go on with my writing, and took no notice of this particular outburst of hilarity until it had subsided into the grin again.

Then I said, "Is this just a treat you're giving me? If not, what did you come for any way?"

"It's this way, old man. You see the Jolly Hunters haven't given anything in a social way for a long time, and I've come—"

"Now look here," I cried, whirling around in my chair, "if you've come to get me to plan any more pleasure exertions for that old club, I refuse right now."

"Well, I didn't. Everything's all planned. We're going to have a tally-ho ride next Friday evening at seven, drive out to old Mr. Hunter's farm, six miles out from town, have a watermelon spread, and come back by moonlight."

"Well, I won't go." I began to write again, bearing down on the paper with great determination.

"That's all I came to find out," he said, letting the chair drop to the floor with a thump. He rose to go. "You're a nice Jolly Hunter, you are. Abnelt will take Miss Antoinette then. Good-bye."

"Don't be hasty," I said with more cordiality than I had hitherto displayed. It is queer how a speech like that of Lawton's can make a man shift about like a sand bank. Without entirely realizing what I was saying, I remarked lamely, "Perhaps I do owe something to the club after all."

"You did meet Miss Antoinette at one of its dances," said Lawton, "but I'll come in next Tuesday at your visitors' hours and tell you about the ride."

He went out laughing in that silly, tiresome way of his. I restrained myself with difficulty from shouting after him in plain terms just what I thought of him. When I was sure that he was really gone, I went to the telephone and called up 473.

"Hello," said some one presently.

I recognized Antoinette's voice at once.

"Hello," I answered. "Can you guess who it is?"

"Yes, but the fact that I can doesn't indicate that I'm particularly clever you know. I'm just in practice."

I was rather hurt. "I'm pretty busy," I began, "but—"

"Are you? Well, so am I. I'm making fudge to sell at the church fair to-night. I'm so afraid it'll burn. Good-bye."

"Hello, hello," I cried frantically. But no answer came. I rang the bell several times.

"Number?" shouted the central.

"473," I said.

"Well," said some one sharply.

"Look here," I began, "I want you to go with me for a tally-ho ride—"

"Well, shure I won't. I don't know ye."

I recognized the crusty tones of Nora, Antoinette's Irish cook.

"I want to speak to Miss Antoinette," I said, as calmly as possible. But I regretted that the distance and the peculiar construction of telephones prevented me from throwing the receiver at Nora.

"Oh! ye do. Hold the loine, then," she grumbled.

"Hello," said Antoinette in a surprisingly short time. Her voice was much sweeter this time.

I didn't want her to escape again, so I plunged at once into my subject.

"If you haven't had any other invitation, I want you to let me take you on a tally-ho ride the Jolly Hunters give Friday evening at seven," I said.

"If you only want me on condition that I haven't had another invitation, I can't go," Antoinette replied. For a different reason this time I regretted the distance and the drawbacks of telephones.

"I want you on any condition, I'll be up at quarter of seven for you," I said.

The line crossed here with that of a Mrs. Brown who was ordering shredded wheat biscuit for breakfast, and I was finally forced to go back to my desk without further conversation with Antoinette. I dropped a line to the President of the Jolly Hunters club to say that I would attend its next meeting with Miss Churchill as my guest.

The Jolly Hunters club is an institution the members of which do not hunt much, but make up for it by giving many entertainments and inviting the young ladies. They like us better, I think, than if we bagged more game and danced less frequently.

In spite of a long, weary Thursday, Friday at length arrived. The fact had developed in the meantime that we were all to meet the tally-ho in front of the club house, so I rode out on a crawling electric car, which finally, in spite of its slowness, took me to the foot of the hill on which Antoinette lives. I walked up very quickly, and there she was waiting for me on the porch. She wore some kind of a pink gown which matched her cheeks perfectly. In fact she looked so pretty that I wondered if all the other girls wouldn't turn right around and go home. But they didn't. Neither did Lawton and Abnelt, who were very much in evidence as soon as we arrived. In spite of the fact that we were all three most anxious to help Antoinette on the tally-ho, she never would have gotten up if she hadn't been extremely agile, for Abnelt in his zeal lifted her quite beyond the step. Then a regular scramble ensued. Abnelt stepped on my foot with one of his feet and swung the other up towards the step. But I was just a bit quicker, got my other foot to the step first, shook Abnelt off and climbed up triumphantly after Antoinette.

The tally-ho was apparently built on the plan that three is a company, for the seats were arranged for that number. I urged Miss Polly Baker, who was sitting opposite, to join us. But young Perkins, who was with her objected, and then Abnelt came puffing up and sat down by Antoinette. Lawton followed and took the seat by Miss Polly. His contribution to the evening's entertainment was a prolonged grin, though what he saw in the situation to call forth this continued manifestation of amusement, I couldn't discover.

Antoinette's manner would have been called perfection by the Ladies' Home Journal. She was equally cordial to all of us. She admired the tally-ho extensively and said she'd never known before that they had rubber tires. Abnelt nearly knocked me off the coach looking at the tires and he agreed with everything she said.

The guests gradually assembled, and we finally drove off, to the shrill accompaniment of a horn which was manipulated with great vigor by a Jolly Hunter on the box. Abnelt and Antoinette chatted pleasantly. Abnelt laughed at all his own jokes, but I should not have minded that if Antoinette hadn't laughed too. Lawton continued to grin. I sat in silence until Abnelt asked Antoinette if she wouldn't like to join a class in

Current Events which he was getting up, and she said she'd be charmed. Then I inquired of Abnelt whether he'd care to enter a class in manners I was thinking of organizing. He said no, not if I was going to be professor.

There was a silence for a few minutes, and after that Antoinette told Miss Polly Baker all about the last meeting of the Ladies' Parish Aid Society. She refused to say anything to us for a long time.

The process of eating watermelons by moonlight at farmer Baker's had all possibilities of romance removed from it by Lawton's grin and the presence of Abnelt.

When we got on the coach to go back, the Jolly Hunter on the box stopped tooting the horn long enough to announce that there was a prize watermelon of fifty pounds to be awarded to the young lady who drew the picture of a Jolly Hunter from a package of otherwise blank cards now about to be passed around.

A flutter of excitement followed. The girls were all anxious to draw at the same time, which occasioned some confusion. Abnelt applauded loudly when Antoinette drew the prize picture. It seemed he had painted it. He has a vivid imagination. The picture portrayed a youth standing, with his gun out of drawing, by a bag which from the way it bulged must have contained more game than the united efforts of the Jolly Hunters had ever brought down. Out of the top of this bag hung a chicken. At least it looked like one.

But Antoinette said that it was beautiful and that she'd keep it always in her memory book as a souvenir. Then the Jolly Hunter produced a monstrous, round, malignantly green looking watermelon from under the box and leaning down he laid it, tenderly and with pride, in my arms, which were not exactly outstretched to receive it. Then he made an extremely inappropriate and hackneyed speech about "sweets to the sweet", and that it was only "fair to the fair" that one of them should carry away a token of the club's esteem for them all.

Antoinette took a rose from her belt and threw it to him, and after that the unfeeling Hunter actually began to toot the horn again, but this time with an exultingly long drawn out note.

The rest of the way I sat holding the watermelon. It was too large to go under the seat, and Antoinette said it would never do to hand it back to the Jolly Hunter to be put under

the box again. It was slippery and very heavy. I thought of the hill on the top of which Antoinette lived, and which was too steep for the tally-ho to go up, and I mentally consigned the watermelon to a place where it would not have cooled.

As we got to the bottom of the hill I had an idea.

"It would be a good joke," I said to Antoinette, "just to leave their old watermelon in the tally-ho on their hands."

But no, Antoinette wanted her watermelon, her prize watermelon.

That idiot Abnelt offered to carry it up the hill for her, if I felt indisposed. I drew myself up with dignity and said that I felt indisposed for any assistance in conveying it wherever Miss Churchill wished it taken. I must have looked effective when I said it, with that fragile little fifty-pound melon in my arms. Then I rolled out of the tally-ho with it, and Abnelt carefully helped Antoinette out.

"We'll wait for you," shouted the Jolly Hunter on the box, "but if you tarry too long we'll sound the horn to remind you to come down." "However," said Lawton, "we'll remember it takes a long time to carry a heavy watermelon up a hill." And this time Lawton's grin was positively friendly.

Antoinette asked me as we walked up the hill if the melon was very heavy.

"No, not very heavy," I replied, rather uncertainly. Her question had surprised me, for I was just trying to decide whether I would be a hero or a martyr. But how is a man to be anybody, least of all himself, when annexed to a great green oblong thing like that? Antoinette went on to say what a good time she'd had and wasn't it an enjoyable evening! I don't know why my voice sounded as glum as it did when I answered, "No, not very enjoyable." Antoinette tripped over a rough place in the sidewalk, but of course I couldn't help her any with my arms full of watermelon. We walked on in silence. I shifted my unwieldy burden around in my arms and sighed. Antoinette sighed too.

"I know it is heavy," she said. When we reached Antoinette's porch I put the melon down and rolled it to the door. The sound it made as it bumped along was like theatrical thunder, low and muttering. We had a good deal of trouble finding the keyhole. But when at last we got the door open I gave the watermelon a slight kick, and it rolled on in the lighted hall

and started towards a side corridor. Antoinette seized her roving prize and actually sat down on it, laughing hard.

"How absurd," she gasped, "but it was nice of you to carry this up for me."

"Well, you wanted it, didn't you?"

"Oh, I wanted more to see if you'd do it," she answered.

This was more than exasperating. I leaned towards Antoinette and somehow I slipped on the small Persian rug, which I suppose must have caused the watermelon to roll with Antoinette. Anyway there was a great crash.

"Oh! I'm sure we've waked the family," cried Antoinette in a loud whisper.

"If they haven't been awake for some time, then the plastering is loose overhead," I said. Then I picked her up very deliberately and, before I abandoned the advantageous position thus obtained, I earnestly urged Antoinette to consider something, which, if she would just agree to it, would make an engagement that would be the most important fact Abnelt would ever have to announce in his old Current Events Club. Antoinette was demurring over this in a womanly way when on the evening breeze was borne to us the sound of a horn lustily blown by the Jolly Hunter. Three warning blasts!

"You must go," exclaimed Antoinette, "they're waiting."

This time it seemed as if the whole club was blowing on the horn at once. A vast series of commanding toots came up from the foot of the hill. Antoinette put her hand on my arm and tried to push me towards the door.

"Do go," she said, "they're simply rousing the neighborhood."

"Tooot - - - Toot!"

The horn sounded shriller every moment.

"I won't go till you say," I affirmed positively and firmly, "if they break their tin trumpet."

"Maybe I'll say to-morrow."

"No, now."

"Toot - - - too-oot - - - toot!"

"Yes, yes. Yes, I'll say anything if you'll just go stop them."

Then Antoinette accomplished a very remarkable thing and one which I have never since been able to explain. She managed to slip away from me and ran out on to the porch. Of course I followed her. Then before I realized what she was doing she brushed past me again and shut the door.

"Oh, Antoinette, do open it," I begged.

"The horn had struck a fierce minor key.

"I'm going to string the seeds of the watermelon on a blue ribbon and keep them always," said Antoinette, through the door.

"You have such clever ideas. Do open the door just a crack," I urged pleadingly.

"Will you go then?"

"Yes."

Antoinette opened the door a very little way. But it was far enough.

The notes of the horn were growing fainter. I tore myself away and rushed down the hill after the retreating sounds.

When I realized for the first time on reaching my own door that the tally-ho had gone on without me, and that I had walked home, what could I attribute this to but the watermelon?

LUCIE LONDON.

OUR MOUNTAIN HOME

When did we go to our mountain home?

I only know

That the hills were fair in robes of green,

That fragrant violets bloomed unseen;

And the nesting birds, 'midst a leafy screen,

Sang soft and low.

How long did we dwell in our sylvan home?

It seemed to me

That the mountain green wore a deeper shade.

The wild rose bloomed in many a glade,

And the songsters flooded the forest shade

With silver melody.

When did we leave our mountain vale?

The days had come

When the autumn red was turned to brown,

The goldenrod frayed her dainty gown,

Empty the nests in the tree-tops' crown

When we left our mountain home.

ELEANOR HENRIETTE ADLER.

There were three silver pitchers which stood on the heavy old mahogany sideboard in our dining-room. The middle one was the Crittenden pitcher, those on each

The Silver Pitchers side of it were the Preston pitchers.

My great-grandfathers William Crittenden and John Preston and my great-granduncle Francis Preston had been revolutionary soldiers. When the war was over, congress paid them with grants of land in Kentucky for their military services.

The Prestons and Crittendens had always been friends and neighbors, even in the old times when Virginia was a colony of England, and the ties were knit closer when my grandfather Crittenden married my grandmother, John Preston's daughter. The three pitchers had been given them by the three old soldiers, and we children always looked upon the pitchers as representing our ancestors and standing for the things they had accomplished.

We lived seven miles from town, right in the heart of the Blue-grass region of Kentucky. I was not very strong, so I did not have the same eager interest in the farm as my brothers and sisters had, and I spent much of my time alone,—with the pitchers.

One of my first distinct memories is of a hot June afternoon. The sun was shining through the long windows of the dining-room, its beams striking the pitchers, and dazzling my eyes with the reflected light. From outside I could hear the hum of the bees in the garden, the rich voice of old Isaac singing "Way down Moses". The acres of rolling country covered with the shimmering greenish-blue grass, darkening and shadowing as the breeze gently swayed it, might have been seen stretching out beyond the hedge which fenced in the home grounds.

It was then, I think, that I first realized the fascination the pitchers had for me, that I first realized why I crept off with my books to the dining-room, but I had no premonition even then of the influence they were always to have over me.

Most of my time I spent with the pitchers. When I did play with my brothers and sisters I always wanted the games to be based on the stories of the pitchers. "We will have the battle now," I would say (I always called it *the battle*), "and I shall be the hero of King's Mountain." Sometimes Will or Charlie would rebel,—they wanted to be heroes sometimes, they said,—

but I was firm. I was his namesake, so I had to play the part. The little darkies, our Mammy Keziah's grandchildren, were the British, and would run so vigorously that we had a hard time having a battle at all.

Some days we would center our games around the defense of Bryan's Station from the Indians, by a way-back grandfather of ours, or grandfather Preston's adventures after the battle of the River Raisin, but I think we liked the Revolutionary heroes most. All this was in my very young days. The influence of the pitchers was still with me as I grew older.

When I was nineteen the civil war broke out, and for a long time it was doubtful whether Kentucky would remain in the Union or secede. My father was loyal, and his influence was a strong factor in preventing secession.

I was at the University of Virginia at the time, studying law. All my comrades were strong southern sympathizers. It was a hard question which I had to solve. No easy task lay before a southern Union man. He must be against friends and kindred, he must sacrifice all for his country. I could not decide, so I went home.

My father told me with tears in his eyes—grim old man though he was—that my two older brothers had joined the Confederate army. "My son," he said, "I will say only this: follow your conscience; but remember you are responsible for right thinking as well as for right doing."

This ought to have been enough to decide me, but still I hesitated. The same old influence conquered my hesitation. Looking up, I saw the silver pitchers. What would their owners have done under these circumstances? They would have been loyal to family traditions, and so will I, I thought.

My father followed my glance, he looked at me, seemed to read my decision in my eye. Then he said, "Thank you, my son. I am glad a Crittenden will fight for the Union; will be, as ever, in the front."

Another pitcher joined the array on the sideboard. The American eagle was perched on its handle, the stars and stripes engraved on its side. It had been presented to my father by the Illinois delegation to the Baltimore convention over which he had presided. It stood for the work he had done to preserve the Union intact.

I joined General Thomas as volunteer aide. It was not long

before the battle of Mill Spring, my first engagement. In the pounding rush of our charge my thoughts went back to the time when we boys used to charge the pickaninnies. Now brother was fighting against brother, but still I was acting under the influence of the silver pitchers, seeking to imitate their owners, fighting for the right as I saw it.

After that I received a commission "for gallantry in action" and was with the Army of the Cumberland and the Army of the Tennessee. I was captured before Savannah, and the weariest months of my life I spent in those southern prisons. When I was in the Charleston prison, under the fire of our own guns, my oldest brother Rob came to see me. Poor fellow! he was about as badly off as I was as far as food and clothing were concerned. But I must not dwell on the horrors of that time. At last I was exchanged and sent home to die. No one thought I could live. My health was entirely broken down by the exposure and privations I had endured.

My father met me. "Are we going home?" I asked. "Our home is destroyed," he answered. "Morgan's raiders burnt it to the ground, and now I am living in the old law office. The slaves are gone, all except old Isaac, and,—" he seemed to understand my unspoken fear and concluded with a rather quizzical smile on his face,— "we still have the silver pitchers. Four years concealment in the family graveyard has not injured them."

Slowly I recovered, despite the croakings of doctor and friends. To be in Kentucky again, on the old place, my father near at hand, Blue-grass all around; the odor from the tobacco barns permeating all the air,—I could not help getting well. But I think what really charmed me back to life was the old, weird influence of the silver pitchers, looking down on me from their new resting place on the book-case top.

And they exercise that influence still, as I sit here by my study fire. The sleet beats against the windows with a patter not unlike that of the bullets which flew around us in old times.

I am far from Kentucky now. It has been my lot to dwell among strangers, a stranger in a strange land. It has been my privilege to offer my life once more for my country in her last war, the one with Spain, and to sacrifice my two sons,—it would have been far easier to die myself,—one at Santiago, one in the Philippines.

The fact that my father, my grandfathers, my great-grandfathers fought the good fight strongly, strenuously, has made my life more active too, has made my sons' lives also typical, and their deaths worthy.

As the shadows of the evening close in I mourn for my children who have been sacrificed. I wonder if, after all, there has not been a heathenish touch in my love for the pitchers.

The fire flares up, the pitchers on the tall chimney-piece glimmer against the dark oak background, again I am theirs.

The words my father spoke so long ago come back to me, and murmur to myself, "No, no, it is right after all, the pitchers have ever influenced me for right thinking and for right doing." And then the words of the martyr president come to my mind, "With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in."

LUCY HAYES BRECKINRIDGE.

THE LADY OF HUSHABY.

The Hushaby Lady will come pretty soon,
You'll want her to find you in bed,
So come, little child, from the bright-lighted room,
And after your prayers have been said,

I'll tell you about her, the beautiful one,
And her home in the pink of the sky,
How she comes down on earth at the set of the sun—
The Lady of Hushaby.

Away over there where the light's fading slow,
In the beautiful, mystic west,
In a garden where only the poppies grow
She lives in the Palace of Rest.

The poppies they cling to her soft, shining hair,
And chains round her white neck lie,
They are caught on the gown so gauzy fair
Of the Lady of Hushaby.

And every one has a wonderful dream
Contained in the crimson bloom,
Of sugar-plums, dollies, and fairies that seem
To tilt on the new horned moon.

She parts the clouds when the day is done,
 And glides softly down from the sky ;
 She comes to look on us, every one—
 The Lady of Hushaby.

She brushes a poppy across our eyes,
 If she finds us sound asleep,
 A second's pause, then on she flies,
 Leaving a dream so sweet !

Even now 'tis time for her I ween,
 To glide from the paling sky,
 So nestle here if you'd like a dream
 From the Lady of Hushaby.

FLORENCE JEANNETTE CLARK.

A peaceful, drowsy time anywhere is the cool of a summer's afternoon, and the breezes that ran away early in the morning, alarmed at the fierce blows of the sun, begin to creep stealthily back and play inquiringly in the tree-tops, to see if they have courage enough to come back and refresh the gasping earth.

And doubly peaceful is this quiet when the breezes waft the lowing of cows coming slowly from the pasture and lingering a moment knee-deep in the brook ; one hears the lazy bark of the collie that follows them, barking merely as a matter of form, and the twittering of the little birds in the vine.

The old man who sat upon the well worn porch of the village store had heard these same sounds for fifty years, yet they did not fail to give him some of their all-pervading sense of peace and rest. His chair was tilted back at an angle, precarious, to say the least, and his boots were placed at the maximum height consistent with his personal safety. His head had fallen forward on his chest, and a faintly smoking pipe hung loosely from one corner of his mouth, but his eyes only half shut showed that he was yielding to the influence of the August afternoon.

Suddenly the spell was rudely broken by an exclamation of astonishment. "Ef there ain't Rachel French up and out agin ! That do beat all—," and the slap which Uncle Silas gave his knee supplied the missing word. When the shock of the first surprise was over, he sat bolt upright, taking his pipe from

his mouth, to gaze in unveiled amazement at the figure in the blue sunbonnet just coming across to the post-office and general store over which Uncle Silas had presided efficiently as postmaster and store boy, respectively. Now it has been maintained by some that Uncle Silas slept with that pipe; but however that may be, the occasions upon which he had been seen without it were so rare as to furnish topics for conversation at all the social gatherings in the village, including the sewing circle. There was always a reason why Uncle Silas removed the pipe, and the unwonted act can be explained this time by the fact that, two or three days before, Rachel French had been reported dangerously if not fatally ill.

The little community had eagerly watched her illness, as she could be least spared of all its inhabitants. When sickness invaded a home Rachel was there before the doctor. Her knowledge of plasters, liniments, "yarbs", and like means of healing was considered almost divine by the small boy whose scratches and bruises she had tended. Then when the gaunt form of Death invaded a home, Rachel's soft voice and cheering presence did more to assuage the pain and grief than the less practical services of the old parson.

The first glance at her face told you that she was pretty; the second that she was beautiful. Yet with it all there was an expression of sadness, not gloomy but, rather, triumphant, as of one who has challenged the worst and fears it no longer, who has met a great sorrow and conquered it. For this woman was not one of the hundreds who considered war but a radiant vision, marshalled in to the sound of drum and trumpet and with only victory in its wake; but rather one of those unheard-of thousands to whom it is a nightmare of horror, accompanied by sounds of weeping torn from the heart, and, striving in vain to hide their hideous shades beneath the forms of glory, naught but Death and her child Desolation.

Though the smoke and cannon of the civil war had barely ceased, it seemed to Rachel much as if it had all happened centuries ago in another world. How well she remembered the day when the selectman had read President Lincoln's call for volunteers, and how on that evening Robert had told her that he had enlisted, so the wedding which was to have taken place in two months would have to be postponed two more—until the war was over. And then, with a bitter smile, she recalled how she had pictured to herself, Robert riding on a black charger, half

turning in his saddle to exhort his men, while with drawn sword he pointed to the retreating enemy, just as General Washington was doing in the picture over the sofa in the parlor. Then came the remembrance of vague accounts of battles, and one day she read, "1st Sergeant Robert Sanders, Company C, 13th Regiment Mass. Volunteers, is hereby appointed 1st Lieutenant, to rank from date, and to be obeyed and respected accordingly." Surely this was the first step toward the black charger and the drawn sword.

No news came after that until one day word was sent that after the battle of Gettysburg Robert did not answer the roll; so he had fallen fighting for the cause he thought right and for his country, which was the best thing that could have happened next to his coming home. Then it was that Rachel resolved that, although almost comfortless herself, she would devote her life to helping others bear their griefs, and from that time on she was a ministering angel.

It was strange how Fate had conspired to disturb Uncle Silas that afternoon. Possibly if it had realized his importance it would have been more careful, for its next caprice was unpardonable. Uncle Silas was dozing off again, just sleepy enough not to notice the sound of wheels on the gravel in front of the store, which to be sure was nothing unusual—when his name was loudly called; this again was not unusual, yet the old man jumped as if he had been struck by lightning, for as he turned, there running to shake hands with him was Robert, Robert left for dead on the field of Gettysburg, and Robert come to life again.

The next moment Uncle Silas was leading the young man up to the gate, through which the blue sunbonnet had just passed a few minutes before. Uncle Silas lingered a moment watching the man go up the walk, then, slowly returning his pipe to its accustomed place, he walked back toward the store, and you would have had to be very near to hear the low chuckle which he uttered every few steps. Possibly it was the thought that a cloud had been lifted from the heart of one he loved, but I am inclined to think that he was anticipating the effect which this story would have upon the callers at his store on Saturday night, and, as he is the only really important personage in Prince's Ridge, when I say that he is satisfied, there is nothing more to tell.

EMMA DOW ARMSTRONG.

A MEMORY.

"A note on the violin ;
A bit of sky, deep-blue ;
A bunch of violets, fragrance-steeped ;" —
Mean they aught to you ?

How came they to your mind ?
What chance unlocked the door
And showed to you my treasure-house,
Where I my memories store ?

Can you, too, see her stand,
Slender, white, all eyes ;
With deep-blue violets at her waist,
To lend her mortal guise ?

Can you, too, hear the soul
Enthralling cry, half pain,
She drew from the violin's throbbing heart,—
That wistful, yearning strain ?

Can you, too, see the blue
Of her child-like, haunting eyes,
Like the skies one loves the best of all,—
The star-lit, deep-blue skies ?

Ah, tell me, do you know her ?
It could be none but she !
And yet—No ! Leave her as she is,—
A memory to me !

ETHEL WITHINGTON CHASE.

EDITORIAL

It is a well known fact that the thing that belongs to us does not impress us as strongly as the thing that belongs to our neighbor. Probably it is well for us that this is true, for otherwise we would bound our achievements by our own narrow needs. So it can not hurt us to compare our own institutions with those of other colleges, in order that we may congratulate ourselves on some points, and emulate them in others.

In the face of the recent discussion which has come up in the Council, concerning membership in the department societies, it is just as well for us to see in what way our societies differ from those in other colleges. The most important general fact we might notice is that among men students the department society is not held in the high esteem in which we place it. In one college at least (perhaps an extreme case), the societies of this same character are rejoiced when a student *applies* for membership. Think of Biological or Philosophical in this kind of a predicament. It seems preposterous to us.

One of the fundamental differences between a man and a woman student is the fact that a woman brings a personal feeling into the whole matter. She is anxious to be in the good opinion of her instructors. If she fails in an examination she wonders what the faculty think about her. A man knows that the faculty don't think about it at all. If he has failed, he has done it not to the faculty, but to himself. It is partly this supremacy of personal feeling among women students that makes membership in the department societies seem so altogether desirable. With us, members are elected upon recommendation from the faculty for good work in the particular department which the society represents. Upon election we begin to feel that we have been successful, that the faculty approve of us. Then we try to make good recitations. Everyone has heard some member lately elected to a society remark,

"Suppose I should flunk, what would people think of me!" It isn't at all that she feels a greater interest in the subject.

Among men students work is done more generally for its own sake, and their department societies are a result of this spirit. While we are proud to have our societies on a little higher level, we certainly might benefit from an adaptation of their better spirit. Too many students among us consider that their work is of no account because they are not members of one or several societies, and too many who possess such membership feel that they can rest indefinitely on their laurels.

The scheme of limiting the number of department societies to which one student might belong would seem to have the advantage of fostering the spirit of work for its own sake, and also of maintaining the societies on their high level. Good work would be done without "honorary mention", and a real scholarly attitude would at least be approached. There are disadvantages in this plan, of course. Students might be forced to become members of the society which elected them first, regardless of a possible opportunity for preference on their part, and in case resignation was allowed, it would tend to force the smaller and weaker societies out of college. Still it is more than possible that these objections could be done away with by good management, or at least offset by the better spirit which would be introduced.

EDITOR'S TABLE

The characteristics displayed in college literature may almost be summed up in a phrase—the ability to do slight things well; and especially does the department of fiction abound in clever, smoothly written sketches, based on material hardly important enough to warrant the name “story”. One can read many pages of such amateur writing without becoming very tired—or very interested. Yet this facility of execution is not the most encouraging feature of student production, and one longs to see behind the words a suggestion of something big, powerful, even though it be unrestrained and awkward in its expression.

The Columbia Literary Monthly offers this month a story that does give in a certain indefinable way this sense of largeness. “Pippa” is, to be sure, the longest story of the month, but its length does not signify except as demonstrating the author’s sense of the importance of his subject, and his love for every detail of its presentation. The subject is only a stupid little sweat-shop girl, who has been led by her blind impulses to steal a doll from a pawn shop, and who meets in the police station her long lost, long dreamed-of mother, whom a like course of want and misery has led thither. The action is evidently as slight as that in a dozen other tales, but a broader conception and deeper sympathy are the cause of its longer treatment and greater impressiveness. The Columbia Magazine contains also an article on “Balzac as a Dramatist”, valuable for its thoroughness and the interesting subject of its treatment.

The Inlander, a monthly put forth by the students of Michigan University, devotes much space to football in fact and fiction, yet calls attention to the good quality of its more thoroughly literary material. The leading article on “Daily Journalism in American Colleges” is of interest, and is followed by an enthusiastic essay, modestly headed, “A Suggestion”, on the familiar subject, the Rubaiyat. The “suggestion” is unmis-

takably for the benefit of some previous writer, being a forcible repudiation of the term "Bohemian" as applied to Omar Khayyam; more interesting than this main point of the essay is the comparison between the various translations in English, illustrated by quotation. The *Inlander* contains also a bit of verse with a refreshingly youthful and sincere ring. It is entitled "My Wine":—

"Good old Earth, be thou my wine
Whence I quaff off draughts at will;
Till each sluggish vein of mine
All thy ruby juices fill.

"Leaf and bird and mountain dim,
Tease me with these sips divine;
Stay me at the beaded brim
Like a pilgrim at his shrine.

"Bid me leap and laugh and sing
Till the pulses dance with glee;
Till my very soul take swing
—Rhythmic grown—with loving thee."

Among the new exchanges received this year, the *Xavier*, published by the students of the college of St. Francis Xavier, New York, wins favorable notice for its attractive appearance. Its cover boasts a mistletoe border, and the following pages exhibit many artistically decorated capitals, and even one illustrated sketch, amusingly amateurish in execution. The magazine contains several very readable articles, among them a sketch of Bertrand du Guesclin, and this is the first of several articles on "Heroes of Chivalry". The figure of Du Guesclin, leader of the Free Companions, possesses much historical and romantic interest, and it is only to be wished that the *Xavier* writer had given us a more complete history of his hero. "An Idol of Clay" presents as hero a successful general who becomes head of the state for which he has been fighting, but, in the ignoble thirst for lasting fame, plots his own melodramatic assassination at the hands of a trusted follower. The story, though improbable, is vigorous and gives us cause for congratulation that the *Xavier* has been added to our list of college magazine acquaintances.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The Worcester Smith College Club was organized April 21, 1894. Only twelve were present at the first meeting, but at the end of a year the number of members had increased to twenty-seven, and now,

The Worcester after seven years and a half, we have forty-three Smith College Club names on our list.

The objects of our existence as a club have been two, to work for the college and to promote social intercourse among Smith women in Worcester. In the pursuit of the first object we devoted the efforts of our earliest years to the L. Clark Seelye Library Fund, contributing thereto four hundred and sixty-six dollars. Of this sum one hundred and eighty dollars was earned by a concert in December, 1895, by the Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs, who visited Worcester under our auspices. Fifty dollars resulted from a reading by Miss Agnes Repplier in December, 1896,—we had hoped for more but our hopes gaed a-gley in a blizzard. This dampened our ardor, and for a time we strictly withheld ourselves from money-making entertainments, preferring to raise two hundred and thirty-six dollars by subscription when, in 1898, the Library Fund called upon all its friends to make a special effort. But in January, 1901, we returned to our former method, and had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Waldo Richards read "Monsieur Beaucaire" and of sending the proceeds of the reading, fifty dollars, to the Smith Students' Aid Society. Now, like everybody else, we are working for the \$100,000 Fund, and hope that when June comes we may make a good showing among the "alumnæ and friends of the college".

With regard to our second object, the promotion of social intercourse, it is less easy to report, because here statistics and figures do not rise up to greet us. We have had plays,—for our own edification only,—social afternoons for ourselves and our friends of other college organizations, and teas every June and December for the Smith undergraduates and alumnæ in Worcester who were not members of our club. Besides Miss Agnes Lathe from Chicago University, and Miss Elizabeth Eastman from Wellesley, the following members of our own faculty have kindly visited us and talked to us on various subjects,—Miss Hubbard, Miss Jordan, Professor Grosvenor, and, last but not least, President Seelye, who came to us in December, 1899, and was warmly welcomed by everyone who could possibly manage to be present.

Undoubtedly we might have done more than we have done as a club towards fulfilling our ideals,—we hope to do more and not less in the future,—but whatever our shortcomings, we are at least alive and glad to be alive, like Blandina, who testifies

"That life's a prize
And all the mischief that provokes
Doubt in the matter lies in folks,
And that, provided folks are fit,
Life's not a failure, not a bit!"

MABEL REYNOLDS MOORE '94.

There was once a dear little lad whose choicest possession was a book containing a fairy tale about a beautiful princess pursued by a lion. There was a picture of the golden-haired princess with the lion in mad pursuit, and each morning the child's first act was to seize his book and look breathlessly at the picture, then to exclaim triumphantly, "The lion hasn't got her yet!"

In the first years after the establishment of women's colleges, there were so many lions in chase that those who had the interests of these institutions at heart, and who felt that the higher education of women was only in accord with conscience and in harmony with civilization, experienced a triumphant joy, akin to the little lad's, as the years fled, the college grew in grace and favor, and the "lions had n't got her yet".

To-day, the popular favor with which higher education is regarded manifests plainly the attitude of the general public and proves that the college girl has finally won recognition as a decided improvement upon the type of maiden which prevailed a generation or two ago—maidens charming enough, no doubt, but possessing the mental and physical flutter of a humming bird.

In the face of such approbation, we are not seriously disturbed by the few lions that are still after us. We hope to vanquish them in due season; in the meantime, their pursuit is interesting. The lamest one, I think, comes stumbling along heralded by Mr. Edward W. Bok. Mr. Bok asserts that the primary, fundamental duty of a woman's college is "to produce good wives and mothers" (to turn them out, one would judge, in the wholesale manner of an incubator), and he therefore criticizes our colleges sharply because they do not provide courses in cooking and housekeeping. One can imagine the tears in his eyes, as he writes in *The Ladies' Home Journal* that there are only a few of our small western colleges which have such courses, not one of the large eastern colleges makes any provision for these branches. We suspect that Mr. Bok is more conversant with his "Lucile" than his Matthew Arnold; the latter has had something to say in his definition of education which, for some time to come, will commend itself to thinking people.

That it is generally admitted that "civilized man cannot live without cooks" is attested by the innumerable cooking schools and domestic science courses existing in every large town. (In my own city there is even an institution calling itself a College of Domestic Science.) We do not ignore their endeavors or undervalue their work, but we do emphasize the fact that their aims and results are not to be included in or confounded with those of the college.

It may be interesting to those whom Mr. Bok represents to read the avowed aim of three of our leading colleges. I choose one from the Northeast, one from the South, and one from the West. President Seelye reiterated in Worcester, two winters ago, the statement we had so often heard him make in college, that the aim of Smith was to develop intelligent women, intelligent *gentlewomen*,—his acceptance of the word *gentlewomen* including not only the attribute of good breeding, but culture and character. His ideal Smith graduate, then, would be a woman of intelligence, refinement, culture, and character.

President Smith, of Randolph-Macon College, Virginia,—the only southern

woman's college which in 1898 was included in the official report of the United States Commissioner of Education as entitled to rank in Division A of colleges,—makes this statement in the yearly catalogue: "We wish to establish in Virginia a college where our young women may obtain an education equal to that given in our best colleges for young men, and under environments in harmony with southern ideals of womanhood, where the dignity and strength of fully developed faculties and the charm of the highest literary culture may be acquired by our daughters without loss of woman's crowning glory, her gentleness and grace".

And lastly President Thwing, of Western Reserve University, in an article in *Public Opinion* not long ago, gave as its aim the following: "To develop character and qualities, to teach one to think, to weigh evidence, promote power, enrich life, foster strength and refinement, secure clearness and comprehensiveness of mind and vision, to aid in subjecting impulse to volition, and volition to proper intellectual guidance, to infer accurately, to act wisely".

Taking, then, the openly expressed aim of these three colleges as indicative of all others, we find a decided unanimity of purpose, for although the southern ideal of womanhood holds that its "crowning glory is gentleness and grace", while the East and West believe it to be, rather, truthfulness and power and efficiency, four years of training along the lines of enrichment and discipline would tend to produce a woman who is charming, as well as efficient, in her womanliness.

Does not the college aim include in its possibilities all the characteristics necessary for the "good wife" and "good mother" as well as those for all other "good" women? Is not its endeavor that the girl shall grow into an intelligent, cultivated woman of fine character far broader, far more likely to result in the kind of woman the world needs, than if it tried to fit her for any one condition in life? A good wife she might be, without being either cultured or well-educated; a teacher of excellent method, and yet lack refinement; but let her be the intelligent, womanly woman our colleges aim and strive to make her, and whether she be called to perform the duties of housekeeper, home-maker, or professional woman, she will perform them well. An article which recently came to my notice has this extract bearing on the subject: "A man's college course is not supposed to be a direct preparation for his profession (Harvard has no course in the art of cutting kindlings, although the 'good husband' or 'good father' may very likely need the knowledge). An A. B. prefaces a thousand occupations. For a woman, too, it is a solid basis on which she can build as occasion serves. If she does not marry, she has a trained intelligence to enable her to render her life useful to others, and interesting to herself. And those who do marry and have the first opportunity of dealing with children's minds need more than rule of thumb to guide them." Cooking and housekeeping have their time and place, they may come before the college course, or after it, but they do not belong in it. Those four years are the girl's for just what the college offers—the culture and education she can get nowhere else. The assimilation of literary facts is not the only thing or the greatest thing gained. A more important result is the adjusting of the running-gear of one's character, acquired only by association with other natures; the broadening of outlook; the rubbing off of the sharp corners of individuality in the give and take of the wholesome college world.

But there are those who believe that the aim expressed has not been realized. Rev. Dr. Donald has given utterance to his opinion of college life for women in no uncertain terms. With a directness both unique and fascinating he says: "Personally, I do not like women's colleges. The moment a woman becomes erudite, as she does after the average college course, she becomes a blue-stocking, and apart from the rest of society, consequently, she does not accomplish the good she might otherwise. These colleges are not good for society." When the college woman reads this, she envies the Cheshire cat of her "Alice in Wonderland" days. Mere feminine smiling can not express her feelings. She rather wonders what graduates Dr. Donald has met; if, after an "average course", they may fittingly be termed erudite, there is a winsomeness about the idea which indicates novelty. But it is the calm arrogance of the statement, "these colleges are not good for society", that inspires one with awe; there is no saving clause, no hesitating "I think", no politely expressed doubt; the simple fact is stated with the assurance of one who presents an axiom.

If by society Dr. Donald means what the Sunday papers more or less felicitously term the "smart set" we agree with him, for although not all college women are apart from it, most of them being able at times to survive the intricacies of pink teas and to come unscathed from its various functions, yet it is a type of society which, on the whole, is not congenial to them. Life at a woman's college is the most democratic in the world, a great destroyer of snobbishness, and an admirable incentive toward definiteness of purpose. The graduate carries with her into life a breadth of view, a habit of judging people by their personal worth, and a simple sincerity which is not good for the maintenance of any purely frivolous society. But if by society is meant the world at large, and in particular the community in which the college woman finds herself placed, we believe Dr. Donald wrong, and that the result has fully justified the time, labor, expense, and talent expended in behalf of the college aim. It is to the *alumnæ* that we must look for results which shall have weight, and we have had now a generation of college graduates by whose work we may judge. It is pleasing to note in passing their love and loyalty toward their colleges; their work here has been indefatigable; they have equipped gymnasiums, endowed libraries, erected buildings and founded professorships and scholarships, expressing a fine recognition of the service they have received, and an earnest desire to have other women enjoy kindred benefits.

In 1882 the Association of Collegiate *Alumnæ* was formed, the purpose of its members being "to utilize their privileges in personal education, and to perform their duty in respect to popular education". It is impossible here to give a complete account of its work, but its circular shows that it awards a foreign fellowship of \$500 annually, makes a yearly contribution toward the maintenance of an American Woman's Table at the Zoölogical Station at Naples, and has a "council which awards certificates of fitness to secure more readily, for properly qualified Americans, the privileges open to women in foreign universities. The members of the association are exempt from certain examinations at Oxford University, England. In 1898 an appeal came to it from a high official in the government of India to place its resources at his

service in an attempt to reform India's educational system, while the statistics and data collected by it are constantly sought by educational experts." The association has secured evidence from seven hundred and fifty women, graduates of two years' standing, at least, relative to the health of college women. Their accumulation of facts was placed in charge of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics, which did the work of compilation. The evidence was strongly in favor of the beneficial effects of college life on health; but not content with proving this, the alumnae gave their attention to ascertaining what efforts were being made by different colleges to provide adequate physical training by advanced methods.

Two-thirds of the alumnae who are not married are teaching; a number of them have been studying the effects of amusements and occupations upon school girls, others have given close attention to the physical requirements of their pupils, most of them are quick to recognize what is best in new methods and intelligent in testing them.

Charles F. Thwing in an article "What Becomes of College Graduates?" says, "To a slight extent, women are teaching men in colleges open to both sexes. According to the census of 1890 there were then seven hundred and thirty-five women who were professors in colleges and universities. There are undoubtedly more now. They are giving to the cause of education, of culture, of higher civilization the same contributions which men in similar positions are giving. They are distinguished for their services as teachers or scientific investigators, they are to be found as presidents of colleges, as the leaders of great philanthropic movements, as those eminent in the application of scientific investigation to the problem of practical housekeeping. Their work represents the high water mark of civilization." A review of the reports of college associations in eight cities was made a few years ago, and I quote from it as follows: "It is interesting to note some of the ways in which college women who are not married and not teaching are employing their leisure time. It is the study of sociological questions which offers the strongest attraction to them. Believing that the future is to open larger opportunities to aid in the adjustment of social perplexities, these women are preparing themselves to meet what the years will bring, by a thorough study of economic truths. They are trying to understand the social question, and are experimenting with opportunities to make their personal lives tell upon that of their neighbors. One club, after two years' enthusiastic study, published a manual for housekeepers on such practical subjects of home sanitation as fall to the lot of all. Talks to factory girls on kindred topics was a part of its work. Another type of activity is represented by the college settlement, which is founded in the belief that only by the daily contact of one life with another can permanent, satisfactory influence be exerted. The question of domestic service has also received much attention, so that we seem justified in saying that college women have found in the daily conditions of their lives openings for the exercise of their stimulated faculties."

Not good for society, work like this? What other class of women in our broad land is both willing and fitted to render it a like service? Not good for society, colleges that mould women like Miss Chester, who is doing such a wonderful work among the mountain whites in North Carolina, women

whose influence has been felt in other lands besides our own? Take for example Dr. Howard King (Michigan University), who became eminent as a missionary-physician by her successful treatment of the wife of Li Hung Chang, then viceroy of China. He became so interested in her work that he built a hospital and equipped it for her use. She did more to introduce western medicine and surgery into China than almost any one else. The wife of Japan's former Minister of War was graduated from Vassar in 1882, and has had much to do with the progress of her native land. The wife of Crookshank Pasha of Egypt was a Vassar graduate, and has done much to enlighten Egyptian women. Miss Swift, who was one of the most brilliant Vassar women in '88, became major in the Salvation Army in London (the only American woman in such a position), giving strength, soul, and talents toward uplifting the lowest of her brethren.

The college woman has not held herself aloof from society or been shunned by it, but her influence upon it has been exerted in other ways than through the medium of "orchid balls".

A third criticism is one frequently made by Dr. G. Stanley Hall. In a lecture at the summer school of Clark University last July, he said: "College women marry in *far less* proportion than non-college women, and when they do marry, marry later. Fewer of them have children, and those who do so, have fewer." The percentages of marriage among college women, which he quoted, were unreasonably low, most of the estimations being from twenty to twenty-four per cent, although one result was given as forty per cent, if I remember correctly. There is a tendency among us to bow down to figures, as if they were infallible, but remarkable feats may be performed with them which are greatly confusing to the mind that seeks for enlightenment. Take, for instance, the statistics published last fall in the New York Evening Post, by Professor E. L. Thorndike, of Teachers College, Columbia University. Taking the *alumnæ* catalogues of Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley, he finds that fifty-five per cent of the graduates of the classes from 1880-1884 have married, but only seventeen per cent of those from 1896-1897. He therefore concludes that college women are marrying less and less as time goes on. The Outlook for October 5 exposes the fallacy of his reasoning thus: "If Professor Thorndike had taken the trouble to examine earlier catalogues, he would have found that as small a percentage of the members of the early classes were reported married *within four years of graduation*, as he now finds for the classes of 1896 and 1897." Again, Professor Thorndike concludes that "marriage is only half as prevalent among college women as with the general population", and he bases this comparison upon his prediction that only forty-five per cent of the recent graduates of Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley will be married by the time they are forty, and upon the census statement that ninety per cent of the female population at large marry by the time they reach that age. The Outlook again corrects him: "His census statement regarding the female population in general, while correct, refers to the population of the whole country, and *not to that of the sections from which most of the *alumnæ* come*. In Arkansas ninety-six per cent of the women are married by the time they are forty; but in Massachusetts—including the working population, who notoriously marry early—only eighty per cent of the

native women are married when they reach that age. The statistics of the classes 1880-1884 at Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley indicate that sixty per cent of the graduates will be married when they reach forty, and to this number ought in fairness to be added the non-graduate members of these classes who are married. It is safe to say that of the women who entered Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley in the classes 1880-1884 nearly seventy per cent were married when they reached forty. In other words, instead of college women marrying only half as frequently as other women in the States represented, they marry nearly seven-eighths as frequently, even in the distinctively women's colleges, and quite as frequently in the co-educational colleges." Many of the statistics quoted by Dr. Hall were no doubt compiled in the same irrational manner as those of Professor Thorndike.

Two other mistakes are frequently made in computing the percentage of marriage. We grant that college women marry late; it is, then, manifestly unfair to include in compilation those classes whose "time is not yet come", for their numbers so far exceed those of the earlier classes that they decrease the percentage greatly. For instance, Smith in 1889 graduated forty-four students, and in 1899 over two hundred. Statistics compiled in 1900 would not have been fair to the general average had all classes been included. Inferences, to be just, should be drawn only from classes that have been graduated long enough—admittedly—for their members to have married. Then, too, in comparing the percentage of marriage among college and non-college women it is contrary to common-sense to collect data from women of different social status, yet it is often done. Compare women in the same walk in life, half of whom are college-bred and half of whom are not, and one finds both as regards the number of marriages and the number of children that there is practically no difference. President Thwing published in the *North American Review* in 1897 statistics which he had compiled with the assistance of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae. They are as follows: "It is a simple fact that about fifty-five per cent of the women graduates of our colleges marry. Twenty per cent of all women who become of a marriageable age do not marry." A finding much more in accord with facts than the figures quoted by Dr. Hall.

To impute this tendency to later marriages wholly to the college training of women seems absurd. It is a recognized fact that the average age of marriage for all classes is greater to-day than it was two generations ago, and although social and economic factors have helped to bring this about, it is, undoubtedly, due in large part to education; but education of all kinds, that gained outside of college walls as well as that acquired within, and the education of men, as well as of women. So far as college graduates are concerned we have, on the one hand, the girl who, mature in thought, with many interests in life, is more critical of men than is a school girl. Marriage means more to her, is lifted to a higher plane, and has ideals to which fewer men attain. On the other hand, college men are not ready to marry at so early an age as formerly; some of them have become enamoured of unrestrained liberty and hesitate to tie themselves to family cares, others have acquired the habit of doing only what is agreeable,—have, in fact, become selfish and do not wish to give up the many little personal indulgences which would be im-

possible when the purse strings must be stretched for two. Financially, the average college man is not in a position to marry until he is thirty or more; the professional man can not enter upon his practice until he is twenty-six or even older, and to-day's advanced standard of living puts marriage a goodly number of years beyond that for him who must build up a practice, and who does not inherit money with which to support a family in the meantime. He simply can not afford to marry young—and until he can marry, the girl must wait.

But is the time or even the number of marriages the vital point? Should it not be, rather, their quality? The college woman at thirty has a grip on herself and on life, a freshness of interest which is often lacking in the non-college woman at that age. When she marries, she marries well; it is not she who fills the divorce courts, but the women who marry at twenty (an age approved by Dr. Hall). "If, therefore, the quality of marriage is improved by self-development, we need not worry if it is delayed, or sometimes prevented, for the marriages thus prevented would have been little worth having."

From the days of the apostle, celibacy has been considered an honorable estate; the American college has given us Lucy Stone, and it has also given us Frances Willard. Who shall say which of them has done more for humanity?

Yea, verily, while our colleges can inspire women like them, married and unmarried, we will believe in our Alma Mater.

FLORENCE W. SEAVER SLOCOMB '89.

In the progress of events, commercial and social, reciprocity has become the word of the hour. With due restrictions, this paper would utter a brief plea for reciprocal relations between two factors of society, representative of progressive American womanhood,—the college graduates, and those varied organizations for culture and social betterment, that are grouped under the generic term, Women's Clubs.

In the rapid and diverse growth of interests and occupations for women there has been a tendency to submerge certain fixed truths of nature and to substitute certain factitious standards of attainment. With hope and joy we note already the reactionary symptoms, bringing a return of emphasis on the primal inspiration and influence of the home.

In accord with the fashion of the day to accentuate the statistical and spectacular, the newspapers have exploited the committees and sub-committees, the petty jealousies and the conspicuous gowns, of that aggregation of "the eternal feminine", the National Federation of Women's Clubs, with thousands of delegates, representing hundreds of thousands of club women. In the refined, educated woman such advertisement awakens deep regret rather than rejoicing. Again, the ultra-zealous woman, who counts her club memberships by tens and her club engagements by the score, whose chief concern is to frame some new parliamentary law or "federate" some youthful clubs, represents, in her ambitions and manners, a type of woman for whom the college graduate has no affinity.

It is with a recognition of these deplorable aspects of women's clubs, with regret for their exploitation and their aggressiveness, that the appeal, nevertheless, is made for sympathetic and reciprocal services. Despite foibles and defects that arouse legitimate satire, this wide-spread women's club movement has been a potent means of individual education and, sequentially, has fostered domestic and civic betterment. Many women, with meagre resources and narrow interests, denied the chance of liberal education, have received mental enlightenment that has given them broader vision, and social encouragement that has awakened hopeful, nobler aspirations. In altruistic fields, women's clubs in all sections of our country have been marked agencies in social reform. Large and small clubs, alike, have encouraged and maintained free kindergartens, vacation schools, university extension classes, fresh-air excursions, and many other phases of educational and social progress. These reforms have been accomplished, with most surety and influence, by quiet, persistent expressions and patient, initiative effort. The women's clubs that have won the respect of the community, and its cordial cooperation in their purposes, are not the clubs where loud-mouthed harangues advocating suffrage and denouncing government are sanctioned, but they are permeated by a gracious, earnest spirit, seeking true culture for the individual and true helpfulness for the home and society.

To these inherent, sincere aims of women's clubs, to the mutual services here embodied, the college graduate ought not to remain indifferent or cynical, for she can both contribute and receive in large measure. In the first place, membership in such a club will widen her social horizon and standards. Primarily, there is the danger that the college girl, persuaded to join some existent club largely composed of older women, will enter in a spirit too critical to ensure mental response or sympathetic cooperation. Too often the extreme development of the critical faculties, during a college course, leads to depreciation, rather than appreciation, of many individuals and their work. The college graduate, though her isolated identity is fast disappearing, is yet too prone to take a prejudiced attitude towards men and women who are non-collegians, but whose life-experiences have given them well trained minds and noble souls. From such the college woman may learn the true distinction between knowledge and wisdom.

The older women gladly welcome the new-comer and her suggestions and initiative may inspire vigor in a sodden, dull atmosphere. If her attitude is in truth sympathetic, she will soon acquire new standards of criticism, new views of humanity, and will subtly note and gain that wise moderation and charity that emanates from the older women of fine mind and gracious presence. She will recognize that the older woman, who occasionally confuses should and would and does not say "been", has given her an entirely new conception of some trait of Romola or Hester Prynne, an insight born not from studying literary criticism but from reading George Eliot and Hawthorne with deep thought and life-experience. She is surprised to find that another member of this club, a seemingly insignificant woman, was a nurse in Cuba and reads Galdos and Valdés with ease and speaks French with an accent and facility which shames her own college course and travel abroad. An unassuming woman, who has never been outside her native town, except

or an occasional visit to an adjacent city, is a fine botanist and geologist and sends her specimens and drawings to two college professors.

In the second place, in a club, large or small, where opportunities exist for class work, the college woman will find a strong incentive to maintain the study habit. The women who enter profession or business after college days are over, whose lives are dictated by fixed purposes and regulated by definite tasks, escape that heart-eating vacuity of aim which so often haunts the girl whose exit from college means entrance into a quiet circle, to pass indefinite years as the graduate daughter-at-home. After the first weeks of respite from routine, she is sure to crave the sensations of college life, which please her emotional nature, and the studies which stimulate her accumulative and imaginative faculties. If she can enjoy the social, musical, dramatic, and literary privileges of our American life at its centres of culture and wealth, her days may be filled with engagements which, at least, preclude morbidity, but seem chaotic and unsatisfactory in results after the season is ended. To prevent ennui in a quiet home circle, or to correct the baneful distractions of city life, a college woman needs some definite, intellectual work. Reading in a desultory way, skimming the new books, and absorbing a few second-hand criticisms from lectures, will not conduce to brain culture.

If the higher education has accomplished its mission, it has left the college girl with many aspirations and plans for further study along the lines where climactic interest is centered,—history, literature, science, art. The elongated list of references, given at various stages in the curriculum, contain many books whose reading was deferred to those anticipated years of leisure when school routine should be ended. Often the methods of presentation of a certain branch in college are unsatisfactory, but the innate enthusiasm survives, and the graduate is determined to continue the study amid more stimulating conditions. It would be difficult to find many graduates whose plans, at graduation, did not include wide and deep courses of reading for the future. It would be quite as difficult to find, among graduates of five years, any large number who have accomplished, in a scholarly way, the reading which they planned. American women lose too easily this study habit. The difficulty lies in the removal of definite incentive and program. To continue one's studies, however strong the interest, in a home where varied duties and interruptions occur, to maintain definite hours for reading, with no goal beyond self-culture and indefinite service for others, to act as both teacher and pupil in a school of one, requires greater tenacity and aspiration than are granted to ordinary women. The interruptions increase, the incentive diminishes, unfulfilled plans bring disappointment, and the time allotted to study is kept less sacredly until it is finally abandoned to other calls. The study habit has become a memory.

Such experiences are losses, subjective and objective. We hear frequent appeals to-day for the resurrection of the gentlewoman, the home-loving woman, who is content "to be" rather than "to do". Such appeals are hopeful signs of the time and indicate a recovery from an extreme, transitory phase of women's education. In accomplishing this ideal,—"to be", to become an influence for graciousness and wisdom in the home,—the habit of studious reading, even if limited to brief periods, is a most valuable adjunct.

In America, where the details of housekeeping, in all their complexity and annoyance as well as their pleasures, are relegated to the wife, not to a trained retainer, the study habit will stimulate wholesome thought, will keep imagination and memory in training, and will preclude, in large measure, complete absorption in the petty anxieties which fret the worker in home circle, church, and social settlement.

While a large percentage of college women accept these truths as axiomatic, while scores of graduates are maintaining a high grade of mental activity along myriad lines, there are many others who, by their own confession, have relaxed all intellectual powers and are allowing their brain energies to dissipate themselves upon trifling, narrow interests. Their inquiry is, "How can we find time to continue our studies amid the whirl of home duties and society demands, that not alone crowd the days, but also devitalize the brain?" Two elements in daily life will solve the problem,—tenacious purpose and abnegation of lesser interests. An hour devoted daily to some definite study, will soon reassert the habit of mental application. The hour may be fluctuant, on some days it must be crowded out of the schedule, but when the interest has become a fixed habit, the omission of one day or many will not cause lasting discouragement, but rather determination to overcome obstacles and recover lost ground. Specific examples of prodigies, old or young, are often exasperating, yet they prove the possible application of these principles. A mother, with three small children, with constant exactions upon her services as hostess and church-worker, devotes an hour daily, sometimes upon the instalment plan, to reading German, and has reread, annually for five years, a Latin classic. Another mother, with five children, spends an hour daily in study of botany, and her little girl of six years is a charming companion on a walk, with accurate, joyful recognition of wild flowers and bird-notes.

Women's clubs offer definite courses for study along diverse lines,—literary, sociological, and other forms of current thought. Their programs are often too versatile, their methods too sciolistic, but their synopsis may suggest possibilities and stimulus for earnest research. The college woman can afford valued aid, by kindly suggestion, in stimulating a method that is more thorough and scholarly. At the same time, she may gain in recompense that alertness and mental stimulus which is more surely found in class work than in individual study. If the subject seems to her puerile and the treatment elementary, according to her standards of college classes, her opportunity is, not to indulge in satire and censure, but to elevate by sympathetic, modest guidance. Soon she will find the members of the class will coöperate in her efforts to reach a higher level. No mention has been made of the altruistic insight, the practical reform movements, or the opportunities afforded to listen to the noted speakers of the day; for such evident benefits of club membership need no expansion nor emphasis.

Within the radius of the smaller club or class-circle, may be gained incentives to assiduous study and opportunities for wide mental and social services. The many college women, in offices of influence in our women's clubs, will attest these privileges and reciprocal benefits.

The college woman can not allow her intellect to lie fallow too many

months. The daughter, wife, and mother can not afford to waste brain activity in vacuous, desultory reading as her only mental exercise. Exceptional is the American father or husband who does not foster, with pride and sympathetic response, all efforts towards mental growth in his household. Either by persistent individual study, or through classes for earnest research, the college woman may strengthen the mental life of the home, while at the same time she may expand and brighten her own horizon and adjust her efforts in the myriad demands of life, with better poise and less nervous fretfulness.

ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE '86.

Many an undergraduate and alumna has probably more than once been confronted by a barbarian with the statement that it is easier to get into Smith College than into any other woman's college. Such an attack causes the loyal Smith girl not only to become defensive, but also, very often, offensive. Many of us are not prepared with actual facts to meet such a challenge, and, in our valiant defence of our Alma Mater, indulge in rather sweeping assertions.

Let it be understood in the beginning that the point under consideration is not whether it has been easier in the past to enter Smith College, or whether it has been, or still is, easier to obtain a degree at Smith College, but whether the requirements for entrance are easier at the present time than those of other women's colleges. In the comparison involved, I have considered Wellesley, Mount Holyoke, Vassar, Radcliffe, Bryn Mawr, and Smith, and have been confined by circumstances to catalogues for statistics and information.

In respect to the subjects that all of the colleges will allow for entrance, the elementary, minor, and major requirements, when thus specified, have the same value in each. As for the actual number, Radcliffe leads, with Bryn Mawr next, while the rest have the same. These two are the only ones that do not admit by certificate, but they allow preliminary examinations of two years' and one year's standing respectively, while such division is not provided for by the other colleges when examinations are taken.

Although Radcliffe calls for two more subjects, she allows elementary work in place of the major and minor requirements of Smith. If, on the whole, the requirements of Radcliffe and Smith do not balance, the demands of Smith are greater. It must, however, be admitted that Bryn Mawr's requirements are the most arbitrary, and involve the most preparation of any woman's college.

Bear in mind that the amount and value of the work demanded by Smith is by no means less than that demanded by Wellesley, Vassar, Mount Holyoke, and Radcliffe. Moreover, its requirements are the most elastic of all. This fact is much to the credit of Smith; for it follows out in general the suggestions of the Committee of Ten and savors of twentieth century freedom, breadth, and progress. The requirements recognize intellectual individuality, diverse combinations of talent, and cater neither to a literary, classical, nor scientific aristocracy, but are democratic.

LILY E. GUNDERSON '99.

The Worcester committee for the \$100,000 Fund are making an effort to reach personally every alumna on their list. At a meeting of the club held in October with Mrs. Hitchcock, Mrs. Clarke gave us most helpful suggestions in regard to means and methods and greatly encouraged us by her account of what has been already done. We hope by February to hear favorably from all our members, that our contribution may represent the interest and work of each alumna and non-graduate.

For the committee,

MARY B. FISHER '86.

N. B.—On account of lack of space, two of the articles contributed by the Worcester Club for this issue are held over until a later date.

The Educational Committee of the Philadelphia Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae desires to be
To Girls who Want to Go to College of service to girls and women who wish to go through college or to do some college work. The following lists, along with general data, will be sent on application accompanied by a stamp for each: 1. The Colleges of the United States represented in the Association of Collegiate Alumnae. 2. Tutors of the Philadelphia Association. 3. College-Preparatory Schools of Philadelphia and suburbs.

*LAETITIA MOON CONARD, Chairman,
 3954 Pine street.

ANNA PALEN, Secretary,
 127 Harvey street, Germantown.

The usual financial report is omitted this month in the interest of other matters. Below is the list of the class-helpers who have so kindly consented to supplement the effort of the local committees to

Report on the Fund reach all members of the alumnae body. This list is not quite complete but will be filled out next month.

The committee is glad of the opportunity to acknowledge with hearty thanks two special gifts sent in this last month. One is the sum of \$275.50 from the Kansas City Club—the proceeds from a dramatic entertainment prepared especially for the Fund. An account of this entertainment was given in the December *Monthly*. The other gift is a check for \$59.41 from the class-book committee of 1901. This sum represents the surplus in the hands of that committee at the close of its special work and is to be credited to the general contributions of the class. The courtesy of 1901 in this matter is genuinely appreciated.

Since the last report Miss Ethel Gower '98 has become chairman of the New Haven committee, and Miss Alma Hoegh 1900, of the Minneapolis committee. All committees are now complete. Much will be accomplished, it is hoped, in the next five months.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE, Chairman.
 MARY VAILL TALMAGE,
 GRACE A. HUBBARD.

January 6, 1902.

*Miss Conard was graduated from Smith in 1894.

CLASS-HELPERS.

- '79. Mrs. Kate Morris Cone.
- '80. Mrs. Netta Wetherbee Higbee.
- '81. Mrs. Charlotte Cheever Tucker.
- '82. Miss Sophie C. Clark.
- '83. Miss Charlotte C. Gulliver.
- '84. Miss Elsie C. Tiemann.
- '85. Miss Mary C. Hardy.
- '86. Mrs. Lucy Wright Pearson.
- '87. Miss Helen Holmes.
- '89. Mrs. Alice Buswell Towle.
- '90. Mrs. Susan Homans Vollmer.
- '92. Miss Mary S. Nixon.
- '94. Miss Abbie W. Covel.
- '95. Miss Clara Parsons.
- '96. Miss Caroline R. Wing.
- '98. Mrs. Vera Scott Cushman.
- '99. Mrs. Blanche Ames Ames.
- '00. Miss F. A. Whitney.
- '01. Miss Ruth A. Lusk.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the reading room. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows :

'00. Harriet L. Goodwin,	.	.	.	November 22
'00. Ruth Albright,	.	.	.	" 22
'01. Mildred W. Dewey,	.	.	.	" 27
'92. Vida Hunt Francis,	.	.	.	" 28
'01. Marion C. Billings,	.	.	.	" 29
'00. Mary A. Weaver,	.	.	.	December 8
'91. Nellie Comins Whitaker,	.	.	.	" 11
'01. Laura S. Thayer,	.	.	.	January 8

Contributions to this department are desired by the last of the month in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be sent to Gertrude Tubby, Tenney House.

'88. Mrs. Margaret Osgood Hitchcock has moved from Newburyport to Worcester, where her husband is pastor of the Central Congregational Church.

ex-'84. Miriam F. Witherspoon is secretary of the Associated Charities, Worcester.

'86. Mrs. Annie Russell Marble, in addition to her home duties, is engaged in literary work. She has edited three volumes: "Hero Worship", "The Marble Faun", and a collection of "American Nature Poems", besides contributing occasional reviews and literary essays to the Critic, the Dial, the Bookman, and the New England Magazine. Her booklet, "Books that Nourish Us", was also published last year in the "What is Worth While Series".

- '86. Mrs. Kate Haggett Warren is living in Spencer, Mass.
- '88. Marion McG. Dwight sailed for Genoa the last of October, planning to spend the winter in southern France and in Italy.
Louise Husted was married October 24, to Mr. Church. Her address is Tacoma, Wash.
- '89. Mrs. Florence Seaver Slocomb is living in "The Standish", Worcester.
- '90. Louisa S. Cheever is instructor in the English Department at Smith College.
- '91. Katherine Mead is abroad for the year with her sister, Mabel Mead '01.
Mrs. Lucy Pratt Short is living in Worcester. Mr. Short is assistant rector of All Saints' Church.
Lucia A. Wheeler, a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, is practising in Worcester.
Elizabeth Williams is head-worker in the Rivington Street College Settlement, New York. Alice Hubbard '94 is her assistant.
- '92. Harriet A. Boyd has been appointed one of the three lecturers of the American Archaeological Institute this year.
Elnora W. Curtis is at home. She has spent several months abroad in travel and study.
Etta A. Seaver is teaching in the High School, Somerville, Mass. She and Rose A. Witham '95 spent six months last year traveling in Europe.
- '93. C. Isabel Baker, a teacher in the English department of the Classical High School, Worcester, is studying this year at Radcliffe.
Harriet L. Barrows, formerly a teacher in the mathematics department of the English High School, Worcester, is at home in Springfield, Mass.
Frances Wheeler is teaching Latin in the Classical High School, Worcester. She also holds the position of principal's assistant.
Mrs. Helen Whitman Walker has returned to Worcester to live for a year at her mother's home. Her husband, who is captain of the Fifteenth Cavalry, has been sent to the Philippine Islands.
- '94. Venila S. Burrington is living in Clinton, Mass., where she has given several talks on literary subjects before the Woman's Club.
Mary E. Sayward, who studied for a year at the Normal School, New Britain, Conn., is teaching in the biology department of the English High School, Worcester.
- ex-'94. Mrs. Alice Taft Bryant is living in New York City for the winter.
- ex-'94. Mary S. Holmes, M. D., is resident physician at the Isolation Hospital, Worcester.
- ex-'94. Anna G. Taft is a teacher in the public schools of Worcester.
- ex-'94. Kate Taft is conducting private kindergarten classes in Worcester.
- '95. Mrs. Helen Davis Burgess is working and teaching in the study classes at the Art Museum, Worcester.

- '95. Mabel H. Cummings is in Manila teaching in the family of Major Allen of the Constabulary Force.
- Martha Dutton is in Rome for the winter with her cousin, Vida Scudder '84.
- Anna Harrington, who was married to Dr. Nathan W. Green, March 16, 1901, is living at 258 West 59th Street, New York.
- Lucy D. Heald is teaching English in the High School, Springfield, Mass.
- Mabel Hurd was married December 21, to Mr. Allan H. Willett, instructor at Brown University,
- Elizabeth Lewis is teaching French history in the Brearley School, New York, N. Y.
- Kate Reynolds was married December 12, to Mr. Dudley Dean.
- Iva V. Smith has private pupils in music.
- Mary C. Stone, who taught for two years in Templeton, Mass., is now teaching in the High School, Shrewsbury, Mass.
- Constance Wilder, Mary Wilder '00, Margaret Wilder '01, and Lou Hosick '01 are traveling in Europe and expect to go to Egypt later.
- Rose A. Witham is at the head of the English department in one of the High Schools of Providence, R. I.
- ex-'95. Grace W. Wood is one of the assistants in the reference department of the Free Public Library, Worcester.
- '96. Alice L. Childs, who taught in Templeton, Mass., for two years, is now assistant-registrar at Smith College.
- Alice I. Hastings is at home. She is engaged in tutoring in Latin and mathematics.
- Catherine Sessions is teaching in the High School, Phillipsburg, N. J.
- '97. Iola M. Darling is teaching in one of the High Schools, Chicago, Ill.
- Florence E. Keith is teaching English in the South High School, Worcester.
- Mary A. Smith is studying at the New York State Library School, Albany, N. Y.
- '98. The engagement of Elizabeth B. Cochran to Mr. William E. Bliss of New York was announced on Christmas day.
- Elizabeth Keith Mullally is teaching Latin and Greek in the Vail-Deane School, Elizabeth, N. J.
- '99. Edith M. Burrage is at home, Lancaster, Mass.
- Miriam Drury is studying in Boston.
- Lily E. Gunderson is teaching in the High School, Holden, Mass.
- Agnes Mynter sails for Europe early in January. Her address for the next six months will be: care of Fru Rottie, Larslei Straede, 19, Stuen, Copenhagen, K, Denmark.
- ex-'99. Ethel H. Davis is at home. After leaving college she spent several months traveling abroad with relatives.

- '00. Clara L. Kneeland is teaching in Albert Lea College, Albert Lea, Minn.
Winifred Claxton Leeming has announced her engagement to Dr. Karl
Max Vogel of St. Luke's Hospital, New York City.
Ora M. Lewis is engaged in church work at South Lancaster, Mass.
Mabel L. Freeman is engaged in literary work in New York City.
Mildred Morse is living in Clinton, Mass.
Lucy A. Munroe is substituting in the English department of the Classical High School, Worcester.
Elizabeth Whitney is abroad for the winter.
- ex-'00. Ethel Sayles is at home, Millbury, Mass.
- '01. Ethyl H. Bradley is taking the course at the School of Housekeeping,
77 St. Botolph Street, Boston.
Katherine Carle spent the summer in England and is studying in Paris
this winter.
Alison Neal Locke is at home this winter. Address: 1718 Main Street,
Jacksonville, Fla.
Mary Clare Mullally is teaching in the Vail-Deane School, Elizabeth, N. J.
Beatrice Vrooman is abroad for the year.

BIRTHS

- '85. Mrs. Leonard Wheeler (Elizabeth Cheever) a son, Leonard Jr., born
July 20, 1900.
Mrs. W. H. Zantzinger (Charlotte Hungerford) a son, John Sheaff, born
September 19, 1901.
- '91. Mrs. Charles Lancaster Short (Lucy Pratt) a daughter, Mary Gardiner
Howard, born February 6, 1900, and a son, Charles Lyman, born June
28, 1901.
- '93. Mrs. Kenzie Wallace Walker (Helen Whitman) a daughter, Dorothy,
born October 27, 1900.
- '94. Mrs. William J. Long (Frances M. Bancroft) a daughter, Lois Bancroft,
born December 15, 1901.
- ex-'94. Mrs. Joseph Stebbins Bryant (Alice Taft) a son, Warren, born
March, 1900.
- '95. Mrs. Albert Starr Best (Marjorie Ayres) a son, Marshall Ayres, born
November 26, 1901.

DEATH

- '81. Agnes M. Lathe died December 20, in Boston, Mass.

ABOUT COLLEGE

The temptation to lie on a comfortable couch during recreation hours, and converse with congenial companions is ever—and may it ever be so—very strong. It would seem that it is strongest about this

Mid-winter Sports time of the year, when some of the fields of most interest to us—dramatic, social, athletic, or examinational—invite prolonged discussion, alike by their mysteries and their possibilities. But pending all this discussion, there is one phase of our college life we are likely to neglect—the side which is called to mind by the exercise card. That reminds us that we owe it to ourselves as well as to others to take outdoor exercise; so we look over the list on the card for those forms of exercise which are most pleasant and most suited to the season.

After investigating the matter, we are perhaps inspired to try skating. Once on the ice—well, who shall describe the exhilaration of the strong, swinging motion? A god might envy us our Paradise, when it is frozen over clear and smooth! Having once gone, it is easy to return again—it gets to have the force of a habit. It is only the getting in the way of going that is hard.

Hockey affords infinite sport and has the advantage of being feasible for both the good and the poor skater. The number of those of us who indulge in the game seems surprisingly small. Especially in view of the enthusiasm shown last fall for ground-hockey, we should expect more interest in ice-hockey, which is first cousin to it.

Such things as skeeing and snow-shoeing, which are said to require more of the true sporting blood than skating, are not so generally practised. This is doubtless because they are more impracticable; and though, in the case of skeeing, more exciting, still the amount of work in them seems larger in proportion to the play.

Finally we come to the most popular, practicable, and commonplace item on the exercise card—walking. Of course it is not a particularly dramatic exercise like skeeing or skating, nor yet distinguishing—we all walk and the majority of us think we walk well. But what it lacks in these respects, we are willing to overlook, because when none of our other winter sports is possible, it still remains to draw us out of doors. Walks are almost always pleasant. Then too the preparation requires so little time that we feel free to take them when our time is limited.

There are some who recognize the value of making walks the time for discussions such as were mentioned in the beginning—thus killing two birds with one stone. But all of us must recognize the value of learning to talk

on our feet to be gained thereby. At any rate, let us not allow this clear inspiring air, which we are so likely to appreciate during the dog-days of August—let us not allow it to pass by without having heeded its call to come out and play.

HELEN FLORA MCAFEE 1903.

Two items in the Calendar of the last *Monthly*, "December 18, Christmas Holidays begin, January 3, Christmas Holidays end", might suggest a total suspension of academic interests, a quiet as profound as

Faculty Notes that symbolized by the vacant chairs and empty desks of our recitation rooms in Seelye and in College Halls. But academic interests did not cease for the faculty; they carried their work by twos, threes, or tens, to New York, Cambridge, and Washington this year to exchange experiences with the twos, threes, or tens from other colleges and universities upon their chosen subjects of scholarship.

The meeting of the Modern Language Association of America at Harvard University, on December 26, 27, and 28, probably called together a larger number of Smith College faculty than any other single association meeting this holiday season. As the name indicates, the association represents the research work of scholars in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish language and literature. The association is so large that it has two divisions, the eastern and the central, meeting in the parts of the country which they geographically represent. The eastern division is, however, the older and in the opinion of many takes precedence in interest over the central. The German department of Smith College was represented at the meeting by Dr. Mensel, Fräulein Bernkopf, and Fräulein Schmidt. Dr. Mensel is a member of the association and often presents a paper at its annual meetings. This year, however, he is busy upon two articles for the *Journal of Germanic Philology*. The French department was represented by Professor Vincens and Mlle. Pellissier, the Italian by Signor di Campello. Professor Jordan, Miss Scott, and Miss Cheever attended the meetings in the interest of the English department. Miss Jordan and Miss Scott have been active members of the association for several years. Those who read the reports of the meetings of last year will recall with interest the fact that Miss Scott then read a paper entitled "The Book of the Courtyer, a Possible Source of Benedict and Beatrice". This paper at the time aroused unusual enthusiasm and was printed in the last issue of "Publications of the Modern Language Association". A glance at the table of contents of these quarterlies for the last seven years shows that Miss Scott has contributed four separate articles under the general heading "Elizabethan Translations from the Italian: the titles of such works now first collected and arranged with annotations". Miss Hanscom of the department of English Literature is also a member of the association and was present at its meetings. Miss Hanscom from time to time contributes to *Modern Language Notes*, the current periodical closely connected with the Modern Language Association.

In Washington the American Historical Association held its annual meeting during the holiday week. Dr. Hazen, as an active member of the association, usually attends these meetings and often reads a paper. This year he was unable to be present. Smith College was represented by

Dr. Dennis and Dr. Sioussat. Last year Dr. Dennis read before the association a paper entitled "Lord Baltimore's Struggle with the Jesuits", which is printed in the recently issued Annual Report of the American Historical Association.

The American Economic Association meeting was also held in Washington, at which Smith College was represented by Dr. Moore. Dr. Pierce would have attended the meeting of the American Psychological Association in Chicago of which he and Professor Gardiner are members, had he not been in Washington, where he lectured before the Twentieth Century Club on "The New Psychology".

Columbia University, of New York City, gathered under a hospitable roof all kinds of learned societies during the Christmas recess. At the Society of Biblical Literature, meeting December 27 and 28, Professor Wood discussed Luke I., 44-56, in a paper entitled "A Note on the Magnificat". Professor Wood has many interests during this month of January which take him out of Northampton. On January 4 he spoke before the Hartford Association of Smith College Alumni, on a subject relating to the college. On January 14 he addresses the Biblical Club of Brown University on "Biblical Facts at the Basis of Biblical Inspiration"; and on January 15 he begins a course of lectures at Amherst College on "Expansion of the Early Church".

At Columbia, December 26-28, the Archæological Institute of America counted among its Smith College members, not all of whom were present, Professor Tyler, Miss Norcross, and Miss Boyd. Professor Tyler is a member of the managing committee of the School at Athens and went to New York to confer with the committee concerning the work of the school. Miss Boyd gave the results of her last summer's work in Crete in a paper entitled "Mycenæan Discoveries in the Neighborhood of Kabousi, Crete". Miss Boyd, together with Professor Keelsey of Michigan University and Professor Torrey of Yale, has been appointed lecturer for the Institute for this winter. Between January 13 and 22, Miss Boyd expects to lecture before the branches of the Institute in Boston, New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Detroit, Ann Arbor, and perhaps Washington, Chicago, and Cleveland. The subject of Miss Boyd's lecture will be "American Excavations in Crete 1901, Discovery of a Mycenæan Provincial Town".

The third organization, meeting at Columbia December 31 and January 1, in which Smith College is particularly interested was the Society for Plant Morphology and Physiology. Dr. Ganong, secretary of the society, Miss Snow, and Miss Smith attended these meetings. Dr. Ganong had an important part in the program. As chairman of the committee on Standard College Entrance Option in Botany he presented his report, and in the interests of pedagogy he read a paper on "The Teaching of Plant Physiology to Large Classes". He also gave a full description of the new greenhouse at Smith College for the study of plant physiology. Just here it may be pertinent to the general subject of botany to speak of the work Miss Snow is doing for the United States government. For the last four years Miss Snow has held an appointment made yearly by the United States Fish Commission in the interest of the Biological Survey of the Great Lakes. Miss Snow's work is in cryptogamic botany, and her material has been gathered during the last three

summers from an island in Put in Bay, Lake Erie. The results of her work have been recommended for publication and will appear in the *Bulletins of the United States Fish Commission*.

These various meetings which we mention this month do not represent all the activities of the faculty in the learned societies. Dr. Stoddard is working with the American Chemical Society and the Deutsche Chemische Gesellschaft. Dr. Brady is a member of the managing committee of the American School at Rome. Professor Byrd is a member of the British Astronomical Society and the Astronomical Society of the Pacific. Dr. Waterman is a member of the American Physical Society, which meets at Columbia University five times a year. Professor Gardiner is secretary of the recently formed American Philosophical Association. Dr. Perry is a member of the same association. Miss Scott is a member of the Dante Society of Cambridge, and during the year has acted upon a committee, together with Professor J. B. Fletcher of Harvard and Miss Jackson of Wellesley, to award a prize for the best paper on Dante, to be entitled "A Metrical Translation for the Three Cansoni of the Convito". Miss Berenson is a member of the Society for the Advancement of Physical Education and has recently been chairman of a committee for the making of common rules for basket-ball so that the game may be more healthfully and scientifically played by both men and women. Dr. Hazen is chairman of a committee of the New England History Teachers' Association having for its work the preparation of a book of Sources for use in Secondary Schools. His fellow-workers on this committee are Professor Hart of Harvard, Professor Bourne of Yale, Professor Farrand of Leland Stanford Jr. University, and Miss Deane of the Brearly School, New York.

OLIVE RUMSEY.

On Wednesday evening, December 11, the Albright House Dramatics took place. The play presented was "Fanchon, the Cricket" from "La Petite Fadette" by George Sand.

CAST

Father Barbeaud (a rich farmer),.....	Katherine F. Berry
Landry, { twin brothers,.....	{ Mary F. Colby
Didier, {	{ Olive Ware
Martineau,.....	Emily Dunton
Etienne,.....	Muriel S. Haynes
Pierre,.....	Lois M. Shattuck
Colin,.....	Helen Conrow
Father Caillard,.....	Pearl Sanborn
Mother Barbeaud,.....	Helen E. Kelley
Old Fadet,.....	Mary Comer
Fanchon,.....	Ellen B. Quigley
Madelon,.....	Mabel Haberstroh
Manon,.....	Mary Reid
Mariette,.....	Ella Warren
Susette,.....	Harriet Chamberlin

The stage appointments were good, the scene before the house of Old Fadet being especially effective. The opening scene in the Barbeaud farm house was delightfully home-like, great care having been taken in the fitting in of details. The minor part of Mother Barbeaud was well taken by Helen Kelley, who was really motherly and lovable in all she did and said. Mary Colby's representation of Landry was uneven. In parts it was very good indeed, in other parts not so good. She shows talent and promises to develop well with sufficient opportunity. Old Fadet was remarkably good. The harsh, sharp voice was well sustained without apparent effort, and there was a convincing life and vigor in the acting of this difficult part. The characters all showed careful study, and the costuming was good, notably in the case of Father Caillard when not a line was necessary to complete the humorous effect. The dances were the prettiest that have been presented in a long time. The color-scheme was effective and the dancers went through their steps with no break or irregularity.

One fault was noticed which seems to be quite general,—that is, the play dragged in one or two places. It is a pity that so many of our plays do drag, for it always mars the general effect. Whether the trouble lies in insufficient cutting or the undue elaborating of uninteresting conversation by action, it is hard to say. By way of passing comment, too much care can hardly be exercised in the assignment of parts, and readjustments should be considered imperative when the original assignments prove to be unsatisfactory. Sometimes it is easy to see that two actors could have exchanged parts, with the greatest advantage to themselves and the rest of the cast. These suggestions are offered for consideration in the belief that our plays are, on the whole, creditable and deserve to be perfected.

On Saturday evening, December 14, the Phi Kappa Psi Society held its open meeting in Music Hall. The disappointment of the audience on hearing that Mr. Walter Wyckoff of Princeton would not be present, as was first planned, was succeeded by unreserved pleasure when Mr. Bliss Carman, the young Canadian poet, was introduced to them. Mr. Carman read from his poems, some of which have been published in books and magazines, while others have never been given to the public. The latter fact at once established an intimacy between the poet and his hearers, which the latter were not slow in appreciating. A connection was made between the poems, which included a large variety of subjects, by means of grouping them under the head of the four seasons. After the reading, a pleasant reception was given to Mr. Carman at the Pomeroy House, at which the faculty and members of the society enjoyed meeting Mr. Carman in a more personal way.

ETHEL KEELER BETTS 1902.

It has recently been impressed upon us again how deep is the interest that our friends of the outside world feel in us and all our doings. Nothing could be more altruistic than the attitude they take toward our so-called "new" social regulations. They soothe us with sarcastic allusions to them as "unsociable regulations", "an epidemic of propriety", "anti-Amherst proclamations", and all other disagreeable things that we might be supposed to think

them. As a matter of fact, we do not even think them new, much less, alarming. It is a well known fact that old laws and regulations need a periodical shaking-up, such as old Smallweed was subjected to, in order to retain their original shape and size; and there is no conceivable reason why those periods should attract more than passing attention from those for whom they are not intended. As for retiring into a convent cell of social isolation, the college seems to have no such intention, and if it had, it is unlikely that any partiality would be shown in allowing other institutions to assist in preserving this isolation. However kind in themselves these efforts of commiseration are, they are none the less misdirected.

If we view ourselves as the newspapers view us, we are reminded forcefully of the days of our youth when we went to crystal palaces and like places and stood before the ingenious mirrors which pictured us in every shape except our real one. The effect was amusing temporarily, but it became wearisome and annoying after a very little while.

Except in one or two cases, the reports of Smith College affairs appear to have been written by some one who never saw the place and whose chief sources of information have been the comic papers and popular college stories of the conventional garbled type. At any rate, the only feeling that they for the most part arouse in the college is one of indignation or scornful amusement, so far are they removed from the truth. Such being the case, the reports can hardly be of value to our real friends, who would naturally consider that what is not true is not worth reading, and we never have had and never will have any desire to figure as a sensation. So from our point of view, the attitude of the papers to the college at the present time is quite comparable to the historic attitude of the English to America in her early youth, and will be no more valuable to posterity, to say nothing of our own day. We can hardly urge too strongly our request that, if reports are to be given at all, they shall be just and true reports, and not absurd libels. If the papers would go to reliable sources and ask that competent local representatives be recommended, we are sure that the information would be most gladly given, and that the results would be infinitely more satisfactory to all concerned.

On Tuesday, December 17, a day when all Smith College lived in anticipation of its best hat and its suit case, President Seelye, at the close of the chapel exercises, presented to the student body one explanation in behalf of the faculty, and laid before it two subjects for its consideration. As regards the first, the President expressed his regret that certain students had had two papers required of them in one week. This was not intentional, as the different departments are in the habit of co-operating, in order that the work—especially of this sort—may not be overcrowded.

In regard to the latter two subjects, the President urged that measures be taken to prevent any such overcrowding of the calendar of amusements as has lately taken place. Not only are the entertainments not so thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated, when they follow each other in rapid succession, but a greater proportion of time is spent in preparation and in attendance, than should properly be spared to them. It is to be hoped that there will be no repetition of this overcrowding in future.

And lastly the President stated his conviction that while hospitality is in itself a good thing, there can be too much of a good thing, and hence too much hospitality. It had been called to his attention that the custom of offering to one's visitors hospitality, in the way of good and usually sweet things to eat, was increasing rapidly. For the physical well-being of the students and their guests, he wished that the custom might be blotted out. This would not necessarily mean that such hospitality was to cease entirely, or that such isolated "spreads" as might occur in future should be limited to beef tea, shredded wheat biscuits, with hoarhound cough drops in place of fudge, but it would mean that a student might call upon her friends without being offered refreshments in some shape, in every room she visited.

We are inclined to regard this matter lightly, but the fact that the President has found it necessary to speak of it, should cause us to look at it more seriously. For our own sakes as well as his, and for the sake of the work we are trying to do, can we not institute some sort of a reform movement?

SYBIL LAVINIA COX 1902.

At the Missionary Meeting held Sunday evening, December 15, the Rev. John Hopkins Denison, of the Church of the Sea and Land, spoke of his mission work in the slums of New York City.

On the afternoon of December 11, the Christmas Glee Club concert was held. The Glee and Banjo Clubs were both in good condition and gave a very enjoyable concert. Everyone regretted that, owing to the illness of its leader, the Mandolin Club was unable to take its usual part in the program.

Major-General Otis Howard spoke at Vespers, January 5, on "The Power of Small Things".

The Philosophical Society wishes to announce that Professor Royce of Harvard University will speak at its open meeting concerning "Recent Discussions of the Concept of the Infinite".

CALENDAR

- Jan.** 15, Morris House Dance.
- 18, Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- 21, Lecture by M. Mabillean. Subject: "Les oeuvres
sociales de la femme en France."
- 29, Wallace House Dance.
- Feb.** 1, Alpha Society.
- 3, Philosophical Society. Open meeting.
- 8, Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- 12, Hubbard House Dramatics.
- 13, Lecture by M. Le Roux. Subject: "Le roman con-
temporain est il la peinture exacte de la société
française?"
- 15, Junior Frolic.



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The

Smith College

Monthly

February - 1902.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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A STUDY OF JOHN STUART MILL

The spectacle of a personality out of its sphere, the effort of an individual to be other than himself is the tragedy of life. The combat between these opposing forces, between the desire for one thing and the necessity for being something else, is the tragic idea in all drama. John Stuart Mill perhaps appeals to few people as a tragical hero. We connect his name with that dull, inanimate word Utilitarianism and with the sound of its syllables comes the vision of closely printed pages, of multitudinous abstract nouns, standing like the truths of Carlyle's common school logic, "all in a row, each holding by the skirt of the other". When we know the man in connection with his philosophy, however, we can only lament another "poet gone astray". The poets themselves can weep for sympathy,—the philosophers must look on with pity behind their cold criticisms and necessary corrections of his faulty logic.

Just in this point did John Stuart Mill miss the meaning of life itself. He approached the ethical problem from the wrong point of view, influenced as he was by heredity, environment, and education. His own personality was practically strangled.

In all times and ages the great question of ethics has been the

defining of the moral ideal, and the solutions to this problem have grouped themselves always under two heads, the Hedonistic theories and the Rationalistic theories. The Hedonists believe that the senses govern conduct; the Rationalists assert that reason governs conduct. These are the two types, one of which is represented to a greater or less degree in every individual. "To which of these types does this person belong?" is a question which, under very different forms, every one asks about any character in whom he may be interested. To be sure, this philosophical question would hardly be recognized in college girl vernacular. The distinction between Hedonism and Rationalism may be subtly expressed in an every-day phrase of this sort: "She's quite all right, only she is not my kind." The failure to understand these differences in individual types leads just to Mill's mistake many times, and we see natures attempting an utter remoulding of their habits, puzzled by the apparent contradictoriness of life and deluded into the idea that their own natures need correction.

But, to return to the subject of Hedonism. Utilitarianism is a Hedonistic theory and traces its lineage back through the theories of Epicureanism and Cyrenaicism, both of which theories assert that the end of life is happiness. Mill makes the end of life not merely the happiness of the individual, but rather the happiness of the greatest number of human beings. After reading his small book on Utilitarianism we have a rather surprised and comfortable feeling. So many of his points are every-day experiences for us that we are astonished to find that philosophy is so easy to comprehend. We find ourselves saying on every page, "Why, this is nothing but what I have always thought! This is simple Christianity. It is really the Golden Rule applied and developed. How can this be the false system of philosophy which Carlyle so despised and which has been so widely criticized and lamented?" When we look closer we see errors, not of truth but of logic. Mill's philosophy, indeed, is not that which was so hateful to Carlyle. That was Benthamism, the real Utilitarianism, which Mill used as his foundation. Though Mill held fast to the main principle of this theory,—that the motive of action is pleasure,—still he introduced contradictory elements in his development.

The creed as Mill states it is this: "Actions are right in proportion as they tend to promote happiness; actions are wrong

in proportion as they tend to produce the reverse of happiness." In the first place, inasmuch as happiness is the one chief aim in life, we have a perfect and justifiable right to demand from Mill a clear statement of the meaning of happiness. In this he stumbles and contradicts himself. Once he identifies it with pleasure and absence from pain. Once he says that a "sense of dignity is a necessary part of happiness" and he says again that "happiness is a desirable kind of life". As a final statement we read that the greatest happiness that we have to seek is the realization of a high ideal; "an identification of our personal good with the universal good". This is very true, but it is not Utilitarianism. It is pure Idealism.

In this statement is implied the fact that there may be differing ideals for different persons. One individual may have a sensual standard by which he estimates his pleasures; another may have a standard which is intellectual. One may get his pleasure in benevolence; another may get his in selfishness. Under Mill's first requirement that each must aim for the happiness of all, there is no room for the man who enjoys selfishness. But under his admission that happiness consists in the perfect realization of man's nature, the man who enjoys selfishness is quite as important and noticeable a type as the man who enjoys benevolence. Thus does his definition of happiness, the chief term in the statement of his creed, collide directly with the statement of the creed itself.

Then Mill says that a man whose happiness lies in intellectual enjoyment aims at a nobler quality of pleasure than the man whose happiness is of the senses only. He makes a qualitative distinction in happiness which Bentham did not make before him. Quantitative differences in pleasures and quantitative differences only had been asserted in the previous Utilitarianism. It had been one of its foundation stones. Here we find another glaring inconsistency. Hedonistic theories all assert that the senses or feelings are the standards of conduct. Happiness being feeling can be judged only quantitatively. If we say that one state of happiness is higher than another state of happiness, we make that distinction not by our assumed standard but by our intellectual powers. This throws the ruling of conduct to reason and promptly brings in the theories of the opposing Rationalistic school. Such a qualitative distinction in pleasure can not be made without contradicting the funda-

mental proposition of Hedonism. This admission on Mill's part of his preference for the intellectual rules and pleasures of man again implies that he deems the true end to be the development of all faculties of man in due subordination to one another, rather than the search for happiness.

Again, Mill contradicts himself in discussing whether man was originally a wholly selfish creature or not. When he is treating conscience, Mill speaks of a series of associated ideas that have gathered round a germ originally selfish. But he makes a strong point of his internal sanction, that is, sympathy or the social feeling of mankind which he calls the "great support of our moral ideas". These statements can not be reconciled unless we say that sympathy is originally selfish, and that is too paradoxical for even Mill himself to admit. Mill sees the truth in life every time, but he does not hang these truths upon the right peg. He had too illogical a mind to see that he was no Utilitarian but an Idealist of the pure type.

The reasons for these inconsistencies in Mill's theories are accounted for primarily by his own nature, his education, and his surroundings. These influences are closely blended throughout the greater part of his life.

The old adage "Tell me what a son's father is, and then I'll know what that son is not", seems never to have been quoted to James Mill, the father of John Stuart Mill. Else reasoning from what he knew the father to be and guessing as to the probable dissimilarity of his son, he might not have subjected the son to the same method of instruction. James Mill believed that much valuable time is customarily wasted in the early education of children. He wished to save twenty-five years for his son, if possible, and give him that much time beyond the ordinary allotment to man. Accordingly John Stuart Mill learned Greek at such an early age that he could not remember when he did not know that language. He read Plato before he was eight years old. At that age he began Latin, Euclid, and Algebra. Jevons suggests that the illogical workings of Mill's mind may have been caused by this ruthless training imposed upon him in tender years.

The cause seems more likely to be his life-long attempt to reconcile what he saw and knew to be the truth with the philosophy so strongly supported by his father and his friend Jeremy Bentham. Mill would have gladly carried on his

father's ideas, had it been possible, but his own nature prevented. At the age of twenty,—an age when the nature within a man does often assert itself,—came the crisis of Mill's youthful life. Then it was that he became conscious that his aim in life had ceased to charm. He realized that, should all his theories be worked out and accomplished, he would still not be very happy. For twenty years this boy had lived with "few acquaintances, fewer friends, and no familiarities". He had, with the elder Mill, put poets under a ban as enemies of truth. His one, unsubstantial object of affection was regard for the public good. Now his nature declared this unsatisfactory; the only consolation he found was Wordsworth's "Poems of Affection". Such a man as this was truly not meant by Nature to propound the theories of Utilitarianism. The recasting of Bentham's philosophy was "the putting of new cloth on old garments, the putting of old wine in new bottles". Mill told the truth too well. By being so illogical at the time he thought himself most logical, he showed out his personality in the clearest way possible. For it is the thing we do unthinking that shows out ourselves most clearly.

LAURA JOHNSON WESTCOTT.

MY PRAYER

This is my prayer: That life may be
 Rich, deep, and full,—the perfect Harmony
 Of kindly deeds, of loving thoughts, of charity
 So true and great it can not cease.
 For these, life's deeper joys, I pray,
 Wherein the heart finds peace.

HOPE NEWELL WALKER.

JOHANN AND I

Johann and I were in my den. Johann was sprawled on the window-seat, moon-shining out at the night. He was really the best looking fellow that I have ever seen, but that night! He was all arms and elbows and corners—even his hair was creased into gables. But he was having an inspiration, and I did not

dare to disturb him. As for me, I bent over the ticklish letter I was trying to write, and chewed the end of my fountain pen instead of writing with it. The Welsbach burner gave a sputtering, ghastly green light, and smelt abominably. But there lay Johann, staring out of the window. His inspirations were sometimes extremely inconvenient. I hated them—perhaps in the sour grapes style, though, for I never had one in my life. To-night it was especially bad. I wanted advice from Johann. I couldn't stand it any longer.

"Johahn," I said tentatively. He might, of course, be doing something very remarkable in that twenty-storied many-roomed block of his brain. He did not deign to turn his head. I sat still and stared for a while.

"Johann!" I said again. I meant it to sound pleading. As a matter of fact, it must have been imperative. Johann sat bolt upright as if he had been a suddenly opened jack-knife blade, gave his gables of hair a slap that flattened them meekly, plastered his elbows to his sides and his knees together.

"What?" he said, looking absolutely vacant and idiotic. He always looked that way when he was being shaken out of an inspiration. I suppose that the light of his soul was somewhere else, and left his windows blank.

"Come here and tell me what to write in this confounded letter," I said, and rattled the loose arms of my chair nervously.

"Why don't you have that fixed, or rather why does it exist at all?" he asked, still staring.

"That's not to the point. Come here, Johann Hartmann." I rattled the arm even more violently.

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten.
Dass ich so traurig bin"—

But I was out of my chair and shaking Johann by the shoulders.

"Wake up, you old German idiot! I weiss well enough what it bedeutens. Come here, Johann Hartmann." I dragged him over to my desk, sat him down hard so that the chair wriggled and rattled, and crammed the pen into his hand.

"Well?" he asked innocently, lifting his great luminous green eyes, like cat's eyes, or starboard ship lights.

"Write! Johann Hartmann."

"Ach Gott, I can not speak, for I am a child."

"But you're not Jeremiah, Johann, if you don't finish that

blamed letter in ten minutes by the clock I will—do something that you won't like,"—I finished lamely enough. Johann shrugged his shoulders up to his yellow thatch of hair. His hair was German, his shoulders German and French, being very broad and square, but quite "shruggable". He was a young giant anyway—not in the least like a conventional genius. But his ideas and his eyes made him a genius. They were of no nationality, and in that were like himself; for he had no country save the country of freaks and fools; though grand fools, I assure you.

"I have a much better inspiration," he began, shrugging again, in a manner suggestive of contempt for my threat.

"Well? but remember! I'll do something—"

"Oh, never mind all that!" he interposed hastily. "Here it is. See! You take my personality, my ideas, myself in fact, and add it on to yourself. I take you in the same way. We are perfect! Such joy!" He jumped up, overturning the chair and the waste basket, and strewing the papers over my desk. His eyes were glowing and dancing, and scintillating little sparks. He grasped my hands, and began to sing, while I stood in stupid amazement:

"You are I, and I am you,
And all the world are we!
Oh Richard, mein freund, what can not we do?
I'm you, and you are me!"

All this passed beyond my comprehension; but his eyes were burning into mine, and I felt extremely uncomfortable.

"What under the sun do you mean?" I stammered, and forgot the ticklish letter forthwith.

"Mean?" the simplest thing in the world. You say I'm a freak, and you want me to write your letters. I call you a splendid, practical man, and I want you to run my worldly affairs, or I'd be swamped in ten minutes. Together, we'd be simply perfect! Everybody will say—what perfect men! We'll be happy ever afterwards!" Johann leapt up on to the window seat and kicked one foot out of the window. "There goes all care tumbled away forever, like Christian's bundle. Ach, Richard, when shall we begin?"

But I stood still and objected, though I didn't understand.

"Look here, I don't altogether like this grand scheme of yours. In the first place, how'll we work it? And then, I d

sooner die than have you know all my thoughts, for I suppose that's the plan. I don't like it."

"Work it?" shouted Johann wildly. "I've done it already! I know just what you are thinking. Don't like the idea? Well, you'll have to!"

By this time I was positively afraid of the great, handsome, green-eyed man standing on the window-seat. I stood in the middle of the rug, and said nothing. But the very strangest feeling began to come over me. I knew what Johann was thinking! I can not define the sensation, but it felt as if an addition had been clapped onto the house of my brain, and that in it lived a family unknown to me, but whom I must watch and learn to know.

I sat down, all in a heap, on the rug.

"Johann," I gasped, "what have you done?" And I knew before the words were out of my mouth how he was going to answer me,—with a strange thought that went soaring off elusively; a thought of perfection, starry bliss, and all kinds of queer things. After that, neither of us spoke a word. Of course, speech was quite unnecessary.

Johann got slowly down from the window seat, and lay beside me on the floor. The sparkle had gone out of his eyes, and I knew why, of course. He was thinking that really he had undertaken much more than he could handle, but that it was extremely interesting, and he would like to keep it up, if only it didn't break our friendship.

"Why?" I thought.

"Because," he thought, "we'll know all about one another. Familiarity, etc. But we'll try not to let it, my Richard." Then his ideas trailed off into German and queerness. As for me, I was so much occupied with Johann's thoughts that I could not separate my own. But afterwards, Johann told me that the most of what I thought independently was "we've bit off more than we can chew": a most inelegant phrase that I would give worlds to have washed out of Johann's memory.

For hours Johann and I lay there on the floor, silent as mummies, utterly absorbed in making the acquaintance of our new tenants. As a matter of fact, I suppose that it was a fearful job for us to disentangle our ideas. Johann was thinking almost entirely about what I thought, and I about what he thought,—a very complex affair, naturally. But I am proud to say, no

unworthy member of Johann's family showed himself. They were all true, upright, even if wandering and peculiar persons. I am afraid that Johann did not find it the same with his tenants.

Finally, at eight o'clock in the morning, we arose, stiff in body and mind, and went down to breakfast. I forgot to say that Johann was spending the summer vacation alone with me. Unfortunate, petty little ideas about the coffee and eggs kept interfering with the high thoughts that I tried to impose upon my mind; and once I caught Johann thinking "Richard will be somewhat fussy when he is married". We looked at each other and laughed silently. But there was a little sting in my thoughts. Johann had no business to make comments on my helpless vagaries. Then Johann began to justify himself and to be indignant, until at last, we both determined to forgive and forget, and shook hands, silently again. After that, things went well enough for a season.

In the afternoon we went walking. I was completely overcome by Johann's remarkable ideas. Somehow he seemed much more able to get rid of his new tenant than I of mine; and I grew heartily sick of the whole affair, interesting as it was, before we had walked two miles. That is to say, I grew sicker than I had been in the morning. In the first place, there was no earthly use in the performance. I was incapable of using Johann's ideas for my own benefit, as was intended in the original plan; and it was evident enough that I did him not one jot or one tittle of good. And then, I was longing to have a good talk with him; to say what I wanted to and leave out what I wanted to; and to receive his thoughts, fresh, and neatly trimmed from the superfluous edges and fringes that I kept finding by the new arrangement.

And so, just as we reached the road that turns into the Chiswick estate, I thought so very hard that Johann had to think back.

"Let's quit!" thought I vigorously.

"Never!" thought he, yet more vigorously; and just then Margaret Chiswick came driving out of the gate and up the road, and I almost forgot Johann for a moment. I knew that I loved Margaret Chiswick, and I thought I knew that Johann despised her for a flirt. So I forgot even what I supposed to be his condemnation of me for loving her, and went wandering on

in a fool's paradise, thinking about her and the Chiswick dance that night, and craning my head around to see the last of the dust raised by her pony's hoofs and the wheels of her dog-cart. Really, I did forget Johann. And when I remembered that I had forgotten, I tried to keep it up, for it was wonderfully comfortable; but all I could do was to think:—"Let's quit! This whole confounded thing doesn't do a bit of good, and I'm in a pretty state of mind for the dance." Of course, that is merely the substance of what I thought. Thoughts have no definite volume or shape. They are like gases. If I had not been so much occupied with the uncomfortableness of the situation I would have seen something suspicious in the alacrity with which Johann answered, just as if he had been thinking straight along my lines of thought, "Not without fair trial. Wait till to-night, my Richard."

I was pleased that he should call me *his* Richard, even in his thoughts; but I did not stop long over that, and began to ponder what the "wait till to-night" might signify. Fool that I was, it never occurred to me to inspect his own ideas, a method which would have been easy and conclusive. I was inconsistent enough in the affair. When I had wanted not to know my new tenants—to return to my simile—I was senseless enough to sit under their very noses while they bustled around merrily. Now, when I was anxious to make friends with them, I pulled my curtains and sat in the dark by myself. But with half an eye, I could have seen, straight through the curtains, what my tenants were doing. I have since come to the conclusion that I did not have even half an eye.

So exciting and yet depressing a walk I never knew. When we reached home I was more tired than I hope to be again in all my life; my brain reeled with unspoken words and conjectures about Margaret, and suppressed thoughts of Johann himself. But I was blind to what I should have seen.

One thing, however, I noticed. Before we went upstairs to dress for the dance Johann seemed lifeless. His arms hung limply; I could almost have accused him of being the kind of person to give a handshake that "flops"; and his eyes were lack-lustre gray, with all the opalescent green gone out. But when he came down, and stood in the hall under the light, I was afraid, and nearly wished that I was not alone with him in the house. He was huge, lion-like in brute strength; he might

have crushed my shoulder with a blow. His firm underjaw was set, and his eyes snapped and sparkled and blazed with green light. Then truly, I was afraid to look at his mind, for I felt that there were terrible, unknown things there, and I cowered inwardly. Johann must have known. Why does he not despise me to this day? But he does not; at least, I think and hope so.

We were driven to the Chiswicks through the warm summer night; and then we separated. I tried to throw myself into the spirit of the thing, but it seemed as if, whenever I grew really interested in talking to some pretty girl, Johann, broad-shouldered and green-eyed, would stride through the hall. The girl would turn and look, of course—what woman could help it?—and I would come to a dead stop, and would have to set my teeth hard and try not think about him. I was really afraid! the more that I dared not try to find out the reason. And I kept wondering, in spite of myself, if this was the end of our friendship that had been so true and firm. Wherefore I fear that the young ladies at the Chiswick's dance found me a very disconnected boor.

At the end of my second dance with Margaret Chiswick we went out into the garden. There was a splendid full moon, and the roses were blossoming out in the night. I forgot Johann again, I forgot the moon and the roses, and I tried to make love to Margaret Chiswick. She was very tall and beautiful in the white light, and I felt sure that I loved her.

"Miss Chiswick," I had said, "doesn't a night like this make you approve of those painfully often quoted lines of Omar Khayyam about the book of verses, jug of wine, and *thou*?"

"Yes," she answered, turning to me quickly. "It's pagan, but I do approve. Only—" and she laughed half-ashamedly, "the '*thou*' makes a great deal of difference, doesn't it?"

Johann was never farther from my mind than when I murmured softly, snatching at her hand in approved fashion, "You are my '*thou*', Margaret, for I love you!" But before she had time to speak or take away her hand, something came upon my mind like a blinding sheet of naked light, and I cried aloud, "Stop! Don't speak, Margaret! Johann Hartmann loves you, and I love you both! It's a sin for me," and I shook my shoulders—to find myself all atremble like a frightened horse, and Margaret standing in the moonshine, head up and face proud. What she would have said, I do not know, for just then I felt Johann coming.

"He's coming!" I cried. "Love him, Margaret!" And out of the darkness of the shrubbery came a tall man with green eyes that glowed out of the night.

"I know," he said, swiftly but intensely, "what you have been doing. I do love you, but my Richard loves too. He is noble. I would have had you for myself, but he is willing to give himself up for me. Love him, Margaret Chiswick," and he made to join our hands, but the girl sprang back suddenly.

"You fools!" she cried, and her voice had a ring of tearful laughter in it. "You splendid fools! Do you think that you're all the world? Yes, to be sure, you're a good part of it! But, do you know that though you're the grandest, most senseless men I ever knew, I don't love either of you, and I never shall? I am engaged to be married to Walter Mallory, and I *love him!*" She held out both her hands to us. "Take them," she laughed, "and kiss them, if you want to be yet more foolish. But listen! I don't believe that either of you really love me so *very* hard, or—or—you couldn't love each other to such a dying point!" And with another laugh she was gone.

"Johann," I said, weakly, and almost fell into his strong arms.

"Mein Richard! come home. But it isn't quite true, what she said. Do you know what I'm thinking?"

"No, thank heaven!" I sighed. "It stopped when you came into the garden just then. I *was* a fool, Johann."

"Maybe," he assented gravely, though his eyes snapped, and he looked at me strangely. "But Richard—do you think that a lady—a real *lady*, would have called us fools to our faces? Though we could have loved each other, and her too, *nicht wahr?*"

I laughed. It was such bliss to talk to dear old Johann again.

"I think"—I answered, rolling the word under my tongue—"I think—that perhaps she is a lady. Though I also think it was unnecessary for her to give us her hands to kiss. But it's all for the best, Johann, all for the best." I looked up at him, half expecting to see the light gone from his eyes. But they showered on me a rain of greenness, and laughed too. Strange combination of action! But Johann's eyes were capable of everything.

"Do you know what I'm thinking?" he said. "No? I'm very glad. Why, just that I like you better, plain Richard,

than all your blessed mind, which was, to speak plainly, an incumbrance upon my meditations. And also, that you are the best fellow in the world. And again, that, though she may be a lady, and though what she said may not be true, I am quite content with mein Richard and with the world."

"And," I added, as I slipped my arm through his—we were walking, hatless and coatless, over the road towards home, but we did not care—"and it occurs to me that if I had really been in love I would never have stopped to think so long about you. But—you don't mind my saying so, Johann—you were in it head over heels before the dance!"

"Richard," he said solemnly—"a word in your ear. I was trying to make up my mind upon the very shortest time before I could stop that freak of a performance. That's what made me so fierce. I promise you never to have another inspiration."

"Yes, Johann Hartmann," I answered judicially, "I think that you were a fool. But also I think that she is a lady. However, it's all for the best; and I am the biggest fool of all."

And then, if you will believe an extremely foolish thing, Johann Hartmann snatched at my hand in approved fashion, and said softly, "You are my 'thou', Richard, for I love you!"

And then—oh, I am quite ashamed to write it—out under the moon, Johann Hartmann kissed me.

Yes, I think we were both fools. But we never did it again.

In reading over this account of the most extraordinary affair that ever I was involved in, I have discovered that there is something which I had forgotten to make clear, and which, in fact, belongs to a postscript to the story rather than to the story itself. This is as follows:

In our after considerations of the whole thing, Johann and I made certain conclusions to the effect that I was moderately in love with Margaret Chiswick before the settlement, really in love with her during the settlement, and moderately so again afterwards; whereas Johann was violently in it before the crisis, agonizingly in it at the crisis, and absolutely out of it afterwards. He admits that what he said to me when we were walking home—concerning his emotions before the dance, I mean—was partially a "bluff", made by him because he was so entirely out of the affair by that time that he felt ashamed of ever having been in it. I would not question Johann's truth-

fulness, but really, it seems to me a rather remarkable case of sudden conversion.

However, all this is of no importance ; for Margaret Chiswick is satisfactorily married, and neither Johann nor I sit and eat our hearts out for her. On the other hand, we are willing to stand up before the world and say : "Here are we—friends ; in spite of falling in love with the same girl, in spite of knowing each other's minds for a night and a day, and in spite of being out-and-out fools."

So we are friends, and always will be—Johann and I.

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS.

SUCCESS

If to dream, not to do, were fame's expedient,
And to win applause were easy in men's eyes,
If the power of kings and all most eminent
Could summoned be by all, with moaning cries,
If all pictures seen in firelight glow,
And triumph's joys could, wished, be realized,
If stars and fate marked out our lives below,
Made fortune good or bad, ere we surmised,
Then waiting may survive life's vast extent.
Why all this striving, struggling to endure ?
Then live at ease, at rest, in dreams content,
Nor question deeds, nor work, in sloth secure.
Hark ! 'tis the advice of fools, so thou beware !
Success is not to dream, it is to dare.

RENA PAULINE MOORE.

MALTBIE BABCOCK

When the news of Maltbie Babcock's death flashed over the wires last spring, the eastern part of our country was grieved, was shocked. It grieved at the death of a brilliant man. It knew Maltbie Babcock as one of the most promising clergymen of the day who, by the force of his own merit, had risen with rapid strides from an unknown clergyman to be the pastor of one

of the largest and most influential churches in New York city. It knew him as a man of remarkable intellectual power who could hold hundreds spell-bound by his sermons. It knew him as a man of wonderful magnetic power who by the very force of his nature drew men toward him in admiration and in love. But of the inner life and characteristics of the man the world at large knew comparatively little. It remained for these to be revealed through the thoughts of the man himself and the tributes of his closest friends.

It has been said of Maltbie Babcock by the one who knew him best that he "lived what he taught". Consistency, then, that rarest of qualities, was a characteristic of this rarest of men. This fact gives to those who never knew him the key to a closer acquaintance with his wonderful nature, for a clear idea of the man may be gained through his spoken and written words to others.

As shown in his writings, his strongest characteristic, upon which were based consistency and every other trait, his attitude toward nature, his intellectual and moral power, his attitude toward man, was spirituality. According to his own definition "Spirituality is serving God in common things and showing God in common tasks". This little poem is his, in which he looks at "common things":

"Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour the mill:
And back of the mill is the wheat, and the shower,
And the sun, and the Father's will."

Religious faith permeates his writings, gleaming forth as the very essence of his nature. But it is shown as a practical, working force, not a good quality to be assumed at will. Of Christianity he says, "Fidelity to duty is its root and branch. Society, not solitude, is the natural home of Christianity. The place of need is the field of duty, and though we are not to be of the world, we are to be first and last in the world and for the world." If we can believe that Maltbie Babcock lived as he taught, he saw God in common things and showed God in common tasks.

Dr. Babcock was a lover of nature. That he was a lover of

the beautiful and that beauty in nature appealed to him, is shown in this stanza :

"What is the moon? A dead world, cold to the core.
What else? A planet circling 'round the earth.
What else? Why nothing of any worth
Except that it is beautiful! Ah, me,
What wish I more so long as I can see
With kindling eye its beauty, and can feel
Its endless charm through all my being steal?"

But more than his love of the beautiful in nature was his sense of God, not only in "common things", but in everything :

"This is my Father's world.
Among the mountains drear,
'Mid rending rocks and earthquake shocks
The still, small voice I hear.

"This is my Father's world.
He shines in all that's fair.
In the rustling grass I hear him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere."

Out of his spirituality, because he believed in "showing God in common tasks", came Maltbie Babcock's moral power. He had courage, the courage of his convictions. It stands out in every line of his little poem "Be Strong". A man of weak spirit, of a cowardly heart, could not have written these words :

"Be strong !
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long.
Faint not, fight on ! 'To-morrow comes the song."

His moral power, his courage gave an impetus to at least one important element in his character, the power of the will. That he possessed this, the style of his writing shows. Consider this little fragment which he himself wrote on the "Power of the Will". "No man can ever estimate the power of the will. It is a part of the divine nature, all of a piece with the power of creation. We speak of God's fiat, *Fiat lux et lux erat*. Man has his fiat. The achievements of history have been the choices, the determinations, the creations of the human will." It is tense, it is forceful. Back of it we feel the power of a nature which *has* accomplished things by the determinations of its will, of a nature which possesses, in a great degree, force.

Through the serious and the forceful, gleams out a bit of humor, showing another characteristic of this many-sided nature. In a tiny fragment on slander and gossip, Dr. Babcock says, "A sure cure for gossip and slander is to breathe through your nose—keep your mouth shut." There is a tender side to this wonderful nature, more tender because of its very force. This side of his nature is shown in his attitude toward man. Dr. Babcock possessed that rare gift of true sympathy. He possessed it because he knew human nature; he knew human nature because he knew its Creator. His own words best reveal this wonderful gift. "During these days of strain and suspense I have wished I could be a little help to you. I can *tell you* this, at least, and pray that you may have from God and your friends and your own heart, strength enough to *get through* a day at a time. I do not see what else you can do but just live, now. You can not understand, or explain, but you know as well as I that back of everything is God, and God is light,—we shall see. And God is love,—we shall be satisfied. It may be a long while, but it will be worth waiting for. Trust Him all you can,—you will be glad you did. I wish I could help you." These words of comfort, written to a friend, show sympathy, for they are the words of one who wishes to help, because he suffers with, and understands, through the divine light, another's pain.

This gift of sympathy was perhaps but the outgrowth of an unselfish life. That Dr. Babcock lived such a life is proved by the testimony of those who knew him best. One of those whose privilege it was to accompany him on what proved to be his last journey said that it was a reproof and a lesson to all to watch his cheerful self-forgetfulness. Never a moment passed that he was not planning or doing something to add to the pleasure of the party, nothing being too much trouble if it gave enjoyment to others. He "showed God in common tasks", and carried this same unselfishness through his life, in things both small and great.

Maltbie Babcock realized that "the real values of life are spiritual and eternal"; he worked for those values; his character was moulded by the influence of his purpose. He was a wonderful man; he died a pitiful death. But he knew not

what he did. He has long ere this found the realization of his ideal of death.

"This is the death of Death, to breathe away a breath,
And know the end of strife, and taste the deathless life,
And joy without a fear, and smile without a tear,
And work, nor care, nor rest, and find the last the best."

Alice Moore Wheeler.

THE LAKE

The lake, a sleeping giantess whose breast
Rises and falls beneath her silver shield,
Lies in the blackness of the mountains towering,
Ragged with pines, against the deep night sky.
One silver star looks down, as if to pierce the surface
And to scan the secrets in the beating heart beneath,
The sorrows of her sleeping centuries,
Great boulders that the mountains have rolled down,
But sees instead naught save her own keen eye
Reflected on the silver of the shield.
The frivolous poplars whisper on the brink,
Call the lake cold and shudder at the star's rebuff,
But still that great breast heaves as if in sleep,
And a low ripple plays upon the shield.
The secrets still are secret. All is still.

Candace Thurber.

THE LETTERS OF BETTY

Northampton, Mass., June 14, 1901.

My dear Girl :—

So you want me to stop off and make you a visit on my way home. Sorry I can't, but I'm not coming home. My mind is made up ; I am going to Ogunquit, a little town on the coast of Maine, to wait on table at a big summer hotel, Sparhawk Hall by name. Now what do you think of that ? This is rhetorical. Don't answer, at your peril. I have had shoals of answers from relatives and friends west of the Illinois line and I can't stand receiving another letter full of calm, stubborn opposition to the

only plan I can think of that will enable me to return to college next year. You know, Peggy, that if I should go home I could never come back. Worse yet, I should be pointed at in the village as the girl who threw away forty dollars per month, which she received for the light and easy task of being mother, nurse, and teacher to seventy little children, went all the way east to college, and couldn't get in. So here I stay, and hence my Maine scheme. I look forward to a variegated summer. It's bound to bring the new experiences, so necessary to school-ma'ms, you know. It is not as Elizabeth that I shall explore the coast of Maine. I don't like the idea of cooks, bell-boys, and waitresses calling me Elizabeth. Miss Lockwood is out of the question, so I have decided to use "Betty" as my "nom de table". This will explain the signature attached to this letter. I must begin to get accustomed to the name. Don't write till you hear from me again, for I don't know whether to have my letters addressed to Sparhawk Hall, or Betty Lockwood, waitress, or where.

Lovingly ever,

Betty.

Sparhawk Hall, Ogunquit, Me., June 29, 1901.

My Margaret dear :—

Your name actually looks strange, so apart am I from everything and everybody I know. Don't feel sorry for me. There are compensations. One thing is certain : I shall go away from here mentally rested. I can't worry about Elizabeth's troubles, for she is only a memory to me now, and Betty hasn't any to bother her. The hotel isn't open yet. Even the head waiter is away. He is a very important personage, the girls tell me, and woe be unto you if you incur his displeasure. I shall be as nice to him as I can. I won't find this a hard task, I imagine. He is said to be a junior from Brown, foot-ball and glee club man, etc.

Such a conglomeration of nationalities and characters compose the happy family known in Ogunquit as the "Sparhawk help". Don't wince, Peggy dear. I did at first, but I'm not going to any more. Just think of me as gathering material for future papers on "Social Conditions of the Other Half", or "The Submerged Tenth". This is the best place in the world to acquire such information. I am living the life of people who before now have simply been subjects for magazine articles. Be-

fore going on with this I advise you to get your smelling salts and fan ready. You will probably be shocked. I know you would be if you could see me in one of my daily conversations with Ben over the political situation. He is the head bell-boy, Irish, bright, keeps up with papers, magazines, and current literature. It is very interesting to hear him compare his experiences with Josiah Flynt's. The latter gentleman disguised himself as a tramp and for a time lived their life, in order to write up his impressions for Harper's or Scribner's. Ben "got broke", and was a professional tramp for eight months from necessity. He considers the West much better for that business, as he once came from Wisconsin to New Jersey in ten days, and had to take thirty to cross the latter state. Jimmie is another bell-boy, an amateur prize-fighter, a little cockney Englishman, and good as gold when he's out of the ring. He is very fond of telling the story of his "pahst life". This is a part of that famous history: "It was in the year 1778, we were all seated around a little wooden, iron table when in came Philip Malone, the man that ate the iron doughnut, with a pistol in each hand and two between his teeth. He said, 'Marry me, become my wife, or pay my board!'"

If you see the point you are cleverer than I am. Nevertheless, you would laugh if you could hear Jimmie tell the tale. I ought to have mentioned the *chef* first. He is a real French one, and shares with the head waiter the awe and respect of the girls. I think he dislikes me. He asked one of the girls if I wasn't "part Spanish"; said "I acted as though I belonged to the blood royal, whenever I took a stroll through the kitchen". The girls are mostly Irish. One is the best type of that nation that I have ever seen. The name on her trunk is Hannah Doody, but she goes by the name of Dewey or the Admiral. She has either been on the stage or has yearnings in that direction. The first night she rather startled me by saying, "Wilt thou descend the stairs with me, and participate in the evening repast?" This repast, by the way, was served in the help's hall on oil-cloth covered tables,—pork and potatoes, no entrées, no napkins. In the midst of the supper, with one jaw crammed with bread and the other with potato, she screamed, "Me hat and coat, me lord!" What she wanted with them, I haven't as yet found.

Good-night, lovingly,

Betty.

Ogunquit, Me., July 10, 1901.

Peggy dear :—

The great event came off night before last, and no *débutante* of this season could have felt more fluttered than I, when, for the first time, I put on my waitress rig and went into the dining-room. My costume is a study in black and white :—dress and tie black ; apron with bib, turn over collar, and bow in hair white. I look very fetching in mine, if I do say it as shouldn't. That first night made a kaleidoscopic impression on me. The only thing I remember clearly is that the broiled live lobster was served with whipped cream, and the peaches with drawn butter. Funny way, wasn't it? My people are westerners from Saint Louis, — father, mother, son, and daughter. The son is a junior in Yale, the daughter in a finishing school in Boston. They are lovely to me, and I am just as deferential and quiet as I can be. Once in awhile I forget myself, as at noon to-day, when I was trying to take Mr. Greenwood's order. The table was full and I was rattled ; so when the Yale youth kept interrupting his father, and giving all sorts of nonsensical orders, before I thought I said in my infant class manner, "Wait a minute, please." The young man subsided, and I did too. Even the back of my neck blushed. Mortified and frightened, I hurried out to the kitchen. When I came back, I went up as naturally as I could to Mr. Yale. He squinted and said, "Feeling better, Betty?" I warrant I don't forget myself again. Now stop your worrying about me, dear. I get terribly excited during meal times, but when that is over, all is over.

I wish you might be hidden in the kitchen during a rush at dinner. Here comes Lucy McGuinness, or the "Back Bay Lady". You should see her saucy wink, as she tosses her red head and calls out, "Three meat orders for two gazabos!" A gazabo, my dear, is a specimen of a great family which frequents summer hotels. The members of this family are marked men and women, for they are never known to tip. There is one woman here who has been spotted by every waitress and bell-boy, as a gazabo. Such service as she does get! She's an awful eater, too, but she gets the remnants of everything. She sent Ben back with her supper-plate to-night. It was soiled, she thought. Ben took it to the serving room, polished it on a dirty apron which he keeps for such emergencies, and took it back. She'll tip before the summer's over. After Lucy comes the Admiral,

shouting out orders at a rate which confirms our suspicion that instead of being, as she proclaims herself, a cloak model in Jordan-Marsh's, she is what Jimmie calls "a professional hasher". As it is the height of the season, Ben is on in the dining-room. I tell you we have to look out for our trays while he is making what he calls "a raid on the commissary department" for the benefit of a table of stiffes (a stiff is an incurable specimen of the gazabo variety). Ben has become wise to the extent of knowing that my name is Elizabeth instead of Betty, and that Betty is not a pet name, but is simply used to save my best one for a higher class of society.

They all know that now, and are very nice, never calling me anything but Betty. Occasionally Ben teases. This morning he said, "When you were picking out an alias for the summer, Betty, why didn't you take something more euphonious? Now would you mind if I called you Genevieve for the rest of the season?" This afternoon he jumped as if he had had a shock and said, "By gracious, Betty, I was about to become familiar and call you Elizabeth." His people are English from Montreal, Cawthors on the hotel register, Cutthroats, according to Ben. It is a party of eight, and they tip him only a dollar a week. I told him he ought to be thankful for that, and he said he would if it were clear gain, but when he got back to Boston he would have to give Father Hennessey seventy-five cents on every dollar, as penance for all the swearing he had done over the Cutthroats. I don't blame him much, even when he says that they are the freshest set of guys in the dining-room. At every meal each member of the family has to have a teapot of hot water, and one with tea in it. It's no joke to carry sixteen teapots the length of our long dining-room, three times a day. Yesterday Mr. Arnold came to me and said, "Betty, when you get a chance, take a look at Ben's shirt front." The next time I went to the serving room, I hunted up Ben and saw what appeared to be the front of a shirt poorly done up and all blistered. By my next trip, Ben had become somewhat warm, and I saw the shirt front for what it really was—a big piece of white pasteboard, with studs set in it as neatly as you please. Here it is sometimes difficult to get one's laundry back, but you may be sure Ben doesn't miss a meal for the want of a clean shirt. Lizzie, the dish-washer, is running the scales in preparation for the evening concert which begins at ten sharp every night. Her

voice is not bad, and I really can go to sleep quite comfortably during the performance. Her répertoire is extensive, ranging from "The Holy City", which she sings beautifully, all but the Jerusalem part, down to "The green grass grows all around".

Good-night, Peggy.

Yours as ever,

Betty.

Ogunquit, Me., Aug. 4, 1901.

My dear Peggy:—

Such a miserable week as I have had! I think I realize a little of what poor Cain felt when every man's hand was against him and his brother's blood cried aloud from the ground. About two weeks ago there was an addition to our corps. Barbara was the teacher who came with me, and I thought she would be worth cultivating. After the first few days I wanted to weed instead, but Bab persisted. The new one's name was Dorothy Collins, and she came from Tabor academy. Before I had known her twenty-four hours I was a regular Dr. Fell and she was another. Barbara and I were supposed to room together, and I tell you I raged when I would go in and find Dorothy planked in my place in bed, telling Bab her varied experiences. They quite outdid mine, Peg. She had had nervous prostration six times. At present she had curvature of the spine. She was an intimate friend of Richard Harding Davis and Sarah Orne Jewett, and so on, and so on, for there was no end. She lost her heart to Mr. Arnold. He didn't mind at first; rather liked it as most boys do. But it grew stale and unprofitable by repetition. About this time the rush came on and there wasn't silver enough to allow all the tables to have double sets. It is impossible to pull through a dinner decently without a double set, and we who had enough kept a sharp eye upon our advantage. I used to take mine to my room nights, and hide it on a shelf under the table daytimes. One afternoon, when I had finished polishing my silver, Dorothy walked up and grabbed a handful of my spoons. With all my might—and I have a good grip when I put my mind on it—I yanked her away. She turned angry, and we stopped speaking as we passed each other at work. That evening she told Mr. Arnold that she was ill and wasn't able to go on at supper time. In the night she waked us all up, screaming for Mr. Arnold to come take away

an old woman who had scolded her. The next morning Barbara told me very gravely that I had made black and blue spots on Dorothy's arm, and that her black dress had poisoned the bruise.

All that evening I lay on my bed, shivering and feeling like a murderer. The partitions between the rooms do not quite touch the ceiling, and I could plainly hear Dorothy moan, and beg Barbara to stay with her, to send for Mr. Arnold, and keep Betty away. "She was on the verge of brain fever," Bab whispered, as she came to say good-night. The more Dorothy groaned the more desperate I became. I knew all the girls, and Bab especially, thought I was to blame for Dorothy's illness. About eleven one of the girls slipped in, and touched me before I had either seen or heard her. I screamed, naturally enough, and equally naturally, I suppose, this set Dorothy off into hysterics. Bab went for the doctor, and the two spent the rest of the night calming her down. I went to sleep; I thought I might as well. I had done enough for one day. The next morning Mr. Arnold said, "What have you been up to, Betty? You look so doleful." I told him my sins. He said, "Oh, I see!" and turned away, I thought then in disapproval. I think now it was a smile. Dorothy grew steadily worse. The doctor was called in five times some days. Barbara was detailed as special nurse and gave up her table in the dining-room. The guests were very sympathetic. They gave Dorothy fifty dollars, sent flowers and fruit. After a week of this, a consultation of doctors, and the receipt of answers to the telegrams Mr. Jerrold had sent to different people who knew Dorothy, the discovery was made that she was a sort of fake, and had played this little game for what there was in it. She was packed off at once. Bab came to the dining-room, and I was again allowed some reason for being. Mrs. Jerrold received a great bunch of lilies-of-the-valley from Dorothy this morning, but there are some memories that would outlive the most durable carnations.

Yours,

Betty.

Northampton, Mass., Sept. 16, 1901.

My dear Margaret:—

One hour ago the trolley left me at 44 South Street, a tired, worn-out piece of humanity. I have stopped unpacking to write the last chapter in my summer comedy. It came near

turning out a tragedy. I don't mean sudden death, though that seemed a happy alternative to the fate I feared at noon to-day. When I went to buy my ticket in Boston I found that although I had a thirty-dollar check I lacked in hard cash ten cents of what was needed to pay my fare to Northampton. The express for Springfield didn't leave till four. I sat in "Washington County", and did about the hardest thinking that I have ever needed to do. At half-past three the campaign was planned. I bought a ticket to Springfield, from there expressed my trunk to Northampton and brought myself over on the trolley. At first I thought I was rather clever to get out of my scrape so nicely, and actually smiled when I saw the two cents left in my pocket book when I got here. This cleverness lost its power to charm when Lucy told me that I could have come directly from the North Terminal to Northampton, and my ticket would have cost just what I paid in a fare to Springfield. Now, at the moment of entrance into what for the last few years has seemed an ever receding paradise, I almost falter. You know, Margaret, that I always had what Principal Harker called the unworthy ambition for high grades. Here, I know that my wish is ungratified. My poor, muddled old brain, worn with trying to solve the problem of how to get here, will stand a poor show with the young, clear ones, fresh from good preparatory schools. Their road to Smith College has been macadamized, while mine has been like the famous Dublin route, rocky. Nevertheless, to-night, when Elizabeth the freshman, makes her entrance, exit Betty, the waitress. The latter certainly deserves some credit; without her, the former could never have existed. So Margaret, let's say good-bye to her cordially, as for the last time she signs herself,

Lovingly yours,

Betty.

ELSIE ALLEN LAUGHNEY

SKETCHES

THE CITY OF NOTHING TRUE.

When the darkness falls in my attic room,
And the moonbeams flicker through,
I flee from the cares of the weary day,
Cast down my burdens, and hasten away
To the City of Nothing True.

The way is the road to the Land of Sleep,
Where troubles and trials are few,
And I journey there in my little bed,
(Oh, the path is smooth and I'm gently led)
To the City of Nothing True.

Within its walls are the castles I build,
Lofty and rosy of hue,
And all the people I love live there
(Ah, Life is easy and Life is fair)
In the City of Nothing True.

I tear down a castle worn with age
And I build it up anew.
I am master of all that I survey
(And none do aught but what I say)
In the City of Nothing True.

At each of my castles I fondly glance,
I linger in one or two,
Where dwell dear Fame and dearer Peace
(For here all sorrows and troubles cease)
In the City of Nothing True.

But at last I am caught by the God of Sleep,
And the City fades from view,
In deepening night my castles fall,
Oblivion settles over all—
'Tis a City of Nothing True.

KLARA ELISABETH FRANK.

Miss Elizabeth Dean closed the door after her last caller, her sister Charlotte's youngest boy, and went back to her favorite rocking chair in the library.

Miss Elizabeth's Conscience Then she got out her knitting, which was reserved for special occasions, and prepared to think very hard. Miss Elizabeth usually carried on a monologue when she was thinking of something especially interesting or important, and this was the case on this afternoon. The monologue was something as follows. "I do think those children get a little bolder every year. The idea of their coming to me, one by one, and calmly informing me what they want for Christmas. I don't suppose that they imagine for a minute that I understand what all this sudden affection for me on their part means. Children are so guileless about *some* things. This is the first year that little Harry has made me a Christmas call, and after his coming I shouldn't be the least surprised to see Charlotte bring the baby over and to hear her lis, 'I want a Christmas present too, Auntie.' It doesn't seem to me that children when I was young went around to all their aunts and told them definitely just what they wanted for Christmas. I know I didn't and I guess I would have gotten mighty little satisfaction if I had. Anna even offered to take me down to Long's and show me just which doll she was sure she couldn't live without. If the children came to see me some time between their annual leave-taking in the summer, their return in autumn, Thanksgiving, and the Christmas holidays I shouldn't think so much about it; but it is the feeling that they only come when they have to and when they want something, that makes me out of patience with them. May be it is as they say, that they don't have time when they are going to school to go around and see their relatives. It is perfect nonsense the way that they are hurried along in school any way. The idea of Ellen studying algebra and she only twelve. Why, when I went to school we only had algebra the last year, and I don't think that we were so very stupid either. Anyway they get time to do other things when they go to school, so I guess if they tried very hard they could come and see me once in a while. Anna has her cooking club, where they learn how to make the most indigestible desserts ever conceived of, and Ellen her 'girls' friendless society', and all of them go out with their friends every day, so I guess they could manage to come

and see me if they really wanted to. I suppose I am old-fashioned and foolish, but it does make me cross to have my own nephews and nieces so ungrateful.

"Why, there come Mrs. Wallace's children with the wash. I didn't know it was getting so late. Poor little mites! I suppose I must get them some presents for Christmas, too. They don't get much. I guess they would be grateful if they got a few of the things Charlotte's children will get. I wonder why people always persist in giving poor children useful presents. Goodness knows they get little enough pleasure during the year. I think on Christmas anyway people ought to remember that they are only children, and give them toys (new ones, too) and presents suitable to their age. The idea of Mrs. Brown saying that poor people ought not to be encouraged to like pretty things and on that account she was going to give Mrs. Reynold's children clothes exclusively this year, and those just as dark and plain as she could get them, so they would wear longer; and I really believe the woman thinks she is right.

"I'd just like to know what the Wallace children would think if I got them all the presents I was going to get for Charlotte's children. Let me see, a ring for Anna, a muff for Ellen, golf-clubs for Robert, an express wagon for Harry, a doll for the baby, and Huyler's for all of them because Charlotte thinks Huyler's is not so injurious for the children as other candy. To me candy is candy, whether it is Huyler's or anybody else's, but of course I am not a mother, so I can't be expected to know.

"Charlotte has always told me I was odd, but I guess she would think I was crazy if she knew I had thought of giving presents to the Wallaces instead of to her children. I wonder how many Wallaces there are, anyway. Let me see,—there are the twins about Anna's age, a boy about Robert's age, and the baby. I really have half a mind to do it. Anyway, I would be doing good. I would give a great deal of pleasure to the Wallaces and I would help Charlotte's children by teaching them that they can't get everything in this world just by asking for it, and to be grateful when they do get something. I believe I'll do it. I could take all to-morrow for shopping and have a lovely time all by myself. Of course I can't get golf-sticks for that boy; he wouldn't have any use for them if I did. I suppose though he would like a foot-ball and skates. I imagine that all boys do. And then the twins,—I guess they would

like rings like the one Anna wanted. The baby will be easy enough. Babies are so convenient to get presents for. You can give them anything that pleases their mother and you are all right. I can get him some toys and a silver spoon to suit his mother and he will be out of the way.

"I suppose I am a perfect fool to do it, and if people ever hear of it they will think my mind is weakening with age; but I don't see why I haven't got a right to spend my money just the way I want to without consulting anybody. Maybe it would be a good plan though to put a card with the things saying 'from Santa Claus', then too the children would enjoy them much more. Maybe they don't believe in Santa Claus. Charlotte has told all her children that there isn't any, as she says she doesn't approve of parents setting the example of lying to their children. But I don't believe poor people have so much time to think of their duty to their children, and I'll trust to luck and put the card in."

'Twas Christmas Eve, and Miss Dean's coachman had just gone to take Miss Elizabeth's presents to the Wallace's house, with explicit directions to put the things on the doorstep, knock, and remove himself as quickly as possible. John, the coachman, had children of his own who had often been objects of Miss Dean's kindness, so that he entered with the greatest zeal into this act of charity.

Miss Elizabeth was sitting in her favorite chair again, thinking for the twentieth time that day what Charlotte's children would think the next morning when they found that Aunt Elizabeth had forgotten them. "Well, dear me, they won't feel any worse without my presents than the Wallaces would with hardly any. I'm glad I did it, and I guess the children will get over it. I wish I couldn't keep hearing Harry's plaintive little voice saying, 'You didn't get me my express wagon, Aunt Elizabeth.' I ought not to forget that they are only children and will have plenty of time to discover the disappointments of life when they are older. I suppose all children are thoughtless, and maybe they are no more so than the rest. I remember when I was a little girl I used to go and see Aunt Rachel and Aunt Clara every two weeks, but when I come to think of it, I guess it was because mother made me go to see Aunt Clara that often and because Aunt Rachel always had such delicious little seedcakes for good little girls.

"Maybe I was a little harsh in my judgment, but as far as I can see I can't do anything about it now. Of course the stores are open to-night, but I declare I won't be such a fool as to give in now and get them all presents after everything I have thought about them. It seems sometimes, though, as if a good-hearted fool was a little more attractive than a cold, hard wiseacre.

"I wonder how the stores look on Christmas Eve nowadays. How I did used to enjoy going out to see the crowds when there were so many people you could scarcely get through, and everyone was so good-natured and the stores offered the biggest bargains of the year. I wonder whether I would enjoy being in that struggling jam again, where you have a chance to see the happiest side of the life of the poor. I believe I'll do it and enter into the true spirit of Christmas, that it is better to give than to receive."

FANNIE ANTOINETTE ROOT.

A PRESENCE.

Thou comest to me like the night, my love,
Blending earth's voices into heavenly peace,
Letting thy finger touches on my eyes
Fall as the cooling dew from twilight skies,
While that thy smiles a thousand dreams release,—
Phantoms that always flee from light, my love.

Thou stayest by me like the night, my love,
A night unsilvered by a single star,
That reaches way beyond those purple hills
On day's horizon, for thy presence fills
My world, and, though I scan afar, afar,
I need not fear the bitterness of light, my love.

Thou goest from me like the night, my love,—
As wind trips over grasses' dewy veil,
Thou fadest from me, yet I see thee go
Knowing I dare to be alone, although
Quivering from thy footsteps falls the trail
Behind of cold, earth-scented light, my love.

MAUDE BARROWS DUTTON.

It was just before recess in the afternoon, and the sixth room pupils were reciting history, when the principal came in with the

new scholar. The teacher

The Montagues and Capulets greeted the little girl kindly and gave her a seat next to the leader of the Montagues. The leader of the Montagues smiled at her and, when the teacher turned away, gave the new scholar a stick of gum. The Capulets immediately decided that a girl who would take gum from a Montague was not worth cultivating, and during afternoon recess they left her to her own devices—a prey to the evil-minded Montagues.

The next morning the leader of the Capulets reached the school-house later than usual. That was because she had walked very slowly and stiffly, to impress a frivolous Montague who was hippety-hopping across the street. One of her staunchest adherents met her on the stone steps and whispered excitedly, "I've been here for more than half an hour, and there's lots to tell you. They asked her to belong to their 'sweep', and she said she guessed she wouldn't play to-day. I'm sure she has found out what horrid girls they are and is too polite to say so to their faces. You better go talk to her—she's standing over by Martha Washington."

The leader of the Capulets moved majestically across the play-ground, affecting not to see the Montague "sweep" or the scornful squint on their round freckled faces. She threaded her way toward Martha Washington—the spindly post which had been planted last Arbor Day with appropriate exercises. There stood the new girl, feeling a little bit neglected and uncomfortable, and yet buoyed up by the sense of superiority of one coming from the aristocratic "Alice Cary" district. The leader of the Capulets edged up to her and remarked diplomatically, "Good morning", the other girl answered politely, and then they exchanged names. The leader of the Capulets suggested that they go across the street into the vacant lot. There was time before the bell rang, and they could sit on her "private seat" and talk. The new girl assented and in a few minutes was being sounded by the leader of the Capulets, and found neutral.

Then the leader of the Capulets proceeded to instil deadly hatred of the Montagues into the mind of the new girl. In the days of old the leader of the Montagues had done the leader of

the Capulets an unpardonable wrong. It was such a foul deed that the leader of the Capulets "dassent" to speak of it—not yet, anyway. The new girl's curiosity was whetted, and she listened eagerly to the rest of the talk. In a cool, impartial way the leader of the Capulets went on to show up the Montagues' villainy. In the first place, their association with such a leader proved conclusively their lack of discrimination. Then they were, all of them, thoroughly "horrid" girls. No Capulet would stand in line with a Montague. If the new girl hadn't sense enough to tell a Montague by her looks she would be forgiven for standing in line with one for *three times*—no more.

At this juncture the bell rang, and the new girl marched upstairs with the leader of the Capulets. The leader of the Montagues had by this time privately decided that the new girl was a common, Capulet sort of a creature, and that the Montague policy was to let her entirely alone. She would tell her constituents this at recess. By this time, however, the new girl regarded the Montague leader as a Lucretia Borgia in disguise, and carefully tucked up her short skirts that they might not become contaminated in the aisle where the rubbers of a Montague were lying.

All the morning the new girl received notes and arithmetic examples from different parts of the room and made frequent trips to the waste-paper basket with those upon which the leader of the Capulets frowned. Presently the teacher called on the new girl. The new girl stood up and began to read, but the teacher interrupted her. "Haven't you been taught to stand at the right side of your desk, dear? The new girl changed over, but feeling so much humiliation at the rebuke, and terror as to what the Capulets would say to her for standing so near a Montague, she became rattled, and made dreadful work of her reading. She sat down with flushed cheeks and began to swallow very fast, but she felt that the eyes of the room were upon her, and it was more than she could stand. So, raising her hand, she said in a choked voice, "Please may I get a drink?" The leader of the Capulets lost no time in offering to show her the way. The teacher, forgetting that all square brick school-houses are constructed on much the same plan, and admiring the child's thoughtfulness, nodded permission.

Out in the hall the leader of the Capulets comforted the new girl and told her that it was all right for once, but that, as a

rule, only Montagues drank city water. The exclusive Capulets sucked lemon drops to allay the pangs of thirst; but that when a Capulet asked to get a drink she mustn't look surprised, for that was only a blind. And after a while the new girl would know why they came out in the hall—but the teacher would suspect, so they must go back now.

The new girl endured the freezing glances of the leader of the Montagues until recess, when she was marshalled out onto the playground by the leader of the Capulets. There she was presented to all the Capulets, and one of them whisked her off to the swing, where they "pumped" vigorously while the leader of the Capulets told the band what a nice girl the new girl was, and how loyal to the Capulets, and how she despised and hated the Montagues; and that it was the bounden duty of every one of them to shield the new girl from the snares and pitfalls which the Montagues would set for her; and if they were willing she would tell the new girl all the secrets and ask her into their game of tag. The Capulets all said yes, because their leader asked them so nicely and because they would have to anyway. The leader of the Capulets thanked them graciously and led the way to the swing. The rest of the Capulets stood around while the leader and the new girl sat in the swing and kept it moving slowly, as the leader explained to the new girl that to be in school and not be a Capulet was to be a — Montague. There was no neutral ground, and to owe allegiance to the leader of the Montagues was equivalent to selling oneself to the evil one outright. The new girl thanked the leader of the Capulets and said that if she hadn't been taken up by the Capulets she would have died, and she would do all she could to help them, and would never breathe a word of their secrets "cross her heart and hope to die". Then the bell rang and they filed into the school room.

During the rest of the morning the new girl recited on the right side of her desk without compunction, for, as the leader of the Capulets had told her in the cloak-room, "What you can't help you must stand, so just pretend it's me sitting next you, or else nobody at all."

At noon the leader of the Capulets suggested the possibility of a change in the new girl's seat, when the time was ripe. She told her that the light was very bad in that seat before the teacher's desk and so it was almost always vacant. Then she

delicately hinted the symptoms of failing eyesight. She said it came on gradually, and at first one had trouble only in reading the board work. Then one's eyes ached and compelled one to bandage the afflicted organs in a wet handkerchief. Presently the pain grew intolerable and the teacher was easily prevailed upon to change the sufferer to a back seat in the dark corner of the room. Just before they parted, the leader of the Capulets said darkly, "A good case lasts about a week—you'll spoil it if your eyes give out too sudden."

Before school in the afternoon the new girl fought shy of all the Montagues she saw and waited impatiently for the leader of the Capulets. As soon as she came, they went over to the "private seat", and the new girl was initiated into the mysteries of the Capulet signal code. If one of the Capulets in school asked to "get a drink" all the rest watched carefully to see which row she paused before on her way out of the room. Then all the Capulets in that row watched to see how many fingers she held down on the hand toward the room. After she returned, the Capulet who had been signalled asked to leave the room. She then went to the "post-office", which was a hidden chink in the hall baseboard, and drew out a missive of great import. Sometime the new girl would be permitted to use the post-office. The new girl had never dreamed of anything so entrancing, and was a firmer Capulet than ever.

Meantime the Montagues were disappointed that their leader made so little effort to influence the new girl. But the leader of the Montagues was disdainful of all such underhand methods. "If she were a nice girl she would come to us without being teased. It shows just what she is—the way she has taken up with those common girls. You girls are all nice and have some sense. You know that you go with me because you like me and not because I hung around and teased you to." The Montagues were struck by the force of the argument and cultivated true Montague indifference the next recess, when the new girl took the Capulets to the grocery and recklessly spent five cents in treating them to maple wax and licorice.

As time went on, the new girl ceased to be a new girl and became a regular Capulet. It became instinctive with her to watch the Montagues from a lofty, impregnable height. If they missed in spelling, it was because they were an awfully stupid lot. If they stood 100 in an arithmetic test, it was be-

cause they were too stuck up for anything and liked to show off. If they talked in line, it showed they were rather common and didn't know what was what. If they refused to whisper, it showed they were too saintly good for any mortal use. And the Capulets, and especially the leader of the Capulets, thought she was a lovely girl, and shuddered to think what would have been the fate of their treasure, had she fallen among Montagues.

AGNES LOUISE DEAN.

NIGHTS AND DAYS

By night I am a princess fair.
Rich jewels bind my golden hair,
My eyes are blue as heaven above,
My brow is fair as wing of dove,
My court dress, with a regal sweep
Of satin, falls about my feet.
I'm wond'rous beautiful, dazzling quite
When I'm a princess fair, by night.

When I'm a princess fair, by night,
My throne room is a gorgeous sight,
And courtiers gay in silks and lace
Bow low before my royal face,
And stand in readiness to do
Whate'er I shall command them to,
My will their law. I'm powerful quite
When I'm a princess fair, by night.

By day, I'm a little country maid,
With pigtail tight, and manner staid.
My eyes are gray—my brows not fair,
My nose is pug, with freckles there.
My dress is short and checked and blue,
With both my elbows peeping thro',
And I'm not beautiful, I'm afraid,
By day, when I'm a country maid.

By day, when I'm a country maid,
No homage at my feet is laid,
For mother won't my courtier be.
Instead she makes one out of me;
And I must sweep and sew, and do
Whatever mother tells me to.
My royal power fades away
When I'm a country maid, by day!

SYBIL LAVINIA COX.

A LOVER TO HIS LADY LOVE

I had rather you were beside me, love,
 With the old-time faults that I knew so well,
 Than a spotless angel from heaven above
 From whose every breath a benison fell.

For I love the gleam of your gay blue eyes—
 With their scorn and laughter and sudden pride—
 And I love your petulant quick replies
 Where the bitter and sweet sparkle side by side.

You were not all kind, you were not all true
 In those days long dead that have left their scar,
 But I love those faults, for those faults are you,
 And I love you dear for just what you are.

MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS.

The desk was a solid oak affair—none of your useless but ornamental pieces of furniture with unsteady spindle legs, one drawer and a square inch of lid—this desk “Overheard” had four drawers, to say nothing of the many capacious pigeon-holes. It stood as firmly as the Rock of Gibraltar itself. No kittenish jumps or coquettish tiltings ever disturbed the array of vases, candlesticks, and knick-knacks along its top. Even the photographs, unsteady things at best, were given no opportunity to slide sulkily down on their backs or fall forward on their faces. Withal it was a desk of surpassing dignity—one might say a desk of “the old school”.

The scrap-basket was somewhat worn in appearance, but the lack of polish on its brown wicker only intensified the veracity of its expression. It was a democratic, enthusiastic scrap-basket, rather excitable, perhaps even a little commonplace in appearance, yet one need only glance at it to know its absolute honesty and good-heartedness.

The two stood side by side, a not unusual relationship between a desk and a scrap-basket, and carried on a deal of interesting conversation. The desk being somewhat slow and ponderous the scrap-basket did most of the talking, as on this occasion.

“I hold,” it said, “that when another person’s personal affairs are thrust actually *into* you, it is no sin to take a friendly interest

Now, if you should deliberately try to peek inside the envelopes of the letters put into your pigeon-holes I should of course say it was curiosity on your part, but when one has scraps of the letters themselves right before one's eyes, why it is impossible to help reading! Now to-day, when the girl came in she had a letter in her hand, and after carefully shutting the door she began to talk to something I could not see. 'I should think it was time you wrote,' she said, 'here it is three weeks since I wrote you. Besides the impoliteness involved, it is really dreadful to be kept in suspense. However, you rarely enjoy that privilege, so you'd better make the most of it.' Her tone was distinctly disagreeable and she ripped open the envelope quite viciously, as you know. Well, that is all you could know about that letter; you didn't even get it into your pigeon-hole with the envelope on, but I—I got enough of it to piece out a little story that I had been gleaning from other fragments. However, as you consider it poor taste to read people's letters, of course you don't want to hear it."

There was a moment of silence broken by a little cough from the desk. "Ahem—I must confess—I admit the weight of your argument. Oh, of course—ahem—ahem—when it is, as you say, thrust upon one—ahem—I—" Here the scrap-basket cut in. "Oh, no ill-feeling—no ill-feeling," it said, "every one has a right to his opinion. As for the story, of course with your former views, I could hardly have repeated it—but now—a different matter entirely!"

"Well, perhaps you remember that the first night after the girl came back to college she seemed rather disturbed. You didn't! Well, I am more observing. She was, as I have said, very much disturbed. After she had settled her possessions she sat down by you and began to write. Probably you do not recall that she tore up a good deal that she wrote. Well, she did, and I saw most of it. There were things like these written on the pieces, 'no gentleman would', 'can never forgive', 'at my cousin's', 'and after what', 'not really care', very sincerely yours'. Now perhaps that would convey nothing to you, but it was all *very* clear to me. 'He' had somehow offended immediately prior to her departure for college—so near to her departure that she had had no time to write. Very probably had neglected to call as he had promised before she went, which was indeed ungentlemanly. 'And after what', 'not *really* care'

would immediately suggest to any one of average imagination that something definite had occurred or been said after which his conduct was particularly unpardonable, and then she concludes he could not have really cared after all. And this in turn would suggest that the something definite must have related to 'really caring'.

"You can, perhaps, imagine how anxiously the girl and I awaited his reply. Why, another square inch of paper on either side would have tipped me over that morning when she came rushing in with it; and the terrible suspense while she read and reread it. At last she began to write, and later I heard her inquiring down the hall for a special delivery stamp. Finally I heard that blessed sound of tearing paper, and in another second the letter was mine. What if the wrong scraps should turn uppermost or the right ones fall over the side! I hardly dared look when the bits finally settled themselves. This time I read—'jump at conclusions', 'to have trusted me', 'a little rude', 'letter next day', 'directed wrongly', 'how could I know?'

"Of course all that may be obscure to you, but I gathered this. He accused her of jumping at conclusions; she ought to have trusted him enough to have believed him incapable of such a thing without reason. Her letter in fact was a little rude, he considered. How could he know she was to be at her cousin's when the note informing him of the fact arrived a day too late on account of misdirection?

"I rather imagined the girl had apologised, and I was quite sure of it when the scraps of his answer fluttered into my hospitable arms. I tell you I thank my stars every day that the girl doesn't believe in keeping letters. Well, things continued about the same for a long time, but I noticed that the girl didn't seem to be so much interested in the mails that brought her those particular letters and she tore them up less carefully. Once in a while I would see whole sentences, 'Why did you not write?' 'Have I made you angry?' 'Your letter was a little unkind.' These were only occasional; other times everything seemed to be going smoothly. I learned a great many of the man's troubles incidentally; he seemed to tell them all to the girl.

"Meanwhile I had not been paying much attention to the other letters I received; they added nothing to my little story

but one day when I was quietly dozing, a sheet of paper was flung violently into my arms. I was so startled I could hardly grasp what had happened. I was in possession of a whole sheet of a letter instead of the fragments! The writing I had seen before—large, rather, for a girl—firm, clear, and regular. I had judged her a noble, womanly sort of girl. No fooling or deceit about her, and in what I got of her letters there was nothing to disprove my deductions. One in my position learns a good bit about the interpretation of handwriting. Well, the girl must have written her about the man, and it was quite evident she did not approve of the girl. I can not recall the entire letter, but one sentence I remember. ‘You have no right to let him continue to think that you care.’ Just as I finished this the girl snatched up the letter and when I received it again there was not a scrap big enough to contain an entire word. The friend seemed to be influential, and later some fragments in the girl’s hand fluttered down. ‘I am very sorry’, ‘help one’s heart’, ‘girl better than I’, ‘could not last’, I read, and so I judged the girl’s better self had come to the fore. And now after three long weeks the answer has come, ‘never can forget’, ‘always—forever’, ‘nothing left’, ‘ruined life’. This is what I read.”

The scrap-basket ceased and the desk sighed sentimentally—“Poor fellow,” it said, “Heartless girl! and so it is all over.” “Oh, I don’t see why,” answered the scrap-basket cheerfully. “I should say it had just begun. You see the girl bought me second-hand of a senior, and I’ve had a good deal of experience.”

ABBY SHUTE MERCHANT.

SOMEWHERE

I said the night seems long and drear,
This hour to grief belongs ; but stay,
Somewhere the sun still sheds abroad
Its brightest beams on some one’s way.

The flowers still bloom, the birds still sing,
And lovers wander through the lane,
Down by some merry babbling brook
Perchance young love is told again.

Somewhere a brave and noble life,
An earnest striving for the right,
Has led a weaker soul to try
To conquer in the bitter fight.

Somewhere some heart has found its rest,
And laid its griefs and fears away,
Somewhere it crossed the border land,
And dwells in everlasting day.

Somewhere, sometime we too shall cross
And leave behind life's toil and care ;
A joy, a peace, a calm content
Is waiting now for us, somewhere.

GRACE EVELYN MERRILL.

EDITORIAL

After examinations are over, and the fateful two weeks have passed, without too many demands upon the sympathies of our friends, in the line of quietly removing certain things from the official bulletin; when our minds are set at rest one way or the other, it becomes almost a luxury to philosophize on our experiences during the ordeal. We are able to smile at the Scripture passage, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof". It seemed almost a little too prophetic at the time, but distance lends perspective to a good many things.

President Seelye, in his talk at the beginning of the second semester, emphasized two facts: that the examinations had been approached in a much more tranquil spirit than usual, and had been met more satisfactorily as a result. Of course there was some worry and some excitement as there always is, yet any one who has noticed the state of the college feeling on similar occasions would admit immediately that there has been less apprehension this year than ever before. There were not many busy signs in evidence, particularly off the campus, and this might be taken as conclusive of the fact that much of the preparation for examinations was only in the line of the regular work. A few of the most fearful locked themselves in, with German grammars and Driver on the Old Testament, or paced the floor learning indiscriminately the contents of their note-books. On the whole, however, the general spirit was, if not tranquil, at least more nearly tranquil than in other years.

There is no doubt that such a lack of worry, combined with plenty of skating and general games thrown in, contributed to rapidity and clearness of thought, and to the general power of self-control which every one certainly needs after she has written the "name of the candidate" and the "subject of the examination" in the exciting moment before the questions are passed. It is ordinarily taken for granted that this happy tran-

quility comes from a good conscience, and a knowledge of "faithful work" done during the course. Of course it might come from this, and in a few cases it does. Unfortunately, however, the few who have trusted to theory in the matter and gone to examinations with no other preparation than their good consciences, have found that theory and practice don't agree. Those who have trusted to theory once, don't venture again.

It looks very much as if our boasted tranquility and peace of mind sprang, rather, from a perfection of the cramming system. The English department would be encouraged if it could possess copies of the elaborate analyses of courses that we are able to make. These analyses or "crams" are direct and concise, covering the important points in a course, and also the out-of-the-way information that may have been required by examiners in previous years. As time goes on they accumulate in matter and value. Besides these analyses there is the "quiz". Several taking the same course hold a lengthy meeting just before the examination, where each gets the advantage of the ideas of the other. It is learning made easy by perfectly legitimate means. When the cramming process is carried on thus systematically, a certain sense of power is the result.

The manner in which any one prepares for examination depends in large measure on the kind of examination that is expected. From experience many of us have come to the conclusion that examinations as a rule are not opportunities to show what we know, but what we don't know. And while we can pass a test of this kind by cramming, we certainly will continue to do it, especially as it is impossible, even for a good student, to pass such a one without.

Systematic cramming has certainly some advantages, and should not be condemned without a hearing. Cramming does not mean that a student never studies. There are a few perhaps who never cram, a few who do nothing else, but a large majority who combine both methods. Cramming gives one a rather superficial knowledge and that grasp of a subject which loses its strength in a short time. But only too often it is this same superficial knowledge that is called for in examinations. If cramming is to be condemned, then why not condemn the kind of examination that fosters it? If the examinations could be made real tests of power, such that no rapid process could

prepare for them, then the rapid process would at least be modified. Such examinations were given this year in several instances and are proof that it can be done.

The problem of the cramming system is included in that of the examination system. In the solution of the problem of examination there are two extremes advocated: change in the form of the examinations and absence of examinations. In the latter case the solution of the cramming difficulty would be solved efficiently. If the examinations were changed in method, so that there was not so much dependent upon them, or in form, so that cramming could not be a preparation, we might easily expect a solution of our secondary problem. The system of cramming would die a natural death, or at least become modified so as to lose its worst features.

EDITOR'S TABLE

The opening article of the Yale Literary Magazine, though an editorial of especially local interest, bears suggestion to all our college world, for it concerns the "neglected opportunity" of an unusually well-furnished art gallery. There is a familiar sound in this exhortation of the Yale undergraduates, urging them to cultivate themselves by familiarity with the masterpieces found in the various art collections. We know the voice of such gentle persuasion very well, almost as well as we know the sound of demurring:—"Oh, yes, we know we ought to go, but we never think of it and, any way, there isn't any time for such things!"

The Yale writer proclaims the presence of the "spirit of Philistinism" among the undergraduates of his college,—you see he uses that familiar term which Matthew Arnold borrowed from the Germans and to which his use has given such significance for English readers. But where shall the enemies of Philistinism come from if not from the strongholds of the higher education, where dwell many whose only purpose in undertaking the four years of college life is the attainment of culture? We know that American life is considered lacking in the highest refinement, but we look for education to redeem it from the fault,—what shame if the remedy itself become infected!

Looking into college life, we find unmistakable evidence of the Philistine spirit. Such is the intense horror of the "grind", who may, indeed, receive some commendation if he works hard from necessity, but none if he works hard from enthusiasm. Another infallible sign is the valuing recognition of ability higher than ability itself, for the Philistine joys not in the doing but in the getting. Especially significant is that cry called forth by the accusations of the fault-finder—"No time for culture!" If this phrase is meaningless anywhere it

is in college where four years are devoted to this purpose only. However, the attainment of culture depends less on the amount of time devoted exclusively to this end than upon the attitude of the seeker; the broadening effect of art galleries is not exactly measured by the number of hours spent in them.

For the examination of the attitude of the college student toward these matters the most direct course is to go to the records that appear in the college magazines. Here the aspect is more encouraging, for here, it is safe to assume, is represented that part of the college population to whom the name Philistine is least applicable. This month our exchanges contain fairly good critical articles on Whitman, Heine, Poe, Charles Reade, Shelley, Hans Andersen, John Fiske, and a few other figures, in pictorial art and in history as well as in literature. Some of these productions do indeed suggest the required theme, but others display a spontaneity that encourages one to believe in the writer's unfeigned joy in his subject. This joy is rarely well-restrained, for superlatives are frequent, and in reading a number of such articles an amusing similarity becomes evident in the tone of high admiration and in frequent declarations that each literary hero is "second to none". Here we are finding a trace of Philistinism—for narrow-mindedness is its most distinguishing trait—among those whom we expected to find in the ranks of the chosen.

There is another side to most arguments, and to ours also. The stimulating effect of college courses, the familiarity with the high things of art and knowledge, and the acquaintance with cultivated minds can not fail to influence every student. Then there is floating about in the college public a sense of dissatisfaction, vague in character and uncertain in expression, over the present forms of literary art as they appear in America. Outsiders, indeed, accuse college students of being over-critical, but though the critical tendency aroused in college often takes a very young and unattractive form, this tendency is the best weapon against the spirit of Philistinism.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

In 1890, twelve Smith graduates met quite informally, at the invitation of one of them, Miss Mary B. Whiton, who was in the first class graduated by Smith College, and the New York Association

Report of the New York Association of Smith College Alumnae was started.

It is interesting to follow the gradual growth of the association from an informal meeting of a few graduates with a purely social view, to that of a continually increasing body of women with wide interests and ever broadening aims, until the New York Association of Smith College Alumnae to-day has made a definite place for itself and has made its influence felt in this great city, with its varied interests and its numberless demands. The history of the association from the beginning is creditable. Its aim when started in October 1890 was social, but it is interesting and characteristic of college women that in December of that same year there was already a demand for other objects. We determined to take more interest in the problems of sociology, pedagogy, and politics in New York, and in this direction, as a result, we have had addresses from leading men, as Dr. Nicholas M. Butler, now President of Columbia, Mr. Hamilton Mabie, Professor Perry, Professor Sprague-Smith, Mr. Osborne of the George Junior Republic, and many others.

College Settlement work was looked into, and workers from Rivington Street and Hartley House were invited to speak of the needs there. It is interesting to note that Miss Elizabeth S. Williams '91 is at the head of the Rivington Street Settlement and that Miss Alice Hubbard '94 is her assistant, while Miss Helen F. Greene '91 is at the head of Hartley House.

As a result of these talks some practical help was given by the association in the form of a box of books, toys, games, and other articles. Other members became interested and volunteered to work and teach classes in the settlement. It was decided by us to appoint committees to look up and interest the association in the various problems, and an educational committee was appointed to look into the social and educational problems, while a financial committee devised means of raising money and the promoting of a social spirit was looked after by a social committee. There are now fewer meetings held than formerly, four during the season, but they are of more importance than the more frequent (monthly) ones.

Soon a plea came to us from the general association for help in completing the new college gymnasium. After a good deal of trouble and much energy on the part of the chairman of the committee appointed, Mrs. Mary B. Talmage, and the other members, a glee club concert was given here, and \$475

sent in as a result. After the gymnasium was completed we turned our attention to the Smith College Library Fund and selected as our especial department that of literature. The proceeds of a reading by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith were devoted to this.

The sums of \$156 and \$100 were sent in at other times toward the Library Fund. We have also joined in giving to the Students' Building, and the Students' Aid Society has been helped from time to time. Concerts, lectures, plays, and readings all have been used as a means of raising money, and after all we have turned to plain subscriptions as the best way of all.

In coöperating with the plans of the general association we deserve approval. Instead of branching out independently to promote objects which seemed to us more alluring, we have subordinated our wishes to those of the larger association and in so doing have helped to accomplish more for the college than if we had pursued our own plans.

Being but a few hours distant from Northampton, we have the advantage of enjoying frequent talks from the faculty, and are always kept in touch with the college and its changes. We are always glad to hear of the flourishing condition of Smith and have enjoyed the talks exceedingly, and yet we sometimes would like to hear more of the real needs of the college, what it lacks, and criticisms and comparisons with the workings and management of other institutions. We are earnest in our desire to help and are loyal, so that we often feel it is due to us and that we can, so to speak, be trusted to hear the "other side". It is only by knowing what conditions are not so flourishing that we can take our part in helping to improve them.

In 1896 the first of the annual luncheons took place at the Windsor Hotel. Now they are an established event and a well known feature of the social life of our branch. The luncheons afford great opportunity for reunions and inspire and strengthen college spirit. They are besides delightful and interesting occasions. The last two have been held at the Manhattan Hotel, as will be the one this year. Undergraduates at home for the holidays are availing themselves more and more of this chance of meeting and also of getting acquainted with New York alumnæ. The luncheons have always been well attended and are very successful. President Seelye has favored us several times and is to be our guest this year. Professors Tyler, Jordan, Gardiner, Czarnomska, Brady, Kapp, Caverno, and in fact most of the faculty have been with us and have talked to us at various times, and we enjoy meeting and chatting with them at the receptions preceding the luncheons.

Other speakers also have been invited:—Minister Wu, President Roosevelt, Mark Twain. Ernest Seton Thompson, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Senator Chauncey Depew, Professor Clarke, Miss Tarbell, and many others have spoken to us on many interesting topics.

We are glad to have this opportunity of telling you about our association for several reasons: first, because it is well that you of the college should know how we have extended the influence of the association and of the college in New York City and vicinity, how we have ever kept before us the needs of the college and had its welfare at heart, and how we have tried by whatever means we had to raise money and in this way to give very real help to Smith College; and secondly, that any undergraduates who may be com-

ing to New York or its vicinity may feel that they are cordially welcomed into the association and that they will feel that they can still both work for Smith College and also keep in touch with it, besides having the opportunity of enjoying social reunions with old friends and meeting new graduates.

Membership in the general association does not include the local associations, but an annual fee of \$1.00 admits of membership to the New York association.

Mention might be made of some of our members who are distinguishing themselves in one way or another. I can include only a few who have come under my notice. There are, I know, many others equally worthy of mention, but they can not be included in such a brief account.

Miss Elizabeth S. Williams, who is at the settlement at 95 Rivington Street, has been mentioned already. Miss Emma B. Beard '95 has charge of the cooking classes. Mrs. Mabel Wood Hill '91, our president at one time, and Miss Ellen E. Hill '91 have both given valuable help in organizing and supporting the music school in the settlement, and the latter has taken an active part in the City History Club. Dr. Jane E. Robbins '88 is head of the Alumnae College Settlement, and Miss Frances Tyler '84 and her sister are taking a leading part in the work on the East Side. Miss Edith L. Taft '98 has been for some time a deaconess at St. George's. Mention should be made of the faithful and efficient work at the Nurses' Settlement in Henry Street, where Miss Georgia D. Coyle '98 and Miss Susan E. Foote '96 are working. Miss Mary B. Whiton '79 for a number of years conducted a school of her own here. Now she is Principal of the National Cathedral School at Washington, D. C. Miss Marian Burritt '92 and Mrs. Rachel S. Deane '88 conduct schools of their own. Miss Laura D. Gill '81 is Dean of Barnard College and Miss Mary F. Knox '85 is Registrar there. Miss Anne D. Van Kirk '87 has made a position for herself at the Sloane Maternity Hospital. She is Superintendent of the Training School for Nurses, has three assistants under her, and trains twenty-eight classes. She has risen to this position in a remarkably short time and her services are greatly valued.

It was in 1899 that the first plan was suggested for joining with other alumnae associations in hiring some club room and so forming one large college club, the Women's University Club. It seems hardly possible that this has really been carried out in so short a time, and that to-day we can hold our meetings in the assembly rooms of the Women's University Club, 19 East 24th Street, that we have a reading room, restaurant, and sleeping rooms, and that the club house is already a center for college women.

We take some very natural pride in the fact that Smith graduates have taken a leading part in the management of the club. Miss Laura D. Gill is president, and Smith College alumnae hold the largest membership. Ours, too, was the first meeting held at the club house. Mrs. Grace J. Adams '88, our president for some time now, was instrumental in getting the house for the club, and Mrs. Florence L. King '95 was chairman of the first house committee. The board of managers includes Miss Gill, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. King, Mrs. Winifred Ayers Hope '95, and Mrs. Ruth Bowles Baldwin '87.

The University Club is in itself a broadening influence. For are we not likely to narrow down into the belief that our own Alumnae Association is just

a little better than any other? And the very fact of close association with women from other colleges with different points of view and different ways of doing things is a good thing for all of us. This contact tends to break down any petty jealousies and prejudices, and although we each love our own special college at heart and work for it, body and soul, yet are we brought into closer sympathy with the graduates of other colleges, and working side by side we learn much, one from another.

To our college, our faculty, and the undergraduates, we send greeting.

LAURA CRANE BURGESS '96.

The two following articles are those left over from the contribution received from the Worcester Club last month.

To many college girls the question of the future is a serious problem, especially if the desirability or the necessity of earning a living must be considered. The fact that so many doors are now open

Charity Work for to women is often confusing rather than helpful.

College Women When I was facing this question myself, a classmate asked me, in a confidential chat, what I could do well, and I answered promptly, "I can make gingerbread." The reply came as promptly, "Then make gingerbread." I have forgotten how to make gingerbread now, but the advice and the philosophy underlying it have not been forgotten. If a woman can do one useful thing well, by all means let her do that one thing. The world needs men and women who can do things well. But it sometimes happens that a girl has possibilities which develop slowly or which need the touch of outside suggestion to bring them out. Such a girl faces the world with a vague idea that she ought to do something. She may have the energy and the ability to do good work, but she does not quite know what she wants to do or can do well. To such girls I want to present for their consideration the claims of charity work. And I do this the more willingly because I realize from the questions often asked me by the young women who are planning their future work, how little is known even yet of organized charity, of its real aim, the preparation which it demands, and the opportunities which it offers.

St. Paul said, "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, . . . and have not charity, I am nothing." And so far wrong has been our conception of charity, that we have re-translated the chapter instead of bringing our conception of charity up to St. Paul's ideal. Notice that he says, "To feed the poor . . . and have not charity", recognizing and expressing the fact that almsgiving in itself does not deserve the name of charity. Feeding may be a part and for a time, perhaps, a very necessary part of the help needed; but it is only a part, and in the long view which true charity ought to take, it should be a small part. The time has forever gone by when the mere giving of relief, even from kindly and sympathetic motives, can absolve the giver from further responsibility in regard to the destitute. Charity is no longer content with mere amelioration. Destitution is an abnormal condition of life as truly as sickness is an abnormal condition of the body. And the causes must be sought as patiently and as thoroughly in the one case as in the other in order to effect a cure. If any real good is to be done, it is not suffi-

cient that the family or the individual should be kept from starvation. They must be brought back to their right position as self-respecting, self-supporting members of the community and not be allowed to become mere human parasites. The very way in which the necessary aid is given may determine whether the family will grow accustomed to dependence and become pauperized, or be encouraged and strengthened to fight its own battles.

The problems which arise are often far-reaching, leading back into causes and forward into results. Take, for example, the case of a widow with a family of children. She can not support them without help. How can that help be given so that she will keep her self-respect? How much work ought she to be expected to do when her absence from home means that the children are in the streets? How much should be given in addition to her earnings in order that the children may not grow up devitalized by lack of proper nourishment, and so become the prey to every temptation? Again, a man deserts his family. It is an easy matter to keep the wife and children from actual suffering. It is a much more difficult matter to compel the man, for his own sake, for the sake of the family, for the sake of his neighbor who may be tempted to do the same thing, to carry his own responsibilities. If it be proposed that he be set at remunerative work in jail and the income divided between the expenses of the institution and his family, the unions will probably, and perhaps justly, have something to say about prison labor. What are you going to do when a man earns nine dollars a week, and his family should have ten dollars for respectable living? What standard of living shall be demanded, for the sake of future generations, from families that have become dependent? Is it fair to the next generation of working girls that a girl of average ability and health can live in a Home, at a cost to herself below the actual cost of living, the deficit being made up from the funds of the institution? Such are the questions which the charity worker meets constantly—questions which demand much more than kindness of heart or sympathetic insight. They demand training in economics and sociology in its broadest sense, not merely in social pathology.

The college women of the present day are having this very training, which we older women, even college women, did not have, and for this reason I am glad of the opportunity to make the plea that you "come over and help us". You will find that there are two characteristics necessary for this work: first, plain, simple common sense, without which you will fail in charity work as quickly as in anything else; and second, quite as important, a keen sense of humor, for without this saving grace you will die.

The life of a charity worker is one of responsibility which broadens and deepens as one learns more and more of the pathos of the poor and grows to live more and more in sympathy with them, in their privations, their struggles against heredity and environment, their failures, and their successes.

With regard to the compensations—I am not going to write any cant about the reward that comes from the doing of the work; if a woman can not think that out for herself without much talking about it she does not belong in charity work—but there are compensations of a very worldly and tangible kind. The profession is not as yet crowded, and the salaries compare favorably with teaching, for example. There is no monotony in the work, but con-

stant variety for hand and brain, which relieves the nervous strain. The men and women with whom one works represent "all sorts and conditions of men", from the practical, level-headed police official to the fanatic who can give the recipe for reforming the world. Many of these co-workers are the men and women to whom have been given the finest endowment of mind and heart, whose companionship and friendship is a constant inspiration and education. Better than even these advantages, from a professional point of view, is the opportunity which is offered for research, for experiment, for making at least a small contribution to the world's knowledge of how to handle most effectually this tremendous problem of dependence and pauperism. Charity work, because of the regeneration of human lives which it is striving most humbly to bring about, is worthy not only of the best brains, but of the best preparation as well.

MIRIAM F. WITHERSPOON Ex-'84.

With very little children the kindergarten system, so generally adopted, teaches important lessons through play. Their interest is held by amusement.

But it is frankly admitted and strenuously

Should Lessons be Made Interesting? urged that everywhere beyond the kindergarten this play principle is harmful. Entertaining lessons call for little mental effort from

pupils; no power of application is developed; and we find as a result flabby intellectual muscle. The boys and girls so taught are usually unwilling to look up anything for themselves in dictionaries or encyclopædias; they give up easily to difficulties and avoid any work which does not look attractive.

But is there no legitimate sense in which lessons should be made interesting? The word *interest* does not necessarily imply amusement. Indeed, among men and women, that which awakes the keenest and most lasting interest—the support of home and family—involves arduous labor, frequently of most unattractive kinds. In general, only that which is to some degree interesting holds one's attention. This attention may be involuntary, or it may require will power. The first kind may be held by amusement, but it is the willing attention which must be given by every boy and girl if mental strength is to be developed. To make lessons entertaining, dwarfs this power of the will, but to fail in making them seem worth while, to fail to arouse a willingness to attend to that which in itself may be unattractive, is to waste half the time and strength of pupil and teacher. The boy or girl who attends merely because he must, makes but slow progress.

How to arouse this interest which is so essential is largely a personal problem for each teacher. Much has been said of late by educators upon this subject, but further help would be most welcome. It is with the hope that others among the *alumnæ* may be willing to tell their favorite methods that the writer has consented to describe a few simple devices that have proved helpful in secondary education.

"Interest," says a prominent writer, "is impossible unless the subject is understood to some degree at least and unless a pupil believes he has some capacity for it." The effort is being made to-day to bring all facts down into the sphere of the pupils' thought—to make everything seem real and alive, as

it truly is. Every normal pupil will be interested in any subject when he sees its connection with himself. This is a genuine interest and will be proved by the pupil's readiness to go on working for himself.

Before we can adapt our subjects to our classes, however, we must know something about the minds we are to develop. Boys and girls enter the secondary schools with more or less knowledge, certain moral tendencies, and well-defined, if temporary, interests. We must know the extent of their knowledge, know the tendencies of their morals, and make their interests our allies instead of our enemies, before we can teach our subjects intelligently. Old interests can seldom be uprooted, but upon them may be grafted others which shall grow to dominate permanently both mind and character. To learn of the training by the grades, a few afternoons a year spent in visiting the work of the two years just preceding the secondary school will prove invaluable. Much of the knowledge we offer is already gained, but in a different form; while to continue some of the grade methods will remove unnecessary difficulties in the first year of the higher schools.

There is a class of boys and girls to whom nothing seems worth while except earning their living; and yet when it is too late they regret that their education was not completed. A teacher of experience said if they could be put to work for a year before they had grown old enough to feel ashamed to return to school the problem would be solved; but the school law makes this impossible. For interesting such pupils the writer would be most grateful for suggestions.

Many hints of character, and an intimate acquaintance with boys' interests can be gained from essays upon such subjects as "How to Make a Hockey"; "How to Make a Doublerunner"; "Fishing through the Ice"; "Hunting"; "A Ride"; "How I Should Like to Earn My Living"; "The Advantages of Being Tall (Short)"; "Manual Training"; "Cooking"; "Foot-ball"; "Base-ball"; "Is 'Slugging' Necessary?"

A habit of bracketing for special effort a question or example harder than the rest stimulates emulation and a pleasure in overcoming difficulties.

Giving out lessons in advance enables some pupils to work with more enthusiasm; while responsibility and self-reliance may be gained by posting dates for essays a term ahead and leaving pupils to look out for themselves.

Definiteness in amount and kind of work required in preparation of recitations on texts in English and history is very essential in the first and second years. Some questions may appeal merely to the imagination or sense of fairness, as in the Iliad, when discussing the part which the Greeks thought the gods played in battle, the question, "What do you think of the fairness of such help on the part of the gods?" may bring forth the indignant answer, "I think it was mean of Athene to hand back Achilles' spear after she had deceived Hector into throwing his." When asked, "What effect did the Greek idea of such help from the gods have upon the courage of the Greeks?" many pupils readily say that it made them give up easily.

If a new rule is applied immediately and repeatedly in daily tests until the class have gained confidence in their grasp of it, they will soon not only feel pleasure in doing well what they can do, but also form a habit of grappling at once and cheerfully with each new difficulty.

A simple form of daily test, occupying about ten minutes, consists of five questions asked in such a way as to require very brief answers. Papers may then be exchanged, corrected, marked by the pupils at the teachers' dictation, and returned to the owners, who report any apparent error in marking. Marks can be quickly given orally and recorded, and papers passed in for inspection to avoid the danger of unfair corrections. When more than one class is doing the same work a little emulation is added by keeping upon the board the percentage of perfect papers in each division. After three or four such trials, pupils who fail to obtain fair marks plainly need individual aid. On the other hand some, knowing that the explanation of each new principle will be followed, the next day, by examples in the test, can be induced to try their knowledge beforehand by examples of their own.

Such tests have proved useful for rules of punctuation and common errors in English for facts of history, for Latin syntax, and for the theory of limits in geometry.

These devices are not original with the writer, but are rather the result of combined observation and experiment. They are offered with many misgivings, but in the hope that what has been helpful to one teacher may prove so to others.

Much that has been suggested deals at best with a reflected interest. To bring each subject down into the sphere of the pupil's thought, that the study of it may seem well worth while, is a more difficult problem. But this is one aim of education to-day, and from this point of view can we not agree that lessons should be made interesting?

FLORENCE E. KEITH '97.

It is now somewhat over six months since the alumnae of Smith received President Seelye's circular and the committee's pledge card asking for contributions to the \$100,000 Fund. During this time the President has been working constantly among the friends of the college far and near, and the alumnae and non-graduates have done their utmost to second his efforts. From time to time reports have been printed in the *Monthly* stating the precise amount and character of all sums that have passed through the hands of this committee together with the total sum represented, but as yet no official statement has been made of the success of the President's personal appeals. We are very glad to be able to give this month a report of the Fund in full as it stands on the Treasurer's books.

Report of the
Smith College Alumnae Committee
for the \$100,000 Fund

First, however, we wish to acknowledge several recent gifts. From the Manchester Club we have received a check for \$60. From Albany have come the proceeds of a lecture given on January 20th by Dr. Henry van Dyke of Princeton under the auspices of some of the Albany alumnae. Dr. van Dyke, we find, not only gave his services but also presented to the Albany committee his personal check for \$150. Another interesting contribution has come from a small group of our New York alumnae who have been playing basket-ball during the winter with a team of Bryn Mawr graduates. A special game

was arranged for the morning of December 28, a small admission fee was charged, and the proceeds, \$46, were sent to the Fund. We wish to extend our hearty thanks to Miss Miller and the other members of the Bryn Mawr team for their courtesy in presenting their share of the proceeds to Smith. It is a pleasant instance of intercollegiate sympathy, one that Smith will wish to return whenever opportunity offers.

These and various other items are given in the report below together with the usual tabulated statement of contributions by classes. As matters now stand, including all returns, we have in round numbers \$85,000.

Certainly there is every reason to feel encouraged with these results. \$15,000, the remaining sum, seems small compared to \$85,000 and relatively easy to raise. But it is just here that the strain is likely to come. Most of those who are best able to give responded early in the day. The appeal is no longer fresh in the minds of friends and alumnae. The enthusiasm felt when the gift was first announced has died away somewhat. Those who have had experience know well that the last few thousands of any fund are generally the most difficult to raise. Altogether we feel that this is precisely the point where we must exert ourselves with additional zeal. It may be well to bear in mind that the Seelye Library Fund was only \$30,000 and that it took us four years to raise it. Compared to this, 15,000 with but four months in which to raise it, looks and is a large sum. So few of our 2,051 alumnae responded to the original appeal that the local committees and class helpers have recently made a second appeal to those not heard from. Many not represented in the lists below have doubtless expressed their interest in some form by this time. It is earnestly hoped that all who have not yet responded will come to our aid now. The President is doing his utmost; let us make a vigorous effort on our part.

In closing, a few words about the undergraduate contributions. Two pledges, amounting to \$550, have been reported from the first, as they were sent in before the classes commenced their canvass. They appear as usual this month but will be credited in the final report to the classes of the donors. This report will be deferred for the present as the returns are not all in. The response of the undergraduates has been generous far beyond our expectations. President Seelye, appreciating this generosity, authorizes the committee to say that should there be any surplus in the hands of the trustees when accounts are closed it will be devoted to the Students' Building Fund for which the undergraduates of the college have worked so faithfully these last seven years.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE, Chairman.
MARY VAILL TALMAGE,
GRACE A. HUBBARD.

February 3, 1901.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

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PAYMENTS AND PLEDGES TO DATE, JANUARY 25, 1901.

Class.	Paid.	Pledged.	Total.
1879	\$60 00	\$25 00	\$85 00
1880	20 00	75 00	95 00
1881	171 00	25 00	196 00
1882	70 00	35 00	105 00
1883	117 75	75 00	192 75
1884	130 00	15 00	145 00
1885	311 50	5 00	316 50
1886	105 50	80 00	185 50
1887	670 50	175 00	845 50
1888	90 00		90 00
1889	57 00	45 00	102 00
1890	206 00	30 00	236 00
1891	5,102 00	125 00	5,227 00
1892	107 00	160 25	267 25
1893	75 00	10 00	85 00
1894	657 00	55 00	712 00
1895	357 00	127 00	484 00
1896	115 00	75 10	190 10
1897	262 00	284 00	546 00
1898	371 00	125 00	496 00
1899	786 00	252 00	1,038 00
1900	6,543 00	362 00	6,905 00
1901	1,615 41	535 00	2,150 41
<hr/>			
	\$17,999 66	\$2,690 35	\$20,690 01
<hr/>			
From Kansas City Club,			275 50
From Manchester Club,			60 00
From New York basket-ball team,			46 00
From Albany Committee, by lecture,			85 00
“ “ “ by gift from Dr. van Dyke,			150 00
From Alumnæ Association,			1,307 00
From Non-graduates,			470 00
From Undergraduates,			550 00
Amounts paid to Pres. Seelye or Mr. C. N. Clark,			1,481 00
<hr/>			
			\$25,064 51
<hr/>			
Gifts secured by President Seelye from friends of the college,			60,000 00
<hr/>			
Total,			\$85,604 51

The faculty visiting in Washington during the holidays were entertained by the alumnae and students in the District at a buffet luncheon given in the new Willard Hotel, December 30. The members of the faculty present were Professor Czarnomska, Miss Cook, Miss Williams, Professor Dennis, Professor Pierce, and Dr. Sioussat, who were received by Mrs. Robert T. Hill (J. J. Robinson) '80, Mrs. Damon (Georgia Mason) '01, and Miss Helen Manning '02. Others who attended were Miss Clark '80, Miss Locke '80, Miss Bailey '88, Miss Jenkins '90, Miss Hartwell '94, Mrs. Busbey (K. O. Graves) '94, Miss Parsons '92, Miss Richardson '01, Miss Chickering, and of the undergraduates Miss Wead '02, Miss Denham and Miss Alice B. Wright '04, Miss Richardson '05.

President Seelye sent his greetings by Professor Pierce.

The Chicago Association of Smith Alumnae held a meeting Saturday morning, December 28, in the Fine Arts Building of Chicago. After a brief business meeting, Josephine Dodge Daskam '98 read one of her charming little college sketches, and Bertha Nixon '96 sang several songs. The attendance, which included undergraduates, was full, and the meeting was a great success. The association tried to arrange to have Harriet A. Boyd '92 lecture before them, but were unable to secure a date. They were, however, admitted by special arrangement to Miss Boyd's lecture before the Archaeological Society in the Art Institute, January 22. The subject of the lecture was "American Excavations in Crete in 1901".

In order to complete files of the publications of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae requested by several libraries, the secretary is **Wanted** anxious to secure a few copies of the Magazine issued in February 1901, Series III, Number 4. The regular price of the Magazine and postage for remitting will be sent to any one who can supply a copy in good order.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE, Secretary-Treasurer,
Williamstown, Mass.

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the reading room. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'00.	Sarah Watson Sanderson,	.	.	January 4-5
'96.	Grace Lathrop Collins,	.	.	" 2-9
'97.	Ellen Dodge,	.	.	" 9
'95.	Constance H. Iles,	.	.	" 18
'99.	Bertha Hastings,	.	.	" 24
'01.	Nellie Fosdick,	.	.	" 26
'84.	Mary Duguid Dey,	.	.	" 28
'00.	Anna Newell,	.	.	February 1
'00.	Mary Ladd,	.	.	" 1
'00.	Julia Paton,	.	.	" 1
'81.	Harriet Dunton Dana,	.	.	" 4

Contributions to this department are desired by the last of the month in order to appear in the next month's issue and should be sent to Gertrude Tubby, Tenney House.

- '84. Vida D. Scudder is publishing a series of papers on "The Present Social Movement" in the Atlantic Monthly this year.
- '92. Edith Baker Brown is to have a paper on "Moral Hesitations of the Novelist" in the Atlantic Monthly this year.
- '94. Mary King Humphrey and Mr. Burton A. Adams of Springfield, Mass., were united in marriage at Amherst, Mass., December 31, 1901. J. C. Crowell '95 was maid of honor, and one of the guests was A. W. Moore, ex-'95.
- '97. Anna D. Casler is teaching in the Normal Collegiate Institute, Asheville, N. C. The Institute is under the control of the Presbyterian Home Mission Board, and many of its graduates go out to teach in the public schools of the mountains.
- '98. Lucia Wheeler Hall is slowly recovering from a three months illness of typhoid fever. Present address: 2513 Auburn avenue, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, O.
- '99. Mary Dean Adams and Maude L. White are studying at the University of Berlin Germany.
 Georgianna Brackett has announced her engagement to Mr. Frank C. King of Denver, Col.
 Edith H. Hall is studying Greek and Archæology in Bryn Mawr College. Address: Denbigh Hall, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Gertrude Marie Hasbrouck has announced her engagement to Mr. C. Edward Blake of Providence, R. I.
 Ida F. Sargent announces her engagement to Dr. John George Meidenbauer of Buffalo, N. Y.
- '00. Helen Gager announces her engagement to Mr. John Quincy Brown of Oakland, Cal.
 Gertrude Henry of Amherst, Mass., announces her marriage to Mr. Edwin B. Mead of Boston, on February 13, 1902. Address: 87 Brighton Avenue, Boston, Mass.
 Marion A. Perkins is teaching botany in the Wadleigh High School, New York, N. Y. Address: 338 West 56th Street.
- '01. Marie de Rochemont is teaching French and English in the Somersworth, N. H., High School.
 Alison N. Locke is at home. Her address for the winter is 1718 Main Street, Jacksonville, Fla.
 Gertrude Weil is at home this winter studying and practising domestic economy and music.

BIRTH

- '94. Mrs. Amos Burt Thompson (Jeannie Lockwood) a son, Lockwood, born July 4, 1901.

ABOUT COLLEGE

In the discussions which take place here and there and everywhere about college, the subject of self-government is occasionally brought shyly and tentatively forward, only to be dismissed gener-

College Independence ally, after rather perfunctory consideration, with some such word as "unpopular", "impracticable".

It might be interesting to advance a step, and ask why it is that the idea of self-government should be so unpopular with us—why the system should be so impracticable of application.

That the secret of any government must be looked for in the temper of its subjects is, of course, a truism. A democratic people is not found under despotic rule, nor do slavish races exist in a republican state. Governments, like individuals, are subject to the laws of evolution and natural selection, and when a community becomes so equipped, mentally and morally, as to merit and demand self-government, self-governed it will of necessity become.

If we have not, as yet, self-government, it is because our instincts and habits of self-reliance and independence are not sufficiently developed to fit us for that state.

An examination of our social and academic relationships should support this hypothesis; and does it not, in fact, do precisely this? For what is the position of the average student in the class-room? Is it not one of dependence, rather upon the results of book-recitation than on the self-consciousness of adequate and valuable effort? Does there exist between the student and the professor that frankness of intercourse which would prompt the former, for example, to request a temporary exemption from class work in order to devote time to this or that special branch of research? Do we assume the initiative in our methods either of study or recitation? I think I may safely reply for the majority, no.

Or turning to the social aspect of our college life, is there any one who has failed to observe the prominence of "rings" and coteries in our midst, or the willingness to lead and be led by the fatal, the incorrigible "mob" spirit? What is indicated by that "left-out feeling", so much discussed in reference to our literary societies, but a perverted and inefficient public sentiment? That most effective of all our weapons—healthy adverse criticism—is so far captive to a general timidity and suspicion that it forms not even a respectable opposition. It is safe to predict that if, for a single day, every student in college were to speak the truth, as she sees it, a social revolution would be accomplished.

In the meantime it is worse than futile to talk of a change. When our social

and academic life is more rational and independent, when the spirit of freedom is more widely diffused in our speech and action, when, in short, the foundations of democracy are more firmly laid in our midst—then, and not until then, we shall have reached a state to fit us for self-government.

EDITH LABAREE LEWIS 1902.

As President Seelye remarked the other day, in the common reaching after knowledge, a kind of fraternity is formed which makes us forget all differences of nationality or religion, making us especially pleased to welcome scholars from other lands.

The French Lecture

For this reason as well as for more obvious ones, we were glad to be able to meet M. Mabillean on Tuesday, January 21, and to hear his lecture on what the French woman has done to better the social problems in her native land. Those few who live in horror of lectures, but who saw duty plainly staring them in the face, were quite agreeably disappointed to find, from the very beginning, that they were to be treated not to an abstract consideration of a dry subject in a foreign tongue, but to a charming and confidential little "causerie", delightfully familiar in tone, and sparkling with humor.

M. Mabillean prefaced his remarks by a short explanation of the social position of woman in France, a position which he considers very high, especially in the family, where the wife rules her husband, and the mother her children. But this is a decided innovation, for it was not always so. The reason that the woman in France has so long been kept in the background is—or was—her education. The convent schools of twenty years ago, while in the control of persons to whom all respect is due, were very narrow, and the education was at best elementary. Only the moral side of the woman's character was tutored, and the result was a naïve, candid child, totally ignorant of the world, and quite unfit to have an opinion of her own. Fortunately, with the founding of the Lyceums for women and the opening of hundreds of technical, art, and other schools, came enlightenment and advance along educational lines. Much to the astonishment of the opponents of advanced education for women, the schools were filled with hundreds of earnest, energetic students, and no course, however dry and unattractive, proved devoid of interest in their eyes. Naturally and almost insensibly, the woman took her place as equal and co-helper of man; and when she turned her attention to social and ethical problems of the day she accomplished much that had seemed impossible.

As a result of woman's work, there are many institutions for the betterment of existing conditions. One of the most important is the International Society, which includes only women on its membership list, and whose aim is the liberty and enlightenment of woman. There are English, German, and Swiss branches; and the French branch of this society is a notable one for the progress it has made possible in the woman's world.

But there exist also in France societies dealing with the darker social problems; those which provide for the care and maintenance of the woman looking toward maternity when she is unable to live without working; those also providing for the care of orphan children, of homeless women, of old age; others furnish protection for the stranger in France, or for the young girl

who has no family to look to. Still others exist that they may better woman's education, or govern the prices of woman's labor and also the hours required in such labor. In fact, there is scarcely any evil which has not a band of devoted and tender-hearted women to combat against; and as the societies grow and prosper, it is to be hoped that much wrong may be righted. Especially does this seem to be work peculiarly fitted for woman; her love and charity, as well as her strength and energy, make of her a very champion for the weak and suffering of humanity.

ANNA MARIE LAPORTE 1902.

The Philosophical Society held its second open meeting of the year on Monday, February 3, in Chemistry Hall, when Professor Royce of Harvard University spoke on a subject of great interest: "Recent Discussions of the Concept of the Infinite".

Although at the outset Professor Royce stated the necessity of confining his attention to the abstract side of his topic, the subject was made easily intelligible and interesting by reference to familiar experience and by illustrative charts. The old definition of an infinite series, as one to which no limit could be set at any point, was shown to be inadequate in that it gave no explanation of that essential quality in the series which makes such limitation impossible. This quality recent mathematical and philosophical investigation has shown to consist in a peculiar relation between the part and the whole. The simple requirement that a part of any whole should represent that whole in its entirety—that is, including the part itself—necessitates infinite time for its fulfilment. This is the starting point of the new theory of the Infinite, and it was made very plain by Professor Royce's geometric illustrations.

Such a consideration of the nature of the infinite series brings striking peculiarities to light, especially noticeable in the familiar series of the whole numbers. Long-established axioms no longer hold, and strange paradoxes demand acceptance. The old idea of Infinity was narrow and empty compared to the new, which shows that an infinite whole is composed of infinite parts, equal to the whole and related to it in an infinite number of ways.

Professor Royce merely suggested the application of this new conception of Infinity to the problem of the self-conscious individual and his relation to the world, which has been the subject of some of his most valuable philosophical work.

RUTH BARBARA CANEDY 1902.

In the last *Monthly* a misstatement was made about the course of lectures that Professor Wood is now giving in Amherst. These lectures are given under the auspices of the churches of Amherst and not at Faculty Notes Amherst College. Professor Wood addresses a Hartford audience, in the month of February, on "The Pentateuch".

Associate Professor Hubbard speaks to the Boston Branch of the Smith College Alumnae on February 15.

Professor Waterman, on February 20, lectures in Newton before the Eastern Association of Teachers of Physics upon "The Scope of an Elementary Course in Physics".

Professor Byrd has recently been elected a member of the Astro-Physical and Astronomical Society of America.

Professor Mensel at the last annual meeting of the Modern Language Association of America was elected a member of its Executive Council.

Professor Jordan went to Boston on January 31 to attend the meeting of the Executive Committee of the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools.

Professor Ganong has been appointed chief examiner in botany by the College Entrance Examination Board. The other members of this committee are Professor Halsted of Rutgers College and Mr. E. H. Morris of the Washington High School.

Miss Smith of the department of botany has an article in the November number of the *Botanical Gazette* entitled, "A Statistical and Physiological Study of the Distribution of Red Color in the New England Flora".

There was published last summer in Germany a monograph on the "Amphibian Larynx", written by Professor Goeppert of Heidelberg, acknowledging indebtedness to Professor Wilder of Smith College. For some years past Professor Goeppert has held views diametrically opposite to those held by Professor Wilder; but in this monograph he accepts Professor Wilder's conclusions.

The *Anatomische Ergebnisse*, a yearly publication summarising the contributions to the knowledge of anatomy, gives in its last number abstracts of articles written by Professor Wilder, Miss Barrows, and Miss Hazen. The work of Professor Wilder and Miss Barrows was upon "The Respiration of Lungless Salamanders", to which Miss Barrows contributed the discovery of a unique method of respiration in the lungless salamander. The work of Miss Hazen was upon "The Early Development of the *Amphioxus*", and not only were the results of her work summarized, but two pages of her drawings were also reproduced. Miss Hazen has an article on "Regeneration in *Hydractinia* and *Podocoryne*" in the coming number of the *American Naturalist*.

Signor di Campello has been asked by the Twentieth Century Club of Boston to deliver four lectures on Education to the Italians of the North End of Boston. That these lectures may be of use to his countrymen, Signor di Campello is learning the character of his audience by an intercourse as interesting as it is thoughtful. Noticing the large number of Italian laborers who with their families frequent the Boston Museum of Fine Arts on Sunday afternoons, Signor di Campello thought of a plan by which these visits might be made joyous and helpful to his countrymen. President Loring approved of his plan of explaining to the Italians in their own language the significance and history of the art collection of the museum. According to the Boston Transcript of Monday, January 27, "Fifty or more Italians were on hand yesterday at the museum to be conducted about by Count di Campello. . . . The plan will be continued, so great appears the interest in it."

Mrs. Lee, an associate editor of the Critic, and a member of the Contributors' Club, Atlantic, "will furnish a New England story full of humor and pathos and admirably written entitled 'Three Chances'" to a coming number of the Atlantic. Mrs. Lee has also been writing short stories suggested

by some of the great pictures of the world. In the April number of the Atlantic 1901 was one called "An Unfinished Portrait"; in a coming number of Scribner's Magazine there will appear a second, "The Day Shall Declare It"; a third upon Titian's The Man with the Glove, has not yet been placed. Houghton, Mifflin and Company in March or April will bring out a novel of some three hundred pages by Mrs. Lee, to be called "The Son of a Fiddler". The interest of the story does not lie in its invention, but in the character-growth of the hero—the son of an actress and a violinist, taken by his father from the atmosphere of art to the old New England farm to be brought up—and in the play and counterplay of these New England people upon each other and upon the son of the fiddler.

From the press of Longmans, Green and Company has just come "Studies in Auditory and Visual Space Perception", by Arthur Henry Pierce, Ph. D., Professor of Psychology in Smith College, late Kellogg Fellow at Amherst College. The book is three hundred and sixty pages in length with table of contents, analysis of subject matter, tables of statistics, linear diagrams, and a bibliography. "The book was written in fulfilment of the requirements of the Kellogg Fellowship of Amherst College of which Professor Pierce was the first incumbent. Strictly speaking, these are not the lectures given under the terms of the Fellowship, but rather their precipitate. The volume is made up of separate essays, several of which have appeared before in the Psychological Review. The bulk of the book is, however, new. As the preface states, these essays purport to be contributions to that particular field of psychological investigation which is known as the Perception of Space. More than half of the book is devoted to auditory space. Here the purpose of the writer is to demonstrate by appropriate experiments and by theoretical consideration that an auditory space is as genuine a reality as the spaces of sight and touch. In carrying out this plan the attempt has been made to make this the most comprehensive treatment of the subject, historically, critically, and experimentally, that has yet appeared. And at the same time, since perhaps the majority of writers deny the existence of an auditory space, the concluding discussions are based upon an *experimentum crucis* which to the mind of the writer settles the matter beyond controversy.

"The visual portion of the book is devoted to a series of discussions of certain optical illusions. These are in part commonly recognized illusions, in part illusions first described by the writer. The discussion turns always upon the correct explanation to be adopted in any particular case. Whenever that is possible existing views are examined critically and experimentally, and on the basis of fresh investigations new or modified explanations are proposed. The whole question both of the problems involved and of the conclusions reached is too technical to be embodied in a brief statement. There is thus no single thesis that binds together the separate essays of the book. They are united rather by the general identity of their subject matter.

"Though adapted primarily for advanced students in a special field, the book is not without a certain interest for the general reader who takes interest in the methods and results of experimental psychology."

OLIVE RUMSEY.

Saturday afternoon, February 1, the students had the pleasure of hearing a very informal talk in Assembly Hall by Mr. James K. Hackett. Mr. Hackett is well known among people interested in the stage and perhaps is best remembered as the leading man in the "Prisoner of Zenda", which had a successful run about four years ago. The hall was crowded with both interested and enthusiastic listeners; and to judge from the applause when Mr. Hackett was introduced by Professor Tyler, the welcome was certainly as warm as when Mr. Jefferson addressed the students two years ago. In accordance with Mr. Hackett's suggestion, questions were asked by the individual students through Professor Tyler, and in this way the questions of most interest to the various listeners could be answered directly. Professor Tyler opened the "chat" by asking, "How far does an actor forget himself when on the stage and how much feeling does he put in a part?" Mr. Hackett answered this by saying that it depended a great deal upon the actor. He said that he was always conscious of the surrounding scenery and conscious of the "dark interrogation point" beyond the footlights; that the part played did not arouse any deep emotion—as, for example, in a death scene, there is, of course, no feeling of death, so in a love scene there is no emotion of love. However, every good actor should try to the utmost of his ability to enter into his part, to forget it as a part, to give it originality, and as far as possible to let his presentation represent his own and best interpretation of the rôle.

Mr. Hackett expressed his disapproval of playing many different parts; he considers stock companies harmful rather than beneficial to any actor, excepting in so far as the work enables him to memorize easily. His theory is that it is most satisfactory to play a few parts well, not many parts only moderately well.

When questioned as to his favorite rôle, Mr. Hackett readily answered "Rudolph Rassendyll" in the "Prisoner of Zenda". Second he placed Mercutio, and the part least liked was that in the "Pride of Jennico", his last play before "Don Cæsar's Return". Other questions related to the Frohman Trust, the advantages and disadvantages of being independent, and the different tempers of different audiences; but the question which aroused the greatest interest, especially on the part of the seniors, was: "Do you consider *Romeo and Juliet* a play that could be successfully given by a cast of women?" Mr. Hackett replied that he always had thought that the part of Romeo should be taken by a woman; that he knew of no man who had ever given the part an adequate representation. As for the other parts, he considered none of them beyond a woman's ability.

Mr. Hackett closed the talk by expressing his views on acting as an art and the expediency of founding a college or university for acting. With such an institution in existence the general standard of the profession would be raised, acting would become a fine art, and many people now on the stage would be ruled out because of inability to compete with university educated actors. With special schools for all other arts, why not one for acting? He believes that such a university would do much for the stage, and that it alone will make possible an endowed national theater.

MABEL WILSON 1903.

I was spending a week on Big Hat Mountain (Too Bo Soa) near Amoy and enjoying the comparative coolness, for 86° is really cool when you would be having 100° in the valley. One day

Extracts from Dr. Meyer's Letter the messenger brought us up some mail, and to my surprise I found that since I had left Amoy the mission had decided that Miss Brink and I would better have a holiday, and they were going to send us to Japan the next Wednesday. With the prospect of seeing my brother in Nagasaki, I could not object to going.

* * * *

My brother was on hand to meet us and had found a place for us to stay. We rested a great deal that week, but we had two afternoon picnics down the bay to a pretty island where we went bathing first, then had our suppers and came back in the sunset. By the way, I ought to improve your minds with a bit of history, so I'll tell you that this island in the mouth of the beautiful Nagasaki harbor is called Takoboko by the Japanese, but its foreign name is Pappenberg, because at the time of the persecution of Japanese converts to the Romish church, this island was the place where the martyrs were put to death. My brother also tells the story that at the time of this same persecution—a century or two ago—the Dutch merchants in Nagasaki used to say in order to escape, "We're not Christians, we're Dutch."

Besides picnicking, we started on what has since proved to be one of our chief occupations—shopping. There are so many pretty things here and many of them are so inexpensive, that shopping is great fun, especially as we do not have to pay the bills. Don't imagine by this that we steal the things. But as shopping is well-nigh impossible in Amoy, we have commissions to fill from a dozen people or more and most of the people say, "Just get what you think pretty and we'll be satisfied." And so we buy at our own sweet wills silk, bronze, lacquer, pictures and picture frames, carved wood, ivory, and a varied assortment of china. Wouldn't you like to be on hand to go shopping with me? And lest you should be scandalized at a missionary's extravagance, I must make haste to tell you that only a very few of these curios have cost over fifty cents.

* * * *

On the way from Nagasaki to Yokohama we had a beautiful day, going through the Inland Sea, which you know is world famed for its beauty. Then we spent the day at Kobe shopping and sight-seeing, and Saturday evening we reached Yokohama. We left there Monday morning, but in the day and two nights that we were there we managed to get lost twice, though not permanently.

Monday we had an all day trip up to Karuizawa, a summer resort, where we spent two very enjoyable weeks in spite of the fact that we had mist or rain every day except the very last one we were there. The trip was lovely and at first while we were on the plain reminded me of New Jersey most of the way—even to the disfiguring advertisements. But in the afternoon we began to get into the mountains and then it was exquisite beyond any words of mine. We went through twenty-six tunnels before we reached the top, but between the tunnels we saw lovely ravines with foamy brooks, and hills and hills on every side.

Karuizawa I enjoyed more than any place since I left home. There were about six hundred foreigners there altogether during the summer, and though the season was nearly over, there were a great many left when we arrived. We met a lot of pleasant people and it did us good just to see a lot we didn't know. Then the settlement is on a plain high up and surrounded by lovely hills, with a most fascinating active volcano about nine miles away. We were there for two weeks and it wasn't till the last afternoon that it was clear enough to get a good view of Asamayama and we were very much afraid we should not see it in eruption. We sat watching it and I said I was sure if I could just give it a little shake it would go off. And sure enough in a minute, behind the cloud of vapor on top of the crater, I saw a curl of black smoke appear. I just screamed and sat and watched in great excitement and with many ohs and ahs as puff after puff of smoke rose high into the air and then blew off toward the north trailing showers of ashes with it. That was very fine, but we had a greater experience after we were in bed that night. I was almost asleep when I opened my eyes and saw through the open door the red glow from the crater. I woke the other two girls in the house and we watched breathlessly until after two or three minutes the glow faded. Then up rose the thick black smoke against the starlit sky, and through it like rockets shot occasional red-hot stones. It was fairly magnificent and I could scarcely go to sleep after it for fear of missing something. The next morning we left Karuizawa at six and as we rode to the station in the sunrise we saw still another eruption, and this time with the sunlight full against it the smoke was a wonderful pearly gray. We heard that nineteen eruptions had been counted in a single day this summer and we heard, too, that though many people ascend the mountain and see the fire in the crater from the top, it is most unusual to see it from the plain and that many old residents had never seen it.

* * * *

We spent just two days and a half at Nikko and how we did "sight-see." The first morning we walked three or four miles up a side valley to some lovely falls, coming back past a little temple and the hundred Buddhas. The hundred Buddhas are a row of stone images along a path by the river, all alike and all weather-beaten and more or less covered with moss and lichen. They seemed more heathen than anything in Japan. I can hardly express the feeling they gave me, perhaps they seemed like an impersonation of heathenism, old and somewhat the worse for wear, yet strong, enduring, imperturbable in spite of some indifference and neglect.

* * * *

The next morning before the train left we went to see what is said to be perhaps the finest temple in Japan, built three hundred years ago in honor of a great general. It is magnificent with lacquer and gold and fine carvings, some of which are very famous. At the top of two hundred stone steps, up which we climbed through a fine grove of the grand, straight, tall cryptomerias (trees for which Nikko is famous) is the tomb of the general. The guide told us that at the top of these steps we should find a "mausrum". Knowing the Japanese difficulty with the letter "l" I promptly substituted, but I was much puzzled, for the most I could make out of it was Moslem, and

I couldn't see why I should find a Moslem anywhere in a Buddhist temple, but when I saw the tomb I laughed to think he was trying to say "mausoleum".

We saw a great many pilgrims and worshipers and some sight-seers. I always have a feeling that one oughtn't to go sight-seeing in a place of worship, but that feeling is not so strong when I see the business-like manner and lack of reverence of such worshipers as these.

* * * *

I cannot tell you how much I thank you for sending me letters from Northfield. I wish so often in the summer that I could be at home just long enough for the girls' conference and I think often that when my furlough comes I shall have that pleasure, and one big part of it will be being with the Smith and Vassar delegations. When I cannot go myself I can think of you there in the scenes I know and love well, hearing the well-known voices and enjoying the Christian fellowship that I have always thought one of the greatest privileges of the conference. And no official report brings the conference so really to me as letters do.

At the open meeting of the Deutscher Verein on February 5, Professor Ernst H. Mensel spoke on "The Modern German Drama". He said that the first impulse towards a revival of the drama came at the close of the Franco-Prussian war. The first tendency was towards the revival of the classic models. Offers of prizes for the best dramas stimulated the poets to greater effort; and the tours of the Meiningen actors with their historical dramas played by good actors, while only an episode in the development, yet tended towards a purification of the stage and were another aid in encouraging the poets.

French influence came in at this time bringing with it artificiality and immorality and lack of patriotic and national dramas. But a strong reaction to the patriotic and national themes set in, led by Wildenbruch, who for a long time was the leading dramatist of this class. Later the tendency became realistic, then symbolic, and both classes of dramas are represented to-day. The realism is often grotesque, sometimes horrible; the symbolism is often excessive and unsatisfactory; and quantity rather than quality is the result of much of the dramatic effort. It is to be hoped that this is only a transition stage which is to lead to productions more nearly comparable with the achievements of the past.

After the lecture an informal reception was held at the Washburn House.

HELEN CHASE MARBLE 1904.

Two of the usual large house dances have been given, this month, in the *Alumnæ Gymnasium*. The first, the Morris House Dance, was given on Wednesday evening, January 15; the second, the Wallace House Dance, was held two weeks later, on January 29.

At the open meeting of the Greek Club, held in the Reading Room on Thursday evening, January 9, Professor Tyler read his own translation of "The Frogs" of Aristophanes.

On Sunday evening, January 12, Rev. Edward Fairbank, missionary of the American Society to India, spoke before the Missionary Society on the "Causes of the Famine in India".

SOCIETY ELECTIONS

ALPHA SOCIETY

President, Grace Whiting Mason 1902
 Vice-President, Fanny Hastings 1903
 Recording Secretary, Alice Willard Warner 1903
 Corresponding Secretary, Fanny Stearns Davis 1904
 Treasurer, Alice Morgan Wright 1904

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

President, Grace Blair Watkinson 1902
 Vice-President, Clara Arabella Gerish 1902
 Secretary, Elizabeth Strong 1903
 Treasurer, Grace Howe Legate 1903

PHI KAPPA PSI SOCIETY

President, Edith Grace Platt 1902
 Vice-President, Esther Conant 1903
 Secretary, Dorothea Burnham 1903
 Treasurer, Hope Newell Walker 1904

DEUTSCHER VEREIN

Vice-President, Ida Gertrude Heine-mann 1902
 Secretary, Elizabeth Strong 1903
 Treasurer, Florence Homer Snow 1904

GREEK CLUB

Chairman of the Executive Committee, Ellen Louise Osgood 1903
 Secretary and Treasurer, Eleanor Chester Putnam, 1903

CALENDAR

- Feb.** 22, Washington's Birthday Exercise.
22, Alpha Society.
24, Lecture by Prof. Tracy Peck of Yale. Subject :
Ancient Roman Monuments and Epitaphs.
26, Entertainment for the Students' Building. Miss
Beatrice Hereford : Monologues.
28, Physics Club. Open Meeting. Lecturer, Prof.
Loomis of Princeton. Subject : Determination
of Freezing Points.
- March** 1, Phi Kappa Psi Society.
5, Société Française. Open Meeting.
8, Gymnastic Drill.
12, Glee Club Concert.
14, Address by Mr. John Graham Brooks. Subject :
The Work of the Consumers' League.
15, Alpha Society.



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The
Smith College
Monthly

March - 1902.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Wielder of every nation, Thou whose breath
Out of Oppression's dust still quickeneth
New peoples for Thy pleasure, Thine to-day
Be thanks for him who set us on our way,
Bearing his crown of praise undimmed to death !

Still doth he love the folk
He rescued from the yoke,
Inspire the virile line on whom his mantle fell ;
They, with its might endued,
Faced sudden needs, pursued
Long purposes ; through such, God guides our country well.

Stern sons of war, calm-browed men of peace
Their chieftain's joy have hastened forth to claim,
And one by one, strong from their sharp release,
Three martyrs coronalled in crimson flame
Have sought him in that star
Where kings and heroes are,
Leaving the benediction of a reverend name.

Unto the first of them that bore the blood-red crown,
That soul of many sorrows, spoke the father of our land :
"How hath thy hand
Wielded the power thou hast to-day laid down?"

"Our free-born State lay whelmed in blood and tears,
 Thou father of the nation ;
 I warred for her we love past threats and fears,
 Strove for her honor many bitter years,
 With sword and supplication :
 Now, smitten as to death, her struggles cease.
 Ay, thorns for victor-crown and gall for wine
 Hath this bruised land of thine.
 'Peace, peace !' they cry. God knows there is no peace !
 The sword indeed is sheathed ; the grievous wounds remain.
 Shall this be all in vain ?"

Answered he who bore his crown of praise undimmed to death,
 Ceasing not his labors with his mortal breath,

"She shall not die ;
 Yet must her peace be wrought out of strong pain,
 Her honor from the knowledge of her stain ;
 And *Misere* must prelude her triumph-cry."

Once more a sanguine aureole burned its way
 Up through the night of space :

"Father, I ruled them but a little day,
 And could not turn them from their evil way,
 So soon, so soon one raised his hand to slay—
 May God vouchsafe him grace !
 The old wounds heal not ; novel factions rise ;
 Contentious voices clamor to the skies.
 God pity this our race !"

Then answered he whose pure and righteous fame
 Shall not decrease,—

Seeing the glory shine beyond the shame,
 Hearing through strife the promise of great peace ;
 "Fear not ; God shall not fail the folk He set His hand to save ;
 He hath not freed His people to bring them to the grave !"

At dawning of the century
 To grace a nation's jubilee
 Cometh a well-loved chief ;
 From all the land

They throng to press his hand.
 Suddenly over the joyance shivers a sound of pain ;
 "He is slain, is slain !"
 Silent are envy and slander, fled is lust of gain,
 And a nation bowed with a sudden mighty grief
 Pleads for his life in vain.

To the star of heroes and kings,
Where the nation's father stands,
 A heart-felt grieving
 For a sister's bereaving
 Swells up from many lands,
But all through the star of heroes and kings,
 On its paths of vivid air,
Sweep long flashings of luminant wings,
 Circling everywhere,
For unto the star of heroes and kings
A mailed angel-escort brings
One more to whom is given to wear
 The crimson crownal fair.

"Render thine account, O steward, of the trust that hath been thine !
 These my people, hast thou cared for them,
 Thought and fought and toiled and dared for them,
 Only in their glory sought to shine ?"

"Harkening ever to thy people will, O father of our nation,
I have left their hands untrammelled, to work out their own salvation,
Curbing still the indignation that would rush on war too blindly ;
 Yet have they proved themselves unkindly,
 For their greed of gold is great, .
 Great their scorn and spite and hate,
White and black, and Jew and Gentile, met within one liberal gate.
Fain to be both just and lenient, have I let them go astray ?
They who hastened to the succor of a land less blest than they,
Hath the earlier selfless spirit of their conflict passed away ?
Light-won triumph, hath it nourished thirst for blood and lust of war ?
Doth thy gift, the pride of freedom, urge their self-will on too far ?
Judgment, Sire, who sittest ever in the calm of this sure star !"
 Answered he who day by day
 Laid down his life, as one that ransometh
 A soul beloved, our freedom's price to pay,
 His crown of praise borne on undimmed to death :

"Friend, had'st thou ruled less well, thou wert not slain ;
Thy hand, both firm and gentle on the rein,
Hath wrought with power such as brute minds disdain.
Such could not see the State's long-riven soul
 Under thy touch grow whole ;
Calm and contained, thy mien to them did speak
 A passive heart and weak ;
They knew not, he who rules his spirit well
Must needs have first subdued the hosts of Hell !
Nay, more ; behold, thy death a nation frees
From soulless lives and eyes all earthward turned ;

Devoutly have thy stricken people mourned
 Amid the moaning of their many seas ;
 They have not yet arisen from their knees.
 Grieve not for them ; a strong and worthy hand
 Doth guide thy land,
 And urge her onward toward that Destiny
 Thou did'st foresee !

" Now is she waking from her primal sleep
 To learn the meaning of the former day ;
 Her prophets cry from deep to girdling deep,
 'The night hath passed away !
 Awake !' they cry,
 ' O ransomed land, thine is a mission high,
 Such destiny as nation hath not known since time began ;
 To shape the dream of centuries, the Brotherhood of Man !'

" Nor do they cry in vain,"
 Spoke the Sire again,
 " Our nation shall ascend all heights of time,
 Not without pain—
 Ever more eagerly she seems to climb,
 And ever draws she nearer that sublime
 Nation of nations, glorious grown and free,
 God's final purpose for our earth shall be
 Enwrought in thee !
 Lo, in thy veins the blood of every race,
 On thy vast plains an ample dwelling-place,
 And boundless promise in thy glorious face !
 For perfect manhood here shall be combined
 Of them of every land ;
 Each race shall yield her best ; best body, spirit, mind,
 Best heart and head and hand ;
 Aye, all that prophets see but dare not say,
 And every hidden thing
 That poets sing,
 Within thy gracious borders God shall find,
 Nation of nations, in that blessed day
 For which all peoples pray !"

Wielder of every nation, Thou whose breath
 True life in all Thy people quickeneth,
 Our humble-hearted thanks to Thee we pay
 For him whose name we honor here to-day,
 For him whose crown of praise Thy hand preserved undimmed to
 death !

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR.

A DEFENSE OF "KIM" AS A CLASSIC

The Little Friend of all the World presents himself to us on sturdy, bare, brown feet, a curiously self-centered boy, rejoicing in an innate shrewdness and a strength of character that carries him through difficulties manifold. So gradually does our interest in him deepen that it is with a feeling akin to surprise that we recognize the fact that he has awakened in us the healthy affection that every heart entertains toward a real boy.

Were he to lose one iota of his strength and moral fibre, our hearts would go out to him because of the unutterable pathos and loneliness of his situation, but being what he is, pity is lost in admiration and respect for this self-reliant child, who accepts his lot with such cheerful equanimity and, laughing at unsmiling Fate, calls himself "the Friend of all the World,—yes, even of the Stars".

Considerable interest has been shown recently in the boy in fiction. However delightful reading we may find "Sentimental Tommy", he can not possibly be thought of as a typical boy. Mr. Kipling's own recent studies "Captains Courageous" and "Stalky & Co.", are much more successful, for his boys are at least healthy young animals with a considerable amount of latent human nature. In this trilogy of boy stories, "Captains Courageous" or the American boy, "Stalky & Co." representing the English boy, and "Kim", an Irish lad in India, we see Mr. Kipling's absorbing interest in every boy of the English speaking race, the race he hopes to see dominate the world.

It is well that this theme is a favorite one with Mr. Kipling, for it has never hitherto been adequately treated by our greatest authors, and for this reason it retains freshness and originality. That it is a worthy theme is shown by the perfection of Kipling's study of "the child" and the development of the individual.

Kim is fortunate in that his biographer is a matchless storyteller, one who inherits his power not from the modern tribe of nerve-twisting writers who "spin out feeling into fiddle-strings", but inherits it by right divine from the ancient story-teller. His

treatment of the theme in simplicity and directness of style is Eastern in origin, resembling the narratives of the Old Testament.

It is a very slender thread that binds the story together, only the wavering, uncertain strands of a boy's life, which are gradually woven by a supreme artist into a carefully wrought pattern. The unity of the plot, with its conventional requirements, is lacking, to be sure, but what of it?

The treatment of Kim's character arouses our interest in him sufficiently to hold our attention to his friends. And as we see through his eyes his dearly loved Lama, Mahbub Ali whom he regards with a mingling of indifference and respect that is refreshing, and the unutterable and thoroughly enjoyable Hurree Babu, we realize that whatever the book may have lost in unity, it has more than gained in concreteness.

The effect produced by the book as a whole is wonderful. There are no jarring notes. The characters are drawn in exquisite proportions against a background that throbs with the vivid concentrated life of India. The exquisite gentleness and childlike sweetness of the aged Lama pervade the book, giving it an artistic quality and an emotional value not hitherto found in any of Mr. Kipling's works.

It may give one a shock perhaps just at first to find "Kim" making for itself a place in our list of classics, but why should that be so? True, it does not rank with "King Lear". The inappropriateness causes a smile, for "Lear" belongs to the classic of "high pitch", including epic and tragedy. Nor yet can we place it with "medium pitch", comprising comedy; but it is appropriately placed among the classics of "low pitch"—the story of the other half.

Long ago in Spain, there arose a class of stories, recounting the doings of rogues called "pícaros". They were tales of men some of whom had chosen voluntarily to live by their wits, while others were driven to it by necessity. This picaresque novel developed gradually from a series of anecdotes on a slight chain of narrative, to a more developed character study and hence to the modern novel.

Direct survivors of these novels may be found in classic form in many languages: "Don Quixote" in the Spanish, "Gil Blas" in the French, and in English we find many examples, among them Smollett's "Count Fathom" and "Adventures of

Roderick Random", and Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit". "Kim" is a worthy descendant of these classic works, and surely the type has lost nothing in transmission, for a more engaging little rascal than the quick-witted, sharp-tongued little hero can not well be imagined.

In describing this boy and his friends, Mr. Kipling has seized upon some very deep truths of human nature. It is Kim's love and veneration of the aged Lama that lead him to the best that life has to offer him. One recognizes here the Kipling version of the command given ages past, "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

The relation between the boy and the Lama is an extremely beautiful one. The chivalrous instincts of the boy's nature are aroused by the old man's ignorance of the world, and his general helplessness. Only less beautiful than his protecting care is the old man's trust and dependence in his childish companion. There is a wonderful contrast between Kim's shrewd worldliness beyond his childish years, and the Lama's saintly, unsuspecting innocence. With all his philosophy the Lama is very human, when he is so annoyed by the garrulous old lady and says dryly, "The husband of the talkative shall have a great reward hereafter." Again, he fears that he has allowed himself to be drawn from the Way in loving Kim so much, and says pathetically, "But my heart went out to thee for thy charity and thy courtesy and the wisdom of thy little years." When we read of his amusing the crying child with the click of his rosary and then crooning nonsense verses to amuse it, one is reminded of the similar stories told of the well-beloved Phillips Brooks. So beautiful, perfect, and flawless is the Lama's character that it challenges admiration of the race and the religion that could produce it.

No less interesting are other characters who serve to develop Kim and yet preserve a very distinct individuality. When one thinks of the number of Anglo-Indian stories that Mr. Kipling has written it seems strange that he can still draw new and varied types.

Lurgan Sahib, the healer of sick pearls, is certainly unique in his position of testing and training men for the Secret Service. His intense and striking personality is well brought out. So real is he that you always associate him, just as you do people,

with the place where you first met. So there always lingers about Lurgan Sahib the half-twilight of the little room with its wonderful collection of antiques and curios, and its suggestion of mystery. There is a noteworthy contrast between the passionate, jealous love of the small Hindoo lad for Lurgan Sahib, and Kim's measureless devotion to the Lama.

Mahbub Ali's attitude toward Kim is unusual. Although he holds the Lama in good-humored contempt, he recognizes the boy's right to choose his friends and does not attempt to reason him out of his (from his point of view) unreasonable devotion to the Lama. Considering Mahbub Ali and Kim together, they are magnificent. They are fellow-craftsmen and size each other up perfectly. Each recognizes the astuteness and shrewdness of the other, and their respect for each other increases accordingly.

Hurree Babu seems perhaps a little more detached than the others, but his individuality is an ample excuse for his being. The delineation of the curious struggle in his nature between physical timidity and moral courage, between advanced thought and gross superstition, is unparalleled, and marks Mr. Kipling as a genius.

Forming a background for the main action are many minor characters. Ressaldar Sahib, the Woman of Shamlegh, the Kamboh, Huneefa, and the garrulous old lady of Saharumpore—one by one they pass before you, not mere automata existing for the sake of the story, but living mortals perfectly portrayed by a master hand.

Not less impressive than the characters are the scenes of the story. So realistic is the scene where Lurgan Sahib tries his power of hypnotism on Kim that one shares with the boy his sensation of discomfort and unpleasantness. Huneefa practicing her magic, Kim and Hurree Babu as rival physicians in the compound of the garrulous old woman, the rescue of the Lama from his long-sought River,—scene after scene they crowd upon you, so vividly that on a second reading of the book you search for illustrations which are found never to have existed in the book, but to have been the figment of a heated imagination.

The few broad touches with which a character is hit off, or a scene is brought before the eyes, illustrate Mr. Kipling's artistic power. His apt phrasing and epithets add to this effect.* Note his description of the old Lama, how he gives the effect of the

heaviness and unwieldiness due to age,—“turning his head like a tortoise in the sun”. Then his description of high noon, how suggestive it is,—“the drowsy buzz of small life in hot sunshine—with the sleepy drone of well-wheels across the flat fields”.

The mighty size of the Himalayas is wonderfully described: “Above them, still enormously above them, earth towered away towards the snow-line, where from east to west across hundreds of miles ruled as with a ruler the last of the bold birches stopped. Above that in scarps and blocks upheaved, the rocks strove to fight their heads above the white smother. Above these again, changeless since the world’s beginning lay out the eternal snow. . . . Below them as they stood, the forest slid away in a sheet of blue green, mile upon mile; below the forest was a village in its sprinkle of terraced fields and grazing-ground; below the village . . . a pitch of twelve or fifteen hundred feet gave to the moist valley where the streams gather that are the mothers of young Sutlej.”

Throughout, the impressions conveyed are so vivid that they are practically sensations. The “clean-washed air steaming with delicious earth-smells”; the native life of India so unreal, yet so real that it would scarcely seem strange to one if placed now in the midst of it; and the sights and smells of the Bazaar seem strangely familiar. The sensations aroused by the cookery, though hardly pleasing to a western palate, are so vivid and striking that they can only be likened to those produced by Dickens’s descriptions of savory dishes.

The diversity of criticism, unqualified praise and severest censure, indicates that the book has unusual qualities and power. No mediocre work could arouse such interest or cause such dissension among the critics. When the heat of discussion has cooled, let us hope for a saner appreciation of the book. In the meantime Mr. Kipling may rest well content in his creation “of the natural production known as a boy”.

MARIE OLLER.

POWER

Tablet in hand I stood with anxious brow,
Waiting the dictates of the lyric Muse ;
Though patient long, yet uninspired, I cried,
"How long, oh Phoebus, wilt thou then my trust abuse?
Give me one song to tell
And power to sing it well."

In answer, strains of music filled the air,
And spoke in sweet accord a voice above,
"Waste not these precious hours in idle prayer.
Go forth and learn to work, to live, to love.
Be patient, suffer long,
Remove distress and wrong,
And make thy life a song."

INEZ BARCLAY.

A SURPRISE PARTY

Four carriages stood in front of the Austin farmhouse, and the hay wagon was waiting in the side yard. The horses stood quietly, with drooping heads a half hour's wait had not made them impatient.

The young people gathered in the front yard were getting restless. The men stood in a group near the fence, to keep an eye on the horses, and they ground their heels into the turf and talked about colts, and now and then responded, rather ungraciously, to the sallies from the girls on the porch.

In the house a clock struck eight, and Miranda Austin stood up on the bench and called out imperiously, "Here, you fellers! Come up here and let me count noses! I want to see who's got to come yet. Good thing we said half-past seven."

The young men sauntered up and stood apathetically while Miranda pointed a long forefinger at each in turn. "Le's see. George 'n Jennie, Ethan 'n Marilla, Bert 'n Addie, Calvin 'n Della May, Horace 'n Miss Munn, 'n Clark 'n Dave 'n Milo.

Naow we're waitin' fer Ruby Cole 'n Lois, 'n John Martin 'n Birdella Bartlett."

"John goin' to take Birdella?" inquired Della May, incredulously.

"Yes," responded Miranda, "aint he smart? John's girl's away," Miranda explained to the girl in the armchair, "'n he's goin' to take her sister younger. Dave, he's goin' over fer Sarah Fisher, she lives to Mis' Bromley's."

"Here comes Ruby," some one called out, and a girl appeared around the corner of the house, out of breath from running.

"I came cross-lots to cut off the mile," she panted. I was afraid you'd be gone. Course the milk had to be late to-night."

Miranda took the newcomer by the hand and led her to the armchair. "Miss Cole, let me make you acquainted with Miss Munn," she said solemnly. Miss Munn bade her a languid good evening, and Miss Cole murmured confusedly and retreated hastily to the back of the porch.

"She's visitin' Randy," Marilla whispered. "She's from Eagle Bridge, and she's awfully tony. It's too dark to see her dress now, but it's elegant—blue velveteen with old-gold pleat-in's. She's a musician, too. She gives music lessons down to the Bridge."

"There's John 'n Birdella comin' round the turn," announced Miranda. "Now everybody'll be here but Lois." A sudden silence fell over the porch.

"Randy, do you suppose Lois ain't comin'?" Addie ventured.

"Why, of course she might not, but she ain't sent any word."

"Perhaps she's scared out the last minute," suggested Marilla. "Lois told me with her own lips that Mis' Bromley told Mis' Parker that Lois Harrin'ton needn't ever darken her doors, an' if Warren married Lois she'd will the property to the Hartsboro Bromleys, 'fore she'd have it get into the Harrin'ton family. Course Lois felt dreadful, but as she says, there ain't any reason why Mis' Bromley should look down on her so—They isn't anythin' shiftless about her."

"I wonder how Mis' Bromley'll act to her to-night?" Della May put in reflectively. "My! I wouldn't miss this party fer an awful lot."

"I guess Lois wants to show Mis' Bromley she means to hold her head up, if their place is mortgaged," volunteered Miranda. "When I was gettin' this up I asked her fer a couple 'o tins o'

biscuit, 'n she said no, she'd bring a five-layer whipped cream cake, with raisin fillin' between the middle layers—you remember the one she took to the picnic. I guess she wants to show—"

"Sh!" whispered Ruby in alarm, "she's right here."

"Yes," said Miranda, loudly, "we'll take the eatables in the hay wagon, 'n you folks in the single teams can go along. Hello, Lois! We're all ready—you'd better hold your cake—my, ain't it high! I'll bet it's good. Milo, you lead the horses 'round, 'n you an' Dave load on these provisions as we give 'em to you—put 'em in the baskets."

The party took their places in the vehicles, and the cavalcade moved on up the road, the hay wagon in the rear. When they passed a house they all shouted. The watch-dog barked and ran after them, and the girls laughed hysterically. The occupants of the hay wagon sang "Swanee River" and "Juanita", and in the intervals they joked about episodes of parties past and gone, and jovially accused Dave of stealing from the provision baskets.

They turned off the main road, and Miranda lifted a warning hand. "Hush," she said, "they can hear us a mile off, an' we're most there." The noise subsided. The girls giggled nervously, and Lois coughed and fidgetted. Miranda gave orders about the baskets in loud whispers.

In front of the house they alighted with elaborate efforts to be quiet, found hitching places for the horses, and finally the procession headed by Miranda and Milo, marched up the path through the wide yard, each girl carrying a carefully covered plate. Lois walked firmly beside Marilla and Ethan, at the end of the line, and with great composure she talked about the length of the evenings.

"I wonder if Warren'll be surprised?" Della May queried innocently.

"Did you ever see any one that was surprised?" returned Calvin cynically. "You don't suppose Mis' Bromley burns all that kerosene every night?" he added, with a glance at the lighted front windows.

Ruby pressed Jennie Loomis's arm apprehensively as they went up the steps. "I wouldn't be standin' in Lois' shoes fer anythin'," she said. "O, I *do* hope nothin'll happen."

When they had all tiptoed up upon the piazza they gathered around the door and Miranda pulled the bell-knob. Three min-

utes later there was sound of footsteps in the hall ; the door opened. Miranda raised her hand, and with one heaven-rending voice, the party shouted. "Surprise !"

The door was flung wide open, and Mrs. Bromley stood before them, in her black corded silk with jet trimming. Sarah Fisher stood a few steps behind her, dressed in blue cashmere, with a bright blue bow on her red hair. Warren was half way down the stairs, clutching the baluster rail. The light from the hall lamp fell full upon his sleek hair and red face, and lighted up the rhine stones of the horseshoe pin in his purple neck-tie.

For a moment the group within stood transfixed. Then Sarah came forward. Warren started down the stairs, and Mrs. Bromley stepped aside and beamed hospitably. "Well, Randy !" she said, "we're awful glad to see ye. Come right in and make yourselves to home. You girls can put your things up in the front chamber. 'D evenin' Miss Munn, 'n Ruby, 'n Jennie, 'd evenin, Della May."

The guests stood still in the hall and waited. Marilla and Lois stood before the open door.

'D evenin', Marilly," Mrs. Bromley said calmly, "walk right in."

Then she drew herself up and folded her arms. "As fer you, Miss Harrin'ton, you needn't cross this threshold. Your room's better'n your company. I give you to understand that you needn't ever darken my doors, you nor none of your family."

Mrs. Bromley paused and stood rigidly before the doorway. The girls in the hall gasped ; the men shuffled their feet uneasily, and Birdella Bartlett began to cry. Lois stood helpless, looking past Mrs. Bromley with appealing eyes. There was a moment's silence, then Warren's voice rang out,

"You can have the party without me. Any house that is too good for her is too good for me. I'm goin'."

He plunged through the crowd and out of the door to Lois' side. He flung his arm around her, and for a moment they stood there, Lois limp and downcast, Warren looking squarely at his mother.

Then Mrs. Bromley shut the door, and turned toward her guests. Miranda Austin sprang forward, "Mis' Bromley, I guess we won't stay," she said. "This isn't any time fer us to be here."

There was a general murmur of assent, but Mrs. Bromley waved it away.

"No," she said, "I want you to stay, and what's more, I want you to enjoy yourselves. Sary, go out and bring in the clothes-line; they can begin with Copenhagen."

"I don't believe they feel much like Copenhagen," Sarah commented, but she went towards the kitchen. The girls walked silently up stairs, and three or four of the men muttered something about the horses, and went out doors. Mrs. Bromley confronted the others, and inquired about their parents, and their hay crops.

It was fully ten minutes later that the girls returned, and ranged themselves in a row against the wall. Miranda turned toward the provisions on the hall table.

Mrs. Bromley smiled reassuringly. "Now you walk right into the parlor, an' begin—yes Randy, you can lend a hand if you want to, but the rest of you begin your fun. Sary's brought in the clothes line, an' I'll bring you a pie dish, so's you can play roll the tin. I opened the instrument, so you can have some music if you want."

The party filed into the parlor, and Mrs. Bromley and Miranda and Sarah walked to and from the kitchen, carrying out baskets and bags and dishes. The refreshments were deposited upon the kitchen table, and Mrs. Bromley surveyed them critically. "That's good cheese," she said, "I s'pose the boys got it to the factory. Jennie Loomis brought that cake, didn't she? I'd know one of her mother's cakes, with the caraway seed and red candy on top, if I saw it in France. Randy! What did you bring sugar for? Course I expected to furnish that with the coffee. My! If there ain't a cake with a streak in it! How people do waste good stuff! Now Randy, you an' Sary go in, we've got the dishes all ready, so there ain't nothin' much to do until it's time to make the coffee, and that's a good while yet."

Miranda and Sarah entered the parlor, where the guests stood in a ring holding the clothes-line and idly moving their hands to and fro on it. Sarah took her place beside Dave, and jerked the clothes-line smartly. "See here," she whispered loudly, "if ye're goin' to play, why don't you *play*? She wants you to. What's the use of actin' as if you were to a funeral? Le's play 'Goin' to Jerusalem'—mebbe that'll wake us up. Della May can play her new piece for us to march by."

The horsehair chairs were put back to back, some cane-bottomed ones were brought in from the sitting-room, and the party marched around them and contended recklessly for seats when Della May suddenly broke off in the middle of "Grant's March". The spell was broken; there was laughing and shouting, and Sarah worked valiantly as mistress of the revels. Her face grew red and shiny, her bangs stood out in straight red strands and the blue bow fell off. When "Going to Jerusalem" was over, she started "Roll the tin", and the paying of the forfeits diverted even Birdella Bartlett, who had cried silently until then.

During the intervals there were whispered conversations. "Is it really an elopement?" inquired Miss Munn of Horace, rolling up her blue eyes pathetically. "Why yes," he replied, "Warren took Ethan's team. They're most to White Crick by this time. Square Munson'll marry 'em. Folks here goes to the Crick to get married, 'cause it's over the state line. You don't have to get a license in York state, you know."

Just then Mrs. Bromley came in. "It seems to me you don't make much noise," she said, "why don't you play blind-man's-buff, or somethin' lively?" Miranda volunteered to be blinded; she was turned around until she was dizzy and then pushed into the crowd, and after a wild scramble she caught Milo. All the young men caught Miss Munn, who simpered prettily, and screamed when they whirled her around.

When they were tired they told conundrums, and small groups played consequences, and tried fortunes by crossing out letters in names. Sarah started forfeits, and they all joined in hilariously. At eleven the sound of the coffee-mill was heard, and Sarah and Miranda left for the kitchen.

"I've cut the cake 'n things, 'n dished everythin'," Mrs. Bromley said. "You fix the chairs 'raound the settin'-room 'n get the plates out. I'll tend to the coffee."

In a few minutes Miranda and Sarah came back to the kitchen and waited for the coffee to come to a boil.

"They seem to be havin' a good time," Mrs. Bromley remarked.

"Dave's judgin' the forfeits, and he's judged Miss Munn a side-hill plow with Horace, and she's dreadful embarrassed—that's what they're laughin' at," Miranda explained.

"Well, they need consid'able drivin'," said Sarah.

At that instant Della May appeared, carrying a plate covered with a high tin basin. "Mis' Bromley," she said, "here's Lois' cream cake, she left it on the front stoop."

Mrs. Bromley's eyes flashed. She turned deliberately away, and said slowly, "Sary, you can take that an' give it to the chickens. I've got a cream cake of my own, an' I'll risk it."

Sarah took the cake from Della May and disappeared with it into the shed, but she was back in a moment, and Della May hastened back to the parlor.

"Well, this coffee's done, 'n everything's ready to pass," Mrs. Bromley said, "we may as well go in after 'em." The three went into the parlor, and Mrs. Bromley coughed loudly to attract attention, and then said ceremoniously, "Naow if you young ladies and gentlemen will walk out to the settin'-room we'll have our refreshments."

There was a moment's hesitation. "Who'll lead out?" some one asked in an anxious whisper. Miranda heard, and she pushed Dave and Sarah ahead. "They belong here more'n any one else," she said.

Della May played "Grant's March" again, and Calvin hung over the organ while the rest of the company marched out in couples. They seated themselves in the chairs arranged along the side of the room, and Mrs. Bromley began passing plates. Sarah and Miranda followed with coffee, raised biscuit, and sandwiches, and the feast was begun. There was a choice of pressed chicken, tongue, boiled ham, and veal loaf, and the men made a point of taking them all.

"I thought you'd like a relish with your meat," Mrs. Bromley explained, "so I opened some chow-chow and sweet pickle and stuffed peppers. These cucumber pickles you brought are real nice. Yours, ain't they, Addie?"

Addie assented, and then remarked to her escort archly, "You needn't eat any—you're sour enough already." General laughter followed this bit of repartee, and Horace threw half a biscuit at Bert to emphasize it.

There were nine kinds of cake, and each girl recognized her own and spoke disparagingly of it. Miranda offered hers with the conventional remark, "Take some—'tain't so poor as it looks."

When the others had finished, Mrs. Bromley and her two assistants ate, and the girls waited on them assiduously.

"Now Mis' Bromley," said Addie politely, "can't two or three of us take hold and wash up these dishes for you?"

"O no," responded Mrs. Bromley, "Sary 'n me'll tend to them—there ain't many. You go in the parlor an' enjoy yourselves."

In the parlor they seated themselves primly. Mrs. Bromley came in and sat stiffly in a straight backed chair.

"Naow can't we have a little entertainment?" she said.

Everybody disclaimed any accomplishment, but finally Miranda recited "The Legend of Bregenz", and then, under protest, gave "The Leak in the Dyke". Della May played "The Shepherd Boy" and "The Mocking Bird", and Miss Munn sang quaveringly, "Darling, I am growing old" and "By the Sad Sea Waves", to which Miranda sang a persistent alto.

"Now let's sing somethin' we can all sing," Miranda suggested. and Ruby called out eagerly, "Yes, let's sing 'Where is my wandering—'" she clapped her hands over her mouth and fled to a corner. "Le's sing 'Home, Sweet Home'", said Sarah, and they wailed it through to Della May's lagging accompaniment.

During the last stanza Miranda winked and nodded significantly, and when it was over she stood up. "Well, Mis Bromley," she said, "I guess it's time we were goin', it's gettin' late."

"Why, Randy," Mrs. Bromley protested, "It isn't a minute after half-past one—it's right in the shanks of the evenin'."

"Well, we must be gettin' home," Miranda replied. "The boys'll have to be out rakin' early in the mornin'."

The girls filed upstairs and returned with their shawls, and the men claimed their partners as they appeared.

Dave and Sarah held a whispered conference in the sitting-room. "I don't mind walkin' home," he said, "I can cut cross-lots, an' I haven't hardly caught sight of you to-night."

"No," said Sarah firmly, "you must go along with the rest. I don't want these dishes hangin' around to-morrow mornin', an' besides, I think mebbe I'd better be alone with her."

"Come on, Dave," some one shouted, "you begun sayin' good-night an hour ago."

They trooped out on the piazza, and Miranda was there waiting for Ethan. "Course you'n Marilly'll ride in the hay wagon with us," she said.

They settled themselves in the carriages and the hay wagon,

shouted good-night to Mrs. Bromley and Sarah, and then they started off, singing "Forty-nine blue bottles".

Mrs. Bromley shut the door, locked and bolted it, and then went up stairs to put out the lights. Sarah went to the kitchen, enveloped herself in an apron, and washed dishes vigorously. Mrs. Bromley stopped in the parlor, shut the organ, put the chairs in their places, straightened the tidies, and rearranged the stereopticon pictures. She brought the chairs back to the sitting-room and sat down to rest. Sarah came in and leaned against the door.

"I'm waitin' fer more water to heat," she explained. "Mis' Bromley," she said, "I hope you won't live to regret nothin' you've done to-night," she said, solemnly.

"If you mean keepin' that Harrin'ton girl out, I don't think I shall, an' I don't care to talk abaout it."

"Well, I shouldn't think you'd want to turn your own son out, fer good 'n all, an' he the only one you've got," persisted Sarah.

"I told Warren time 'n time again that Lois Harrin'ton shouldn't never enter my house, an' he could know what to expect if he ever married her."

"P'raps he wouldn't a married her if you hadn't done so," said Sarah. "He couldn't very well do anythin' else, as 'twas. He couldn't just let her go off home alone. First place, Mis' Bromley, I don't see why you're so set against Lois. She ain't so smart as Randy Austin, but she's a good worker, and I think she's got faculty. Everybody knows she's just kep' the fam'ly goin', with her mother never out o' bed from one week's end to the other."

"That's just it," Mrs. Bromley flashed. "Jim Harrin'ton's a shiftless critter, 'n his wife's the most downright lazy woman in Rockshire County. Any woman that'll pretend to be sick to get out o' workin'!"

"I guess I'll go see to that water," said Sarah.

Mrs. Bromley sat and looked fixedly at the picture of Lincoln and his cabinet. A few minutes later Sarah came in.

"Them dishes take more water'n I can keep het," she said. "Well, I dunno, but it seems to me its pretty hard that Warren should be gettin' married at the White Crick Hotel, while they's a party goin' on at his own home."

"Then he needn't a married into such a tribe," Mrs. Bromley

responded. "I ain't one fer takin' on, but I'd about as soon see him dead as married to a Harrin'ton," and Mrs. Bromley stopped suddenly.

"Well," said Sarah meditatively, "I doubt if Lois would come here, anyway. 'Course Fanny an' Rose could do the work all right, but they say Mis' Harrin'ton won't have any one but Lois wait on her. So like as not she wouldn't leave her. Course Lois' father'll be glad enough to take 'em in; it'll mean a lot to him to have a smart fellow like Warren on the place. Dave was tellin' me that Judge Elwell holds a second mortgage on it now. It'll be sorter up hill work for Warren, though."

Sarah went back to the kitchen, and Mrs. Bromley picked up the copy of the *Youth's Companion* that lay on the table. Warren had taken it since he was eight years old. When it came that day she had told him that it seemed foolish for a great boy of nineteen to take a child's paper, but he had said that he liked the stories, and that there was real good reading in the back. She smiled grimly, put the *Youth's Companion* in the table drawer, and took up the *Christian Union*.

Sarah appeared with the dustpan and turkey wing and began sweeping up the crumbs from the carpet.

"Look's if they wasted more'n they et," she said severely.

"I guess Warren'll miss his home," she said. "They say the Harrin'tons ain't got a carpet in their house, 'cept in their parlor, only some rag rugs Lois has braided off 'n on. My! I hope wherever he is he'll get his custard pie—did you ever see such a hand for custard pie, Mis' Bromley?"

"I guess he could be thankful if he got his pork 'n potatoes at Jim Harrin'ton's," Mrs. Bromley rejoined.

"I was awful sorry you said that 'bout Lois' cake 'fore Della May," Sarah continued. "Her tongue runs faster 'n a horse can trot, an' there'll be enough talk about this anyway. I sh'd think fer the speech o' people you'd make up with 'em right off. This party'll be a nine days' wonder, but it'll blow over, an' that'll be the end of it, an' what's the use o' waitin' till Warren has the typhoid, or another spell of asthma?"

"Well, I got some pride," Mrs. Bromley began.

"Course, an' I should think you'd be too proud to have your own son doin' day labor on Jim Harrin'ton's farm. Fust place, Mis' Bromley, I sh'd think you'd about as soon have your property go to the Harrin'tons, as the Hartsboro Bromleys. Jim

Harrin'ton's shiftless, but he ain't a mean man, an' everybody knows that Henry J. Bromley's a hard drinker. Landy ! It's quarter past two ! I must rense them wipers an' go to bed.

When she had left the room Mrs. Bromley rose and opened the door of one of the cupboards over the fireplace. She took out a tin box, and unfolded a yellow paper. Her eyes fell on the words "to my beloved son, Warren Ezra," and she glanced at the photograph at the bottom of the box. It was Warren, on his ninth birthday. He wore a cutaway jacket, trousers that came four inches below his knees, and a round, flat felt hat.

Mrs. Bromley hastily pushed the box back into the cupboard and shut the door. Sarah came through with a lamp, and started up the narrow back stairs. When the staircase door closed behind her Mrs. Bromley turned around sharply.

"Sary !" she called. Sarah opened the door and put her head through.

"Sary," said Mrs. Bromley, "don't sleep any longer'n you haf to in the mornin'. Mebbe I'll clean the spare room."

LAURA MARY ROGERS.

A BOARDING SCHOOL FRESHMAN

The dining-room was almost empty, and the maid had locked the door against all late-comers. At some of the tables were a few lingerers, but almost everyone had sauntered out to dance in the "Gym" or had retired to the realms of study. At one of the tables in the little dining-room an argument more or less heated was going on. The girls had come in late from a freshman tea, and after a discussion of its merits and demerits they had taken up for consideration certain freshmen who had been present.

"Personally, I have no use for a girl who has prepared at a boarding school," said Miss Bailey decidedly.

"Why not, Miss Bailey ?" asked Madge Atherton innocently.

"Why not, Miss Atherton ?" she reiterated, "because I have yet to see the boarding school girl who makes a scholar. She has never learned to study. She has false conceptions of what education means ; just a smattering of this and a smattering of that, most of it useless from the start. No wonder men make

fun of higher education for women as long as the boarding school lasts. A good high school is the only place for a girl."

Miss Bailey herself had prepared at the Brooklyn Girls' High School.

"But I don't think scholarship is the only aim for a woman," ventured Madge bravely.

Miss Bailey glared. "I should have thought as much," she said frigidly, rising from the table.

Madge's color rose, and though she said nothing her eyes flashed and her face hardened. She and the freshman in question had prepared at the same boarding school, and Miss Bailey knew it.

Madge Atherton and Miss Bailey were striking types of the two widely differing classes which are found in any college. Madge possessed that kind of brightness which is able to get along with a minimum amount of studying together with the versatility and good nature which characterize the popular girl. She was famous for her dramatic club costumes, for her basketball posters, for her original "stunts", and for the one hundred and one things which go to make up the college life which are not study. She was, however, unquestionably shallow and superficial, as she herself was in the habit of declaring, and as her admiring friends reluctantly admitted.

Miss Bailey on the other hand was the most brilliant student the college had produced in years. She had won both State and University scholarships, she had made Phi Beta Kappa in her junior year, and now as a senior was already studying Sanscrit, and had taken nearly all the courses in Latin and Greek which the college offered, while the next year she was going abroad to study for her doctorate. As befitted such a miracle of genius she held herself aloof from the vulgar uninitiated, ignoring most of the college though favoring a few, a very few, with her acquaintance, or to put it strongly, her friendship. She stood upon a lofty pedestal, admired and gazed at with reverential awe by the whole college.

There were a few girls, who remembered Miss Bailey in her freshman days, who failed in their obeisance, but whose whispers of treason were indignantly suppressed as soon as uttered. To these ranks, alas, belonged Madge Atherton. For seniors it was unpardonable, but for a sophomore ——! Madge, however, whose father was a professor of Greek, and who had

breathed college air since her infancy, had her own ideas of what scholarship meant, and the falseness in Miss Bailey's attitude jarred upon her and raised in her an opposition which, if such a thing had been possible in Madge Atherton, would have amounted to scornful resentment.

Madge refused to take college with that abnormal intensity which is characteristic of the college woman and, by her confessing that she came to college because she couldn't help herself, though she didn't suppose it would hurt her seriously, had won many enemies who declared that she had struck a deadly blow at woman's education. Madge, however, kept many loyal friends and managed to lead a life of unalloyed pleasure. Owing to her father, she saw much of faculty life. At a dinner it matters little whether a girl is making a Phi Beta Kappa record or is going to revolutionize the educational or social world. If she is pretty and dresses well, and can keep the man next to her talking, the grateful hostess asks no more. So Madge had many faculty friends who overlooked her shocking delinquencies and petted her in the most flattering way.

It was for this reason that Miss Bailey entertained towards Madge an abnormal and wholly unsuspected bitterness. She did not care for Military Hops or Junior Proms. She even had no wish to be popular with her own class, but she did desire intensely to know and to know well people with great minds who stood for something in the world of scholarship. True, her professors took a deep interest in her work, and their wives dutifully called once a year; but she felt that she deserved and had justly earned the recognition that Madge Atherton had for the asking. The professors' wives called her Madge, the children came running to meet her on the campus. She was always being invited out to dinner or luncheon, or to the theatre, while Miss Bailey's occasional invitations were limited to teas and receptions. What made the difference, Miss Bailey fiercely strove to discover, at times hating Madge and again studying her almost humbly,

The next Saturday evening Madge Atherton gave a spread in her room. Among others were invited the freshman, Helen Northup, and Miss Bailey. Madge had selected her party with great care and deliberation, and had successfully secured Miss Bailey's presence. Miss Bailey rarely went to spreads, considering them inventions, not of the Evil One, but of the frivolous.

Madge had come in to lunch Friday noon with an invitation to a dinner-party given by Mrs. Howard, whose husband was at the head of the Greek department.

"You are going, I suppose," she said to Miss Bailey, for she also had an invitation.

"Yes, indeed," Miss Bailey smiled with unfeigned cordiality.

Madge saw her opportunity and made the most of it.

"It's going to be awfully swell," she ran on, "I helped write the invitations, and Mrs. Howard told me all about it. You and I are to be the only college girls, and I made her promise to put us next to the nicest men there."

It was Miss Bailey's first dinner, and she looked with admiration at the easy way Madge talked of it. The time would come when such things would be every-day occurrences to her, too, she hoped.

"What are you going to wear?" she asked.

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Madge. "The only thing I have I want to wear to the Town and Gown dance and I don't like to wear it two nights in succession. I'm going to give a little spread to-morrow night. Come over to it, can't you? Come early and see if you think my blue silk will do. I always like the opinion of an older girl."

So it was that Madge secured Miss Bailey, whether by her subtle flattery or by the mystic charm of the Town and Gown, she never knew.

However unbending Miss Bailey may have been at Friday noon, by Saturday night all her old assurance had returned. She, the only undergraduate in the Latin Seminary, had distinguished herself brilliantly in Plautus; while to fill her cup, the professor had honored her by walking with her down to the Hall.

That night as the freshman Helen Northup entered Madge's pretty little room at the Cottage, Miss Bailey was explaining to the other girls the intricacies and terrors of a master's examination, with as much vividness as if she herself had been through it, instead of having it two years ahead of her. The girls were drinking it in with expressions of wonder and admiration.

"Of course that means a tremendous amount of work," remarked a junior, as the dramatic tale was brought to an end.

"I don't see how people can ever do it," said Helen in her

freshman innocence, duly impressed, as Miss Bailey had intended she should be, "I never was smart enough to study Greek even at school."

"Oh, you don't know," said Miss Bailey magnanimously, "perhaps it was the fault of the school. At a high school you probably would have studied it."

"You know," went on Helen, "Madge was the brightest scholar in Greek who was ever in the school. Miss Carnby was always holding her up to us."

Miss Bailey smiled. She had her opinion of a school in which Madge Atherton set the standard of scholarship.

"Of course things are different at boarding school from college," suggested a girl, seeing fight in Miss Bailey's eye, and wishing to avoid trouble.

"Yes," said Miss Bailey, "unless a girl has been well prepared she finds college work very difficult. So many freshmen are heavily conditioned at the end of the first term. It is rather hard, of course, but it is better to realize then and there what study means. It takes a long time to learn what true scholarship is. But that is what we are here for, and we might as well learn it sooner as later." She glanced down at her Phi Beta Kappa Key. She had learned it sooner.

"I suppose then, you don't approve of giving A. B. for all courses?" asked the junior, deciding to remember Miss Bailey's dictum to air at a faculty reception.

"No, I can't say I do," she replied. "While I have never discussed it with any of the faculty, I think it was a great mistake that they have made all baccalaureate degrees," with great stress on the baccalaureate, for the benefit of the freshmen, for whom the name was connected only with sermons at Commencement time, "mean the same. The trouble with our American education," she went on intensely, "is that it is losing its scholarly element. The mass of people study, not for the sake of knowledge, but as a means to an end. Think how far we have fallen from the standard of even the Middle Ages, when a monk asked nothing better than to spend his whole life in copying one manuscript."

Madge, who had heard the question discussed by judges somewhat more competent than Miss Bailey, despite her Sanscrit and her Phi Beta Kappa, though not particularly interested, was highly delighted at the turn the conversation had taken.

As for the others, from the freshmen up, they were hanging on her words.

It was just at this critical juncture that the maid knocked and presented a card. Madge looked at it a minute and frowned.

"Tell him I am not at home," she said. "That man makes me so tired," she went on to the girls. "I told him he couldn't come for another week. It's Mr. Hayden, perhaps you know him," turning to Miss Bailey.

Know him? Miss Bailey gasped. Mr. Hayden was the new instructor in Greek. She had watched him from afar all the term. He was a brilliant student, the wonder and despair of even graduates. Miss Bailey had met him, but beyond bowing to her, he seemed unaware of her existence. Why then was he calling on Madge Atherton, a perfect baby, with no mind? "He comes up to talk modern Greek with me, so he says," explained Madge, "we speak it at home, you know, and he pretends I shall get out of practice. He is going to be in Athens next year when we are."

Miss Bailey was stunned. Her interest in baccalaureate degrees suddenly flagged. There was a slight pause.

"Did you find out about that fugue, Helen?" asked Madge from the chafing-dish where she and the junior were serving up creamed chicken.

"No, but I am sure Miss Bailey can tell me, she was there. I want to know which fugue of Bach's the organist played yesterday at the recital, I can't remember."

As a matter of fact Miss Bailey's knowledge of Bach was somewhat limited, and as for a fugue, she could not have told one from a two-step.

Madge took pity on her, and obviated the necessity of a reply by passing the chicken. "This looks like Sunday or Wednesday dinner," said one of the girls, "except for a slight difference in quality and quantity."

"Last Wednesday," said Helen laughing, "we had the funniest girl at our table, you ought to have seen the way she ate. She was a senior, too. I never saw any one like her before, it was perfectly fascinating, *voilà*," and Helen mimicked the poor senior.

The girls were convulsed, but Madge stole a furtive glance at Miss Bailey. Table manners were not her strong point. The

way she held her knife and fork, though unique, was to Madge somewhat annoying. A girl, seeing that Miss Bailey seemed bored by the trivial conversation, adroitly turned the subject to Madge's new picture, Vedder's Cup of Death, which had been bought in the artist's studio in Rome and had his signature. Miss Bailey had heard of the Rubáiyát, but of Vedder or his connection with it she knew nothing.

"We used to play a picture game at school that was such fun," said Helen, who with another girl was roaming around the room looking at the pictures. "Our art teacher got a lot of Perry pictures, and after the names were cut off we would guess who the artists were. It was so funny when a Cimabue and a Rembrandt came together, and at first we were always getting Filippo Lippi's and Botticelli's Madonnas mixed up."

Except for Miss Bailey, who for some reason did not join in the conversation, the girls seemed to enjoy the evening, as people always do when they talk of things in which they take an interest. Madge insisted on the freshman's playing her violin for them. She played well, indicating careful training. From this the conversation naturally turned to music and musicians, McDowell and Chaminade, Wagner opera which one of the girls had heard in Germany, staged as it never is in America.

As they were saying good night Madge said to Miss Bailey, "I hope you haven't had an awfully stupid time."

Miss Bailey did not reply, but on the way from the Cottage to the Hall, when the boarding-school freshman, whom she had taken charge of, asked her if it was too late then to enter Baby Greek, she paused and then said, "I wouldn't study Greek, if I were you. Scholarship is not the only aim for a woman."

ELIZABETH HOWARD WESTWOOD.

SKETCHES

COMPENSATIONS

'Tis past, dear heart, but now that all is o'er
And put away
I do not feel the wound is half so sore
As poets say.

For love once gained is always won. The heart
That it has blest
Gives out in turn the richness of its own.
And so finds rest.

And though you now have gone upon the way
The sunset bars,
And I these weary years alone must stay
Beneath the stars,

Yet Nature's self has brought me joy, for she
Has shown me how
In ways that were before unknown to me
To have thee now.

The smallest thing in Nature has a part
And joy fulfills.
I find the golden treasure of your heart
In daffodils.

JOSEPHINE SANDERSON.

"Folks say," said Matilda Warner, between her mouthfuls of bread and butter, "that there's quite a revival goin' on over in Plainville. I don't see why we are so cold
From Her Point and dead here in Hillsbury — spiritually,
of View you know—do you, Martha?"

"No," replied Martha, laying down her fork, "I can't understand why the Lord should single out a little place like Plainville, and let such a big village as Hillsbury get along with only the crumbs, so to speak."

"I s'pose," added Matilda, "that it's a good deal our fault. We just keep a'doin' our every day work, and I don't know as we're so terrible wicked; but there ain't none of us inspired, and we do need to be brought to a sense of our blessin's."

"Yes," assented Martha, passing the pickles to her guest, "If we only had some one to stir us up, and get us started, seem's if we could get up a refreshin' revival. How'd they go to work over in Plainville?"

"I heard," Matilda answered, "that the Crusaders were helping them. Them Crusaders are a sort of queer people, but they must have an awful sight of spiritual power. Why, folks say that they've even converted Liza Wade."

"Who's she?" asked Martha.

"Why, she's that shiftless thing that's so cross her husband won't live with her. She always wears a red and green shawl. Don't you remember? It's Mary Wade's mother."

"Oh!" said Martha, with a comprehensive look. There was a little silence. The hostess passed the cake and filled Matilda's teacup. Then she went on: "If they could convert her, I sh'd think they'd be just the ones to come here. I'm going over to Plainville next week any way, and I'll be over there prayer-meetin' night. I believe I'll go to the meetin' and see what it's like, and if I like it, I'll advise our minister to have them Crusaders come here."

"The minister's kind of sot in his way, ain't he?" inquired Matilda.

"Yes, he is," sighed Martha, "I've argued with him about a good many things, and he hangs to his way of thinkin' pretty close. Now there's Mandy Pearson. Everybody knows she's an awful sabbath-breaker and a harm to the community, and when I told the minister about it and tried to have him put her out of the church, he just said he couldn't do anything of the sort, and the very Sunday after I told him he ought to preach more spiritual sermons, he talked on politics as near as I could make out. It don't do a mite of good to remonstrate with him; and he never seems to appreciate the fact that this church is on my heart too! 'Tain't every minister that could find a woman only too willin' to help him."

"He ain't much like Mr. Jones," Matilda added sympathizingly. "Mr. Jones was always glad to have somebody point out his duty. Many's the time he's thanked me for openin' his eyes."

"And me too," interrupted Martha, rising from the table and beginning to clear off the dishes. "He was a man after my own heart, easily led, pious, and not one of these higher criticism men, either."

"Ain't it awful how the minister tears the Bible to pieces," said Matilda. "It's terrible to hear him go on. No, Mr. Jones didn't have any of those new-fangled ideas and he was my ideal, and I did my best to keep him; but them Parsonses and Blissess didn't want him and they managed to oust him. They do want to run things, don't they?"

"I sh'd think they did! Why, even Plainville people talk about it. Cousin Lemuel said he was thankful they didn't belong to their church."

"Is't him you're goin' to see?" Matilda asked.

"Yes," replied Martha, "I'm goin' over for a week or so. He's kind of ailin'—rheumatism, you know—and his wife's got to go to her sister's for a spell, so I'm to stay while she's gone. So you see, if I want to, I can just drop in to the prayer-meetin' and find out about the Crusaders. I kind of expect to go Tuesday, and if you come over in about a week from then, I'll tell you what I think."

"Yes, I will," responded Matilda. "There, I've helped you clear off the table—and 'twas a real good tasty supper too—and I must be goin' home."

"Don't hurry," urged her hostess politely.

"O well, I've just got to get home and see to things. You know how 'tis," said Matilda, tying her bonnet strings.

When the sound of Matilda's footsteps had died away, Martha swept up the crumbs and got out her dish-pan.

"There," she said, with a little sigh of satisfaction. "Just as soon as I get the dishes done, I'll have a whole long evening to finish up my gray basque. It'll be just the thing to wear the day I go to Plainville, and it'll look good enough for the prayer-meetin' too—s'posin I should go to that."

As she had expected, things went easily over in Plainville, and Cousin Lemuel offered no objections when, arrayed in the gray basque, she announced her intention of dropping in to prayer-meeting.

"I kind of hate to go alone," she said to herself as she walked up the steps to the little church. "But there! I hadn't ought to miss a chance of benefitin' Hillsbury, and maybe the Lord sent

me here on purpose to make me the means of bringin' about a great revival to home."

She entered the little lecture-room. It was almost time for the service to begin, and more than half the seats were full. As she glanced down the aisle, she noticed a woman in a red and green shawl, and in front of her was a vacant seat. Of this Martha took possession.

"That must be Liza Wade behind me," she thought, as she turned the leaves of the singing-book in a slow attempt to find number seventy-four. "I sh'd like to get a good look at her to see if she looks converted. That Crusader's give out a real good hymn. He looks like a spiritual-minded man, he does. If he comes to Hillsbury, I hope our minister'll learn some things. This preacher could teach him a good deal."

As the service progressed, Martha's conviction as to that point grew stronger and stronger. She knew she had never heard such a touching talk before; and when at last the leader asked all who would like to make a stand for the right to come forward, she wiped a tear from her eye, and half-whispered, "What a godsend he will be to Hillsbury!"

Suddenly she felt a punch in her back. She turned. The woman in the red and green shawl was leaning over the back of the seat and whispering in a sepulchral tone, "Better go up and seek the Lord."

Martha was too surprised to speak. She—a member of the church for almost forty years, you might almost say a pillar of the church—she to be taken for one of the unconverted! Then the leader's invitation fell again upon her unlistening ears, and again came that punch in the back, and the hollow voice, saying, "Better go up and seek the Lord." Martha turned clear around in her seat.

"I guess I've known Him as long as you have," she whispered scornfully.

The woman in the red and green shawl leaned back in the shadow. The closing hymn was being given out.

"So that's the kind of a convert the Crusaders make," Martha thought, as she walked stiffly from the room. "Anybody truly saved'd know I didn't need to be prayed over. Now Mr. Jones's converts always bore the marks of grace and recognized other people that bore 'em too, and 'twouldn't do much good to have any such kind of a revival in Hillsbury as they've had here."

Martha had been home but two days when Matilda came over again for a bit of gossip.

"And did you think 'twould be a good plan to have the Crusaders come here?" she asked in the course of her call.

Martha stooped to pick up her needle which had fallen on the floor.

"No," she said slowly, "I don't believe, from what folks say, that they make very discernin' Christians. Dear me! I can't find my needle anywhere. Do you see it?"

EVA AUGUSTA PORTER.

THE DREAM OF THE BOATS

At anchor they're riding,
Dim white, while the moon
Draws its shivering breath on the bay,
A silent fleet—out shore and in.
Whisht—whisht,
How the ripples play.

At anchor they're riding,
They sleep and they dream—
The yacht of a spray-blown track,
A trick at the starting—a length at the end.
Whisht—whisht,
The tide is slack.

In shore they are lapping,
The sharpie fleet—
And they dream of a humble knack.
They can shove their noses close to a shore.
Whisht—whisht,
The tide is slack.

And the working boats
They never dream,
They know what the others learn.
Their sleep is deep, and their work not done.
Whisht—whisht,
The tide will turn.

For the tide it runs ebb,
And the tide it runs flood,
And heeds not little or big.
The sharpies bow to the clumsy scow
And the yacht in her racing rig.

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE.

The ship was soon to leave dock, and he was leaning against the rail watching the people bustle up and down the gangway.

Some were laughing, some were crying,

On Shipboard some simply bowing thanks for a friendly *bon voyage*. It was his privilege to stare, for

he was a great writer of fiction. There was a gap in the crowd, then a tall girl in black stepped on the plank. She was slender, and her clothes clung in graceful folds around her. All this he noted as he watched her climb up, straighten her slight figure, stand for a minute, resting perhaps. She turned just once and looked at him with one long, interested, quiet look, then turned and walked away, with a gliding step that would have been queenly, but that it was far too hurried and heedless.

But her face, as it was turned to him; he had a right to dissect, analyze, and ponder, for he was a writer of fiction. First in generalities: Was it a classic face? No, not at all. Was it pretty? No, hardly that. Was it attractive? Yes, decidedly, but that was too indefinite a term, and far too hackneyed. Now in detail: What was it then? Truly there had been but one look, but from that look what impression? Well, to begin with her eyes; lustrous, dark, gentle, yes, and eyes which looked out in a long, deep, impersonal gaze, brimming with intelligence. The rest of the face, yes, the rest of the face—well, it looked somehow as one would expect from the eyes. Her hair was soft and dark and blown, and her eyes had a strangely quivering quality; from the very steadfastness of their gaze they seemed to quiver, or rather to cling; it was an indescribable quality, but it was there. Then he turned to watch the last hurried comings and goings, for it was his duty to watch human nature; the *blasé* traveler of many voyages, the woman with bundles, the weak one traveling for health, and the rollicking girl who has never been to sea before. She should have some one to take care of her—not the woman with bundles or the rollicking girl, nor yet the weak one traveling for her health, but the little maid just gone—she was too slight, too young to look out for herself, and he saw that it was clearly his duty, as a great writer of fiction, to see that she was cared for.

The resolution may have been noble, the ideal high, but it was hard to accomplish, for a writer of novels must either be lionized on deck by the women, or in the smoking room by the men. So the days glided by and rumors came on deck of the

wonderful stories told below by the man of fame. But he did not appear on deck among the general crowd or welcome with open arms all ardent admirers, but stood apart, avoiding introductions. For to meet the girl he was thinking of in a crowd of women would spoil all chance of really knowing her. So he waited and watched and thought, and perhaps thought more about dark, dreaming eyes, with a strange quivering quality, than would have been absolutely necessary in his position, if he were not a great writer of fiction. The days slipped past; he often saw that gliding black figure, and sometimes the dark eyes under the wind blown hair. The fourth day came, his resolution had come to nothing. Could not the inventor of thrilling plots arrange his own romance so as to meet one simple little girl? So he fussed and loitered and found fault with the waiter, till he was left alone at the breakfast table, and—favoring fortune—she was just entering the dining-room. Then left alone in the room with her, and absolutely alone, he took the first step towards his high resolution, and spoke to her. When she rose he rose too, and walked with her on the deck—he had a right, for he was a great writer of fiction.

The next two days were spent carefully by him and most thoughtfully, for his aim must be reached. They were very happy days for them both; for him, because he could watch those long thoughtful glances that somehow quivered; for her, because she was triumphing, and because she was very young and very innocent.

But with all the end was not gained, for he being a big-hearted human man, as well as a great writer of fiction, had lingered more over those strange glances, which clung long after the eyes were turned away, than over the accomplishment of his charitable purpose. And she, because she was very young, and triumphing, and did not even know that there was a purpose.

So the last night came, and as it was summer, the air was almost warm. She as usual stepped out on deck, and he as usual was waiting for her. Perhaps his voice was lower as he asked if he might read to her an unpublished story, and perhaps he was more than ever the big-hearted human man. She was living a dream, and of course she would hear the unpublished story. They walked to the stern, and as they walked far down the deck he watched her with her soft, clinging dress blown

closely around her ; and her soft hair tossed in the wind. He watched her as they stood by the rail, and her eyes were darker and deeper than ever, and a great desire seized him to be a plain, plain man, but he was not, he was famous. He half turned away, straightened his shoulders, and began to read his story:

"It was on shipboard, and there were only a few fleeting days. He was many years older, she but a little girl. He had known what it was to love, she had only dreamed. For him all that was pure and true, all that was past and dear, all the world of love that surrounded him once was centered in this one little girl. She was slender and slight, with soft, dark eyes, and soft brown hair that flew in the wind. It was only on shipboard that he had known and loved her. And the last night as the moon came up over the wave-broken sea, he told this little girl with quivering eyes, told her truly, told her—"

Then the story book fell with a thud on the deck, and he bared his head, squared his shoulders, "I'm not before all a writer of fiction, before God and you I'm a man. You can see it all means you. May I ask you how it ended?"

Slowly she raised her eyes from the waves, and far in their darkness he read all the pain and bewilderment of a tired child, and just the dimpling of a smile as she said, "Do you think you can get it in the August number, or must you wait till October?"

He was a man in earnest, she but a child at play. He saw it and winced, but kept silent. She tried to be gay, but her eyes were slumberous with the weight of wondering. She was weary and puzzled, and her triumph was gone or else just begun. There in the depths of her nature and brimming out through her eyes was just the dawning of tenderness.

There was a long peaceful sigh as she stretched out her childish arms in the moonlight, out toward the wide, wide sea.

"No, you're not a great writer of fiction, you're just a plain man."

And as such he acted.

JANETTE LOGAN.

THE CHARM.

In the days when great giants and ogres there were
To terrify heaven and earth,
When brave princes flourished, and fairies and elves
Presided at princesses' birth ;

In the days when these things all existed for me,
A princess there was fair and gay,
With long golden hair, rosy lips, and blue eyes,
Such as princesses had in that day.

No one ever said "Mustn't" or "Don't child" to her,
Grown folks didn't order her round.
She could do what she liked—no wonder she was
The happiest princess e'er found.

Her one supreme charm, I'll confide it to you ;
Not her beauty or goodness or wealth
Was what made her so dear, but the one little fact,
That the princess was always myself.

ALICE EDITH EGBERT.

When the sun rose on the little kingdom of Avelonia one morning in early June, it looked down upon an incongruous sight. There in the heart of the agricultural

A Masquerade district, thirty odd miles from the capital, in a simple, unpretentious farm yard, which had not a single redeeming feature visible to show why it should be honored in this manner, stood the traveling coach of royalty, the highest rank of royalty, too, for underneath the mud with which it was plentifully bespattered could be seen the crest of the ruling family of Avelonia, the Nichtsadlenwerthers. In a wide stable on one side of the yard the eight royal horses had been housed together with many oxen, cows, and farm horses. They sniffed the air with disdain, and looked toward the door expectantly, as if eager to be off and away, but no one of the royal household was astir so early, and the servants of the farmhouse, up long before the sun, would not serve their purpose.

But just as the sun had risen over the hills, a shutter on the eastern side of the house was thrown open, and a young girl rested her arms on the window-sill and drank in the cool morning air. She had been there scarcely a moment when she heard a low whistle from below. She looked down, and the serene composure of her beautiful face relaxed into a smile. The man below looked up at her sternly.

"There is nothing ludicrous in my appearance, I trust, Princess ; I come upon an important mission, namely to request your Highness to don some simple gown and play peasant with me

for an hour before breakfast. You will have to hasten, I fear, for the farmer of whom I borrowed this garb made me promise to return it before we go, and Bergwald says the coach will be ready for traveling in a couple of hours. Meet me at the old apple-tree by the gate."

The princess's expression had changed from one of bewilderment to delight. "Your Majesty chooses to be facetious. I place the responsibility upon your shoulders and obey." She closed the shutters and in a very few moments was at the gate, where the king was pacing restlessly up and down. "Do I suit your Majesty?" she asked, lifting her short red frock and courtesying low, "It was the best I could do in the short time."

The king nodded approval and his eyes danced with merriment as he opened the gate for her to pass through.

"Which way, your Highness?" she inquired.

"We'll go down the road to the big barn, where we can hunt for eggs in the hay. And my dear little cousin Betty, don't call me 'your Highness' any longer. I am just plain 'Billy', to be treated with no more respect than one of the hens whose eggs we are going to steal."

"A Nichtsadlenwerther, a hen!" murmured the princess inarticulately.

As they reached the barn door, which the king pushed wide open with his broad shoulders, a loud clucking and flapping of wings was heard inside. On their way to the ladder leading to the loft dozens of bewildered hens ran between their feet, rushing in all directions at once in their excitement. One flew down from a beam and flapped her wings in the regal countenance. The king suppressed a word not befitting his dignity. The princess, stopping half-way up the ladder, shook her finger at him and said, "The use of evil phrases becomes a peasant no more than a king, sire."

With a laugh he sprang after her up the ladder and across the floor of the loft. Round and round they ran, and the princess by dodging behind hay-mows and sacks of grain always kept just a little ahead of her pursuer. He finally gave up in despair and flung himself down upon the hay quite out of breath.

"Come and talk to me, Betty," he called out, "it's too hot to hunt eggs. Come and tell me how I can get rid of the boredom

of my life. I am so very tired of it all, this continual 'your Majestying' and cringing and fawning of two-thirds of my court. Think what an awful thing it is, not to have one single true friend, no one whom —"

"But, your Majesty"—interrupted the princess.

"Yes, I know, you would name over a dozen or more of my trusty councilors, Ohestein, Bergwald, Mannesrohen, and others, to prove the falsity of my statements, but I tell you, Betty, they are no more than helpers appointed by Fate to see that I am properly brought up and duly married to an equal in rank, and that during my reign I commit no gross indiscretions—"

"Such as the present," suggested the princess from her perch on a cross beam, as she shot a whimsical glance at the king.

"Such as the present," he repeated, laughing. "But I fear there is no use trying to talk seriously to you, little cousin, I get no sympathy at all. Why, if all the world were against me, I verily believe you would calmly laugh at me and then go on looking out the window as you are doing now."

"And as you deserve, sire; and besides, the view is very beautiful. It isn't every day that I have a chance to look at your Majesty's fields through a dusty cobwebbed window with the high and mighty sovereign himself stretched out at my feet, munching a wisp of hay."

"I also have a rare pleasure, for if I am not mistaken your ladyship seldom wears a short skirt, a scarlet bodice and a plaid sunbonnet at the assembly balls!"

The two were in the midst of a gale of laughter, when the heavy barn door was rolled back on its hinges, and a peasant woman appeared in the doorway.

"Where are you, William and Elizabeth? The coach has been mended and the royal family are ready to start, and I need you both to help me at the house."

She disappeared, and the two royal personages in the dusty hay-mow looked at each other and smiled.

"Well, Betty, it has been fun any way, and it did seem real while it lasted. Let's play it again some day when we haven't many chores to do."

"Yes, sire," she answered gravely.

FLORENCE HOMER SNOW.

A STAR

The sun, all tired, slid sudden down,
And left behind a faint half flush
Of rose and violet, while a star
Pulsed gently in this new found gown.

A NIGHT

A perfect night, so still and calm
The pale moon cannot shame it,
The mellow dome pierced here and there,
Where light beyond peeps through it.

BESSIE BELL BOYNTON.

It was almost two weeks after He had come to the gay little seacoast town of Bath that It happened. The weather had been bright and sunny, for it was summer time
She, He, and It of course, and it chanced that the moon had sailed on in the sky during that fortnight, as clear by night as the warm sun had been by day. So of course She was asked for a moonlight ride. But you need not think that She and He went alone. No, indeed, the Sister and the Real Friend went too. There were four of them that drove off in a two-seated wagon that summer's night. The fifth member of the party, the horse, was worth mentioning too, not because he was white and his manners were a bit awkward, but because of his love of nature; he often stopped for five or ten minutes just to look at the moon shining on a big elm tree.

It was rather late when they all bundled into the wagon, as it stood in front of the house that She and the Sister lived in. But they were happy because they were doing something that Bath society did not do every night the moon shone. You might have thought that He and She would have sat on the back seat, and made the Real Friend drive. But not at all. Before they got in, He politely asked (for He had gotten up the party, you know) how they would like to sit. As strange as it may seem, nobody answered. So they all stood there on the sidewalk in the moonlight. Then the Sister thought she would help matters out, and said she would sit on the front seat and He could drive, for she had not guessed anything about It then, and she knew that He was fond of driving.

So they all started out on a ride around the turnpike. He was happy because He had the reins in his hands, and knew that She was right behind him. The Sister was happy because she was rather young and not always invited. And She was happy because she was a sensible young woman and never dreamed of It. Whether the Real Friend was happy or not, nobody will ever know, because he declared afterwards that he knew about It all of the time. But at any rate the Real Friend looked as though he enjoyed sitting on the same seat that She did and fixing her cape for her every minute or two.

As they drove along, He did most of the talking. The Sister was rather piqued to think that He always talked to the people on the back seat, but He did not think of the Sister. He was watching to see how She looked in the moonlight. She was really very beautiful, and He knew a beautiful woman as well as a beautiful horse when he saw one. He told about his travels in Japan and the scrapes he got into when he was in college. But He was apt to treat the Real Friend, who happened to be his cousin, and whom he was visiting, as very young. The Real Friend did not enjoy this, for even if he had not graduated from college yet, he did not enjoy being treated like an infant, especially when She was around. But the Real Friend was not going to lose his temper, so he sat there on the back seat, never saying a word, and thinking as only a man does think when he is made light of to the girl he loves.

They passed lovely bits of country that looked pale and silvery in the moonlight; phantom trees, and dark weird nooks by the roadside, but nobody was thinking about Nature. He was thinking how handsome She was, and that He half wished that She belonged to him. The Real Friend's thoughts were very desperate; and She was beginning to feel sleepy, and a little tired of listening to the stories which He told.

So when they came to the cross-roads at the end of the turnpike they all voted to go home; that is, He would have liked to ride on forever, but of course the others made up the majority. As they turned towards Bath He waxed more eloquent, She more sleepy, and the other two were silent. The moon kept on shining, and as it grew brighter seemed to laugh wickedly at this little moonlight ride it had caused; there was pure deviltry in the way it kept peeking in under the top of that wagon as it jogged homewards along the country road.

When at last they reached the house where She and the Sister lived, they were all relieved ; except, of course, He felt very badly to think that the ride was over, and made more of a fuss in saying good-night than men who are fat and past thirty usually do.

Perhaps it was on account of the moonlight ride that the Sister did not awake until ten o'clock the next morning. But when the Sister got down stairs she found that She had been up many hours. She did not seem the same as usual ; She refused point blank to play golf with the Sister, and said perhaps She would tell her why sometime. This made the Sister angry, for the Sister had not guessed It yet. But the Sister was soon to be enlightened for He appeared on the veranda, not as jubilant as when He left them the night before. He said that he had come to say good-bye, and She shook hands warmly but soberly and said that She was sorry that It had all happened (for She had a heart). The Real Friend looked on sympathetically but with a joyful light in his eyes. The Real Friend said that he should drive his cousin to the station, and would come back later in the day.

Then after they had gone, She told the Sister that He had lingered on the veranda the night before, after the others had left. The Sister at last knew It. He had fallen in love with her, and She would not marry him, for the Real Friend was too real.

ANNIE MORSE ALDEN.

They dwelt on the second shelf of a linen chest. It stood in a corner of the hall and was always rather mysterious, because there seemed to be something back of it.

The Fairies of My Childhood Now one side of this chest contained old letters and books, and always had a dusty odor. Here too were annual Santa

Claus communications. The other side had a door with a key in it. Inside the door were shelves, and there among the sheets and pillow-cases in an odor of lavender, my fairies played.

They were not the fairies of Grimm or Andersen ; they were my own, modeled, I dare say, after my best friends in real life. and so more interesting than those that always dwell in books. They were good. No wicked ogres or dwarfs abode among them, for my friends were always good. Once, it is true, there

had been a bad boy, but grandma had drawn so many morals that bad fairies and goblins disappeared once and forever with the boy, morals and all, good or bad. On the whole my fairies were almost perfect, although they were sometimes inclined to be mischievous.

Sometimes they made grandpa's clock strike one when it ought to have struck twelve; but that was only because they enjoyed swinging on the long pendulum and sometimes jumped down too quickly. Then on one occasion they carried off the dressmaker's pattern book. I could not blame them much for that, however, because Miss Snipper was very cranky and cross and never knew anything about fairies. I was sure the fairies had taken it, but grandmama and Miss Snipper persisted in hunting for it. "It was here just a minute ago," Miss Snipper declared again and again. I knew she was not telling the truth, because she had been moving things around and dropping her pieces and losing her tape and scissors for at least ten minutes. I guess the fairies knew it too, for they did not give the book back and that night they brought me some beautiful ladies all dressed in rainbow colors, and we played dolls on my pillow, in the moonlight.

One night I visited them. The house was still. Silently they came to my bedside. I journeyed in a golden chariot (a tramp was supposed to have walked off with grandma's gold thimble). From the time I left my bed I began to shrink. Down the long hall we go, I and my friends, past grandmama's room, past the clock, past the closet that always held burglars and strange animals, that clutched and grabbed my skirts on dark nights. We pause at last at the door of the chest. It opens—we enter, but to my surprise only the two who have borne my chariot are there! Suddenly I find myself on the second shelf. Up and down over the sheets and pillow-cases we go. At last we reach the farthest corner, and wonder of wonders! there appears a magic entrance! So through we go, golden thimble and all. Ah! who can speak of the wonders beyond that mouse-hole—ahem—magic door! Certainly, it needs a fairy tongue, and I am only a mortal!

MARY ALICE CAMPBELL.

LENT—AN APPRECIATION.

A long-drawn, trembling sigh, that lingers—then is gone,
As twilight fades before the rosy steps of morn—
A pause amid earth's hurrying, busy life,
As, 'mid the battle's din, peace before strife,
A thought that flowers in noble deeds and fair,
As opening buds shed fragrance on the air—
A prayer that strengthens to a war-cry loud,
As jagged lightning hides in the gray cloud,
A death whose darkness better shows the road
To everlasting, perfect life—with God.

EDITH TURNER NEWCOMB.

EDITORIAL

During the past few years the papers have been full of articles on Smith College. Owing to this, or perhaps the cause of it, numerous reports come to us from all parts of the country. These rumors are in general divisible into two classes, those that are absolutely without foundation, and those that are based on fact. Of course things get into the papers that are absolutely true, but these never come back to us in the form of rumor while still retaining their original sense.

The aggregate of these rumors forms what is commonly known as our reputation, that is our reputation as it appears to the critical public. Throughout the college, students are deploring the opinion of Smith which has become grounded in different parts of the country, particularly in Chicago and Boston. At the same time, and in the same breath they remark—"There isn't really anything we can do about it." Yet if we stop to consider, we ourselves are in reality responsible for the college reputation.

The vague rumors upon which our reputation is based originate in general with the friends, or the enemies of the college. As friends may be classed the faculty, the alumnæ, and the student body ; as enemies those who for various reasons are absolutely hostile to the college, with the addition of numerous reporters and hackwriters who are looking around for any interesting little bits they can pick up or invent. It is with these different classes that our reputation rests, and certainly any one would have to admit that our recognized friends are in the majority and, being so, are really responsible for the way in which the college is criticized.

Then why is it that we are the victims of so much misrepresentation ? It must be that we who have the best interests of the college at heart, are not making the most of our opportunities for advancing these interests. We of the student body are particularly responsible because we are in a position to be be-

lieved. The public accepts almost nothing of what it hears indirectly, but it can never be persuaded to believe only half of what it sees. We are responsible for the opinion of the college that is taken away by every visitor who comes here. We know too, just how seldom a visitor makes a just estimate. Visitors are entertained by students who seem to have nothing in the world to do but walk the campus and point out the beauties of Paradise. Naturally we don't tell our friends of the extra work we have to do after they have gone. They get the truth, in one sense, but the inference they draw is far from being the just one.

Again, we have a great horror of appearing learned in any sense. We, therefore, do our very utmost to minimize the work that we accomplish. In our letters the same thing happens. Nobody cares to hear about recitations, so we write volumes on the different entertainments we have attended. Whereas our friends don't object to entertainments, they do have an exaggerated idea of the amount of time that is spent in getting up the simplest thing. A play that would cost us ten minutes a day for a week or so they estimate as consuming considerable time. Since our friends will make wrong inferences, it becomes our duty to represent the truth of college life so that they can not mistake it. This responsibility lies too, with those who write for the papers. There is nothing so dangerous or so damaging as a little truth given in a one-sided sort of way. It is immediately stretched to cover any amount of falsehood.

It is easy enough to say that truth will triumph in the end, but the college must live on in the meantime, from day to day. So it is incumbent upon us to be friends in the true sense of the word, to keep the daily influence of the college strong, and to make its reputation as pure and helpful as its life.

EDITOR'S TABLE

The Educational Review has of late devoted much space to a subject of present interest, the relation between institutions of learning and their founders or later benefactors. The question is somewhat baldly stated in the closing paragraph of an article in the Review for December. "Many of our institutions," writes the author of the article, "understand by *Lehrfreiheit* the freedom to teach what is acceptable to those who furnish the money or the students needed to carry on the school, and regard that member of the Faculty as *personam gratissimam* who will meekly adapt his teachings to the convictions of the religious and political parties in power." Of course this is not freedom at all, and institutions in which such a state of affairs exists—if there are any such—are faithless to the true aims of the higher education, which are the discovery and teaching of truth.

The other side of the problem is treated in the January number of the same magazine in a discussion on "The Rights of Donors", a paper which was read before the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools in the Middle States and Maryland. The author declares that while to any man personal liberty may be accorded to go forth and teach in his own name whatever he may believe, yet as a member of an institution he must uphold the principles or doctrines for which it stands, and these principles or doctrines may be determined by its founders or benefactors. If any instructor is unwilling to comply with the demands of those upon whose support the institution with which he is connected depends, he has no choice but to resign, and it is remarked that the resignation for this reason of many professors in our principal universities and colleges during the last years demonstrates the frequency of this issue.

A broader discussion of the subject is presented under the title "Academic Freedom", in the leading article of this same

January number of the Review. First of all the author recognizes the fact that there are two types of institutions, one for the purpose of promulgating certain fixed political or ecclesiastical creeds, the other busied mainly with purely intellectual concerns and the search after knowledge. The latter sort only can claim the right to the title "university", and any interference with the faculty of such institutions in their efforts to discover truth and to transmit it to their students is a blow aimed at their most vital functions. The fact that many institutions are at present in a transitional stage and are, though striving for the university ideal, burdened with old restrictions, makes the situation in many instances a difficult one, but in so far as they assume the functions of the university they are under obligations to maintain the university standard of freedom in the search for truth.

The chief danger threatening academic freedom, however, is not, in the mind of the writer of this article, the limitation by individual action of the right to express opinion, but rather the more insidious evil of growing materialization of the educational ideal. The wider the field of truth with which the university is concerned, and the more thorough its methods of investigation, the greater is the need of large financial resources, and for these it is dependent largely on the bounty of men whose active life has not perhaps kept their interests in closest touch with purely intellectual pursuits. The emphasis on material prosperity may also have its effect on the atmosphere within the institution itself.

However, there are causes to counteract all such dangers that may seem to be threatening academic freedom, and there is no reason for a pessimistic outlook. The friendly bond between the higher institutions makes the intercollegiate world united in a common interest, while all its worthy achievements are hailed with delight by the public without. Indeed the university ideal of truth-seeking is gaining, and not losing, in its influence both within quiet student halls and outside in the world of affairs.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The interest in library work at the present time is steadily growing. We find an increasing desire among educated people to know more of the scope and character of this work. One needs to

The Drexel Library School understand something of the training necessary to equip oneself for the profession, in order to appreciate what our libraries stand for and what they are trying to accomplish.

Library schools are comparatively recent institutions. The one where I spent a year, the Drexel Institute Library School of Philadelphia, was organized in connection with the library department of the institute in November 1892. It aims to give to its students thorough, systematic training in library science and to prepare them for the practical work which they may be called on to undertake.

I think very few persons realize what are the qualifications necessary for entrance to a library school. In the first place one must have a broad education, a college one, if possible. More and more is the demand increasing for college graduates. Mr. Putnam, Librarian of Congress, in a recent number of the *Independent* thus comments on the importance of a broad education: "The basis of all technical training should be a good, general education, and of the training for library work, at least a good knowledge of history and of general literature, a particular knowledge of English literature, and a reading knowledge of at least two foreign languages, preferably French and German, with Latin also, if possible. These are indispensable to intelligent service in a library."

Another important factor which should not be overlooked is good health. A girl must be strong and well or she cannot stand the strain of long hours and confining labor. It has been said, and truly, that there is no harder work than library work. It taxes your mental and physical powers to their utmost extent.

Admittance to the Drexel library school is by competitive examinations. As the class is limited to twenty, we see the need of thorough preparation. Often have people said to me, "I think library work would be just the thing for my daughter. She is not very strong, but that seems such easy, pleasant work." Alas! when this unfortunate one endeavors to compete with one hundred others in answering the entrance examination questions, she may fail as sadly as one of whom I heard, who defined pedagogy as "the study of feet", bibliography as "the study of the Bible".

The subjects for entrance examination include general literature, history, and general information. Examination in foreign languages is not required, but a knowledge of French and German counts in favor of the candidate.

If you are fortunate enough to be one of the twenty selected from among the numerous applicants, you will feel well repaid for all the hard work and study spent in preparation. Drexel Institute is an attractive place with its various departments of art, science, and industry. I never tired of the great central court which was just beyond the entrance hall. This is sixty-five feet square, the entire height of the building, and covered with a decorated ceiling, the center of which is filled with stained glass. At the farther end of the court is the double marble stairway, ascending to the upper stories and descending to the auditorium. Arcades support and encircle the broad galleries which run around the court on the second and fourth floors. These galleries are often filled with young men and maidens who assemble between recitations to comment on any students who happen to be passing up or down stairs.

The library school is simply one department of the institute. There are courses in fine and applied arts, mechanic arts, electrical engineering, mechanical drawing, commerce and finance, domestic science, etc. There is a gymnasium in connection with the institute, and a few of us took advantage of the courses. It is not often that the library students can find time for the exercise, but those who managed to spend two hours a week in that way felt repaid for the effort.

I am frequently asked what we have to study in a library school. Many have the idea that we sit and read all the day or hand out books to the public indiscriminately. There is no more mistaken idea than this. The librarian has not the time to read except outside of library hours. To be sure she must learn to skim a book, to glance through its contents and find out of what subject it treats, but deliberately to read through all the books in a library is out of the question.

The library course includes instruction in cataloguing, library economy, studies of books and authors, reference works and bibliography, library history and extension, history of books and printing, and practical work in the library of the institute. What impressed me was the practical part of the course. To be sure, we had a good deal of theory, but the instructors took pains to see that we carried out these theories in a practical way. If we had a lecture on the qualifications of a desk assistant and the problems that such a one will have to face, that was supplemented by the experience of waiting on the public and helping them select books. If we had a talk on ordering and buying books we were obliged to hunt up the prices and fill out order blanks for books to be purchased for Drexel Library. Each week one of us took a paper, *The Publishers' Weekly*, which contains a list of all books published weekly in the United States. We checked in this paper the books which we should choose for a college, a village, and a public library. One of the instructors looked over our lists and we discussed disputed points in the class-room. Another interesting course was the reference work. Every week we had a set of questions to look up and report upon. Here are a few illustrative ones: "When and by whom was Cooper's 'Life of Somers' published?" "Find some information about Henry George as a theorist."

"Who was the author of 'The Green Hand'?" "What is the best text-book on the history of the United States?" We were supposed to hunt up the answers to such questions in as many places as possible. In this way we became familiar with a great many books and gained much useful information. Another feature, which varied our work and kept us in touch with important discussions, was debates on matters of library interest, such as: "Shall a library be kept open on Sunday?" "Shall we give people the best books or the best they will read?" "Shall the shelves of a library be open to the public?"

Occasionally we had the pleasure of listening to some noted librarian. In the spring a number of the class went to Atlantic City to attend a library meeting there. The advantages of listening to cultured, experienced men and women and the opportunity we had of meeting some of them were both pleasant and profitable. In May the class took a trip to the libraries in Baltimore and Washington. Miss Kroeger, the director of the school, accompanied us, and we all had a most enjoyable time. The visit to the Congressional Library was especially interesting. Mr. Putnam was kind enough to give us special privileges, so that we saw all departments and felt free to ask any questions we desired.

And did we have examinations, you ask? To be sure, and there was as much fear and trembling among us as in college, when the fatal one-hour examination in solid geometry draws near. These tests, which we had twice a year, included all the subjects we had studied.

Before graduation each student was required to prepare a bibliography on some subject assigned by the teachers. A few of those which our class prepared were: "Best books of the year in political economy", "Fifty best nature books". "Books of use to students in the study of domestic science", etc.

The associations connected with Drexel Institute were extremely pleasant. The girls in the class were conscientious, faithful students, yet full of fun and spirit. The teachers made us feel their interest and sympathy. Occasionally we had a little social gathering. One evening we met at the library and had a "cutting bee",—that is, we cut from old magazines pictures of authors, which were afterwards mounted on stiff cardboard and kept for reference in the library.

To one who really wishes to be of service to the community, there is no profession which can offer more attractions than this one. Personal qualifications, courtesy, patience, and a love for the work, count for a great deal. The broad, sympathetic spirit which reaches out to all mankind and seeks to do good to all, is the spirit to cultivate. And we shall not fail in our calling if we help to lead some step by step along the upward road toward the appreciation of the noblest and highest in the great field of literature.

I have tried to give some idea of the qualifications of a librarian. But, in order that you may fully realize what a high calling our profession is, permit me to quote, in closing, a poem from *The Library Journal*:

THE LIBRARIAN.

To the wisdom of the serpent, add the dove's demeanor mild,
 Hide a politician's tactics neath the meekness of a child;
 Be all things unto all persons, and to some be two or three,
 Have the air, "Some might be baffled, but there's nothing puzzles me."
 Be acquainted with the history of nations near and far,
 Know their populations, industries, and who their rulers are;
 Know all the best authorities on zo- and sociology,
 On physics, chess, mechanics, taxidermy, toxicology;
 On woman's rights and logic, on golf and brewing beer,
 With a thousand other subjects there's no time to mention here,
 Know all the works of fiction from the time when Mother Eve's
 "Snakes I've met, or why we ate it" filled three volumes of fig leaves.
 Be informed on current topics and on those that aren't current,
 Know why things that are, are as they are, and why the others weren't.
 If these conditions you fulfill, and then have laid away
 A little store of extra facts against a rainy day,
 If all these things you are, I say, and sure are lacking nary 'un,
 Then some day you may hope to be a really good librarian.

ELIZABETH C. RAY '90.

"Library work as a profession for college women" has been described in the November number of the *Monthly* for 1900, by Nina E. Browne, class of '82 Smith and '89 of the library school. My pleasure

The New York State Library School is to tell my Smith College friends from my own recent experience the way librarians are made from college graduates in the two years' course of the

New York State Library School, which is the oldest and best. Started in 1887 in Columbia College, New York City, it came to Albany eleven years later when the founder and director, Melvil Dewey, became librarian of the New York State Library.

The state library is in the beautiful Capitol, and on the top floor overlooking the city and the Hudson River are the handsomely fitted up rooms of the school. There for nine months in the year are an enthusiastic set of embryo librarians, with Mrs. Fairchild, the vice-director, for their guide, philosopher and best friend, and the first sentence of her library philosophy is that "The function of the library as an institution of society is the development and enrichment of human life in the entire community by bringing to all the people the books that belong to them."

Graduates from registered colleges are admitted without examination as to general scholarship, but will be examined in German, French, or any other subject required by the entrance examinations in which they may seem deficient. Entrance examinations are held in June in literature, history, general information, and in first-year German and French, and a third year of language which may be second-year German or French or one year of any other foreign language. These are open to any one who has had two years of college work or its equivalent. College graduates are preferred, and as the number of students is limited, those who have the best preparation stand the best chance. Sample examination papers may be had from the school and they are very discouraging reading. Mr. Dewey says "The greatest service you can do to the school is to keep out people that ought not to go", and the examinations are evidently made out on this plan.

The tuition for the first year is \$60 for residents of New York state, \$80 for non-residents, and for the second year for both residents and non-residents, \$20. A list of boarding places ranging from \$5 to \$9 a week is kept by the school for the convenience of the students. Each year a visit is made to libraries of New York or Boston, and for this about \$40 additional should be allowed. Twenty dollars a year will cover the necessary text-books and supplies. In junior year two hundred hours and in senior year three hundred hours are required in work for the state library, and this may be paid for in part, but all seem to prefer the added experience of actual library work to paying its small money value.

My class numbered twenty women and eleven men, representing twenty colleges and fourteen states. The senior class is always small, as some come with the intention of staying but one year, and to be a senior in the library school is a matter of invitation, which depends upon examinations and on the recognized personal fitness of the student for success in library work. This is a shadow which hangs over junior year, to be or not to be a senior. One may be a walking encyclopædia, yet not have the natural qualifications for making a good librarian.

The work of the school is as technical as that of a law or medical school, a practical study of the best methods and aims and ideals of library work by means of lectures and laboratory work. A general idea of the course can best be given by an outline of the subjects studied, which I shall quote from the handbook of the school, where it is given in detail. In junior year come bibliography, lectures on the best general bibliographies, and the bibliographies of the different countries, and problems which call for the use of the books, accession-lectures and practice in selecting and buying books, serials and pamphlets, order slips and blanks, prices, discounts, duty-free importations, auctions, old book lists, the accession records, private marking, and much more. Cataloguing is one of the most interesting courses and involves cataloguing prepared lists of books under instruction. Dictionary cataloguing is the making of a dictionary catalogue in distinction from a classed or author and title catalogue. In classification, select lists of books are classified according to the Dewey system.

Loan department takes up the study of eleven typical loan systems used in different important libraries, and discussion of such kindred topics as inter-library loans, two-book systems, and duplicate fiction plans.

In connection with this course the junior class blossoms into picture bulletins which when hung about the lecture room are a lovely sight, as some are most artistic, and all are interesting. From all over the country, libraries send subjects on which they would like a good list of books prepared, and as the time is approaching spring such subjects as birds and nature are popular, but they range from the Philippines and Indians to architecture in our great cities, athletic sports, and Longfellow or Whittier. The list of books is worked over and, when ready, mounted on card board, and made as attractive as possible with pictures or drawings illustrating its subject, in the hope of leading readers to a better class of books than they would otherwise read. Bookbinding teaches all the processes of binding a book, and the relative cost and durability of binding materials. The shelf department takes in the ar-

rangement of shelves, shelf numbers and book numbers, fixed and relative location of books, inventories, shelf listing and allied topics.

Library editing and printing includes preparations of copy, correction of proof, type-setting, hand and linotype, press-work, paper, prices, and the processes of electrotyping and stereotyping. Indexing involves lectures on methods and principles of indexing, with practice under instruction and individual revision.

Founding and government take up library law and such interesting subjects as the library in relation to the schools, government and service, regulations for readers, and a quantity of other things. Reference work means weekly lectures and quizzes by the reference librarian, based on selected reference books.

Selection of books takes up, in weekly seminars during the two years, two hundred important recent books, and a few standard ones, and special attention is given to book annotation. Current events is a feature of this course.

In senior year the method of study is largely comparative, and a study of principles. In bibliography come lectures based on bibliographies on selected subjects, and more advanced problems such as:—"Make a reading list with notes on recent Russian history"; or "Select for an ordinary public library fifty dollars' worth of books on English 18th century literature, supplementing those in the A. L. A. library".

In advanced cataloguing ten important codes of cataloguing rules are discussed, and the problems become more difficult. Advanced classification takes up various systems for comparative study with especial attention to the decimal and expansive library buildings, and includes the study of existing library buildings, criticism of plans, shelving, arrangement of rooms, and library furniture.

The history of libraries includes lectures on leading American and foreign libraries. The history of printing takes up the alphabet, writing, manuscript, illumination, printing, engraving, book illustration and binding. If the reader thinks of anything relating to books which has not been tacitly included in the above, she may attribute it to my negligence, or lack of space, not to facts.

The original bibliography due at the end of senior year takes the place of the thesis of the postgraduate course. Each student selects a subject at the beginning of junior year which must be approved by the faculty, and then all one's spare time—which means the Saturday holiday—is devoted to it.

A diploma shows that the holder has passed each examination of the two years' course with a standing of not less than seventy-five per cent and has submitted a satisfactory bibliography. The degree of B. L. S.—Bachelor of Library Science—is conferred only on graduates with a standing of ninety per cent or over, who submit diplomas from registered colleges, or pass entrance examinations with a standing of ninety per cent or over.

Often the school meets to listen to well known librarians who have stopped over a train or a day, and who, I think, feel repaid for the trouble by the interest and enthusiasm they find there. Last year Mr. Putnam of the Library of Congress gave us a talk, and I hear that Mr. Jacob Riis has been one of the guests of the school this year.

The annual trip visiting libraries takes the place of a spring vacation and is anticipated with as much pleasure. One year the school will go to Boston, stopping on the way to see the libraries of Hartford, Springfield and Worcester, and then making Boston headquarters for a week, with little journeys to the libraries of Cambridge, Brookline, Providence, and Salem. The next year's trip will then be to New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. Everywhere the school is met with the most delightful hospitality. In the large libraries such as the Library of Congress and the Boston Public Library, members of the staff are detailed to take the different groups all over the library and explain the workings of the departments, and the students see the library as no ordinary visitors can ever hope to do.

Last year in New York the Grolier club gave a reception for us, and we had the opportunity of seeing their beautiful books. When we went to Bryn Mawr we were the luncheon guests of Miss Thomas, the President, and three of the library school graduates. All along the way we were royally entertained. This is the play side of the school life, and, besides, in Albany there are dances and sleigh-rides, and skating parties at Mrs. Fairchild's home, and in the spring, walks to the Hildeberg mountains, and trips down the Hudson River. Then, as at college, association in work and interests makes strong friendships.

To get into the library school is certainly worth working for. In this age of the world, whatever may have been true of the past, one should have good reason for lacking suitable equipment, if library work is to be his profession. I am sure none of us dream that we are expert librarians after our two years of training, but we know that we have the best possible preparation to get the most out of the experience to come in real library work, and the rest depends on the personal equation.

REX KELLAR '99

212 Bluff, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, January 28, 1902.

As much kind interest has been shown in my coming out to Japan, I thought perhaps the Smith girls would like to hear something about life and school work here in the East.

Sailing from San Francisco December third, I reached Japan at a very favorable time, just a few days before Christmas, and was able to enjoy all the festivity of the holiday season before beginning work. At New Year's time each street looks like an avenue of bamboo, and over every doorway hang decorations of straw and white paper. The people turn out in their gayest attire and give up all thought of work for a week.

But the holidays here go by quite as fast as they used to in college days, and the second week in January we started in to work. I was rather alarmed at the prospect of having to lead chapel, before sixty girls and a number of teachers as well, but somehow I managed to live through the ordeal and it did not seem so hard the second morning. At chapel exercises we have two hymns, one in English and one in Japanese, then the Scripture readings are alternately in English and in Japanese. The girls enjoy the singing thoroughly and learn to carry the different parts. My great regret, however, is the fact that we have nothing for school use but Gospel Hymns 1, 2, and 3,

which I believe have been used here from time immemorial. I do hope it may not be long before we can get some new hymn-books. Our school house, a one-story brown building, is much like a country school house in America except that some of the class-rooms are partitioned off with heavy paper doors, and are warmed by charcoal braziers.

There are eight classes in the school, four of them preparatory. I have the seniors every day in Bible, physical geography, and economics; a class of juniors, also, in Bible, and a freshman reading and geography class.

At the opening and close of school and at the beginning and end of each recitation the girls all rise and bow. I expect to be quite expert in taking "trunk forward bend" by the time I leave here. At the close of the morning session the whole school gathers for calisthenics. As we have no apparatus and no gymnasium suits, and the Japanese costume allows little freedom of movement, the girls cannot take much but free-hand and chest movements and marching. As most of the girls are hollow-chested and inclined to stoop, calisthenics are a splendid thing for them, and all seem to enjoy them.

Last Saturday evening I tried giving an old-fashioned fudge party for the class of nine seniors. They came *en masse* at the appointed time, each with a square mat or cushion under her arm. Though I had provided chairs they preferred the floor and were soon seated on their cushions and busy looking over my pictures, class-book, and other college trophies. They were much interested in hearing tales of the life at Smith, and are planning to learn our old college hymn, "Oh God, the Rock of Ages", to sing at their Commencement in April.

When the time came for refreshments, I succeeded, after much persuasion, in getting each girl to take a cracker and put it on the plate in front of her. It took more coaxing and persuading to get the girls to touch them, but at last with a low bow and a murmured "Itadakimasho" (I will humbly partake), they proceeded to make way with their crackers.

When the fudge was done and cool, I had to go through the same performance once more, before I could persuade the girls to touch that, and then two pieces were the most that any one took. Though their mirth was rather subdued they seemed to have a good time, and at the hour of ten, when all good school and college girls should be abed, they took their departure, bowing profoundly to the floor and backing out the door.

Though the girls are so extremely polite, they are not unapproachable, and many of them are very sweet and attractive. Most of the students board here, but a few come in as day scholars.

Besides the two American ladies with whom I am associated, there are twelve Japanese teachers in the school. Though most of the teachers and all the upper class girls understand English, it will be a great help to me to be able to use Japanese. Fortunately what little I knew of the language as a child has come back to me so I have something to start on, but it will take a great deal of study yet before I can read or use the language with any ease. It is remarkable how well the girls here learn to use and understand English. Owing to the illness of a Japanese professor I started giving the seniors the course in economics which I took as a junior in college. I was surprised to find that the girls seemed to understand the definitions of wealth and the

laws of consumption and supply about as well as I did, though of course they are studying it in a foreign tongue.

I find it very hard to get along with almost no books. Most of mine had to be sent via Suez and will not be here till the end of February. Though Yokohama boasts electric lights and telephones, it has no public library, and books here are both scarce and expensive. I hope some day to have a reference library for the school, but at present we have only a very small nucleus.

I think there are a good many girls at college who for one reason or another do not care to keep all their text-books. If so I can assure you they would be made good use of here and would prove most acceptable. Anything addressed to me care of the Janitor, 67 Bible House, New York, would be sent out by the Board on their next shipment. I do not want this to seem like a begging letter, as I know how many demands there are on a college girl's sympathies and purse. My object is simply to let those who might be interested know what is most needed here.

This school has been established long enough to have grandchildren of former pupils back as students; in fact is the oldest girls' school in Japan. The difference in intelligence, force of character, and general attractiveness between the girls who have been trained up in cultured Christian homes, such as have been established by those who have gone out from here, and those girls who have come out of heathendom is in most cases very marked. To work where one sees most encouraging results and where one's time and pains seem really to count for something is certainly a great privilege.

The busy days here however do not prevent my looking back with love and interest to the life and associations of Northampton, and it will be of the greatest help to me if I can feel that I have the prayers and sympathy of the Smith girls, who certainly must be interested in this grand work of women's education.

Very sincerely yours,

CLARA D. LOOMIS 1900.

The central committee asks the attention of the *alumnæ* this month to a slight change in plan. Heretofore all contributions have been personally acknowledged by the chairman, Mrs.

<p>Report of the Smith College <i>Alumnæ</i> Committee for the \$100,000 Fund</p>	<p>Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, according to the original agreement. But as many contributions are now, by a later arrangement, passing through</p>
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the hands of local committees and class helpers, it seems desirable to let receipts for these go through the same hands. This will relieve considerable pressure, save expense, and prevent needless duplication. Hereafter, then, the chairman of the central committee will acknowledge only those contributions that are sent directly to her.

The Fund has received two special gifts this month, — \$133 from the Smith College Club of Philadelphia, and \$167.70 from the Western Massachusetts Association. The former represents the proceeds from a musicale arranged expressly for the Fund, and the latter, the *alumnæ* portion of the returns from the Fair given in Northampton some months ago.

Last month's report, containing a statement of the amount secured by

President Seelye and the total sum standing on the Treasurer's books, has been reprinted in circular form. Copies of this may be had by application to any member of the committee.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE, Chairman.
MARY VAILL TALMAGE,
GRACE A. HUBBARD.

PAYMENTS AND PLEDGES TO DATE, FEBRUARY 25, 1903.

Class.	Paid.	Pledged.	Total.	
1879	\$60 00	\$25 00	\$85 00	
1880	40 00	25 00	65 00	
1881	189 00	25 00	214 00	
1882	100 00	25 00	125 00	
1883	117 75	75 00	192 75	
1884	172 00	15 00	187 00	
1885	356 50	305 00	661 50	
1886	105 50	80 00	185 50	
1887	720 50	175 00	895 50	
1888	96 00	1 00	97 00	
1889	58 00	145 00	203 00	
1890	234 00	80 00	314 00	
1891	5,107 00	125 00	5,232 00	
1892	116 25	185 00	301 25	
1893	149 00	40 00	189 00	
1894	733 00	50 00	783 00	
1895	436 00	137 00	573 00	
1896	158 10	60 00	218 10	
1897	347 50	277 00	624 50	
1898	398 00	150 00	548 00	
1899	852 00	225 00	1,077 00	
1900	6,558 00	364 00	6,922 00	
1901	1,783 41	540 00	2,323 41	
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	
	\$18,887 51	\$3,079 00	\$21,966 51	\$21,966 51
Contributions previously reported from Clubs or Committees,				616 50
Western Massachusetts Branch,				167 70
Philadelphia Club, by Musicale,				183 00
Previously reported from Alumnæ Association,				1,307 00
From Non-graduates, paid,				417 00
From Non-graduates, pledged,				60 00
From Undergraduates, previously reported,				550 00
Amounts paid to President Seelye or Mr. C. N. Clark,				1,431 00
				<hr/>
				\$26,648 71
Gifts secured by President Seelye from friends of the college,				61,500 00
				<hr/>
Total,				\$88,148 71

The Congressional Library at Washington greatly desires to have a complete file of the *Smith College Monthly* from its beginning to the present date. The numbers which it still lacks, and which the editors are unable to furnish, are October '94, October '95, October '96, May '97, October '98, October '99, and December 1900. If any of the alumnae have copies of these back numbers and are willing to sell them, the favor will be much appreciated both by the national library and by the Editorial Board of the *Monthly*. Any information on the subject should be sent to the Business Manager of the *Monthly* as soon as possible.

The Smith College Club of Philadelphia gave a musicale for the benefit of the Endowment Fund, on Friday evening, February seventh. An interesting program was rendered by several well known Philadelphia artists who very kindly gave their services. The entertainment was given at the home of the Misses Patton and was a success musically, socially, and financially. One hundred and thirty-two dollars were realized.

Contributions to this department are desired by the last of the month in order to appear in the next month's issue and should be sent to Gertrude Tubby, Tenney House.

'88. Mary Rayner and her brother sailed in December to spend six months in Europe.

Mrs. A. F. Stone (Helen Lincoln) and her husband left home in February for a three months' sojourn in California.

'93. Harriet Hudson has returned home from two years in California and the West and is doing syndicate and magazine writing.

'94. Lillian Rice Brigham's husband died of brain fever in Denver, February 19, 1902.

'95. Martha Wilson is spending the winter in Pasadena, Cal., with her sister.

'96. Elisabeth A. Marshall has announced her engagement to Mr. Clifton H. Dwinnell of Boston.

'97. Ethelwyn Foote is instructor in zoölogy at Pomona College, Clairmont, Cal.

'98. Adeline Wing and her mother are spending the winter in Pasadena, Cal.

'99. Helen Andrew was married in December to Mr. Isaac Patch of Gloucester, Mass.

Clarace Eaton has announced her engagement to Mr. Thomas Franklin Galt of St. Louis, Princeton '99.

Mary Alice Smith announces her engagement to Mr. Robert Gurdon Livermore of Brookfield, Mass.

Marion S. Somers has announced her engagement to Mr. Arthur Chamberlin Wise of Brookline, Mass.

Emily Stanton has returned from Europe and is in Pasadena, Cal.

'00. Florence Allen Whitney announces her engagement to Mr. Harry Emerson Fosdick of Buffalo, N. Y.,

- '01. Sarah L. De Forest announces her engagement to Mr. William B. Pettus of Mobile, Ala., ex-secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, and now completing his preparation for foreign missionary work.

BIRTHS

- '89. Mrs. Philip W. Ayres (Alice Taylor) a daughter, Ruth, born January, 1902.
'98. Frances (Darling) Niles a son, Henry Darling, born November 18, 1901.
Mrs. G. E. Spottiswood (Grace Field) a son, George 2nd, born October 5, 1901.
'95. Mrs. C. E. Bronson (Amey Talbot) her second daughter, Margaret Talbot, born June 5, 1901.

DEATH

- '98. Mrs. Harold Fobes (Ethel Arnold) died in Portland, Me., February 12, 1903.

ABOUT COLLEGE

Unlike the books of a circulating library, there is no arrangement by which rows of unencumbered hours may be accumulated to be drawn out whenever we desire ; therefore if we are to enjoy at all that much

College Leisure sought but seldom found privilege of leisure, we are bound to turn to our own resources. For more fully than we realize, it lies within our power to dictate the distribution of our time. Differing from idleness, leisure must always be supported by a calm consciousness that no peremptory "oughts" are playing skeletons at the feast ; hence it comes as the sequel of thoroughly performed duties.

Like all leisure, that at college depends largely on the individual, yet it is claimed that it is harder to obtain here than under other circumstances. Most naturally the first encroachment on our spare time is the academic work ; and of that the recitations form but a small fraction. Coming as they do at regular periods, they may be much more easily arranged than the outside studying. It is after an hour spent in fruitless search for a necessary reference book that the cry arises, " There is no time one can call one's own ". Then, too, for some of us at least, our sky is ever overcast with clouds of unwritten theme paper, ever demanding attention yet offering no suggestions nor solutions. I doubt whether one does not feel more rushed at the thought of prospective papers, than when the ink actually begins to run.

Yet after subtracting all the hours spent in study, in eating and sleeping, there remain frequent intervals that we might call our own were it not for the other factors in the college life. The student, for instance, who is the member of several societies, clubs, and teams, especially if she is a member of some of the committees, necessarily sacrifices several hours of her week to the demands made upon her ; and it is but common courtesy to attend the meetings of a society that has honored you with membership.

The true secret, however, to the limitations on our leisure rests in our habits of life. That our tendencies are remarkably gregarious is manifested every morning when in passing from Chapel to Seelye Hall, many of the students pause for a companion rather than cross the distance alone. If in her daily life an individual has sufficient independence to do things by herself, in her own way, she is exposed to the label " queer ! " Sometimes, if one is the possessor of an unusually attractive room or personality, infringements on leisure hours come when least desired. The person who has many friends can never be sure of a quarter-hour. Truly the Gadfly of *Io* was less persistent than certain people, who, themselves manufacturers of leisure at wholesale, regardless of cost, are so tactless as to intrude at all hours and in all moods.

Thus it seems that only she who holds leisure dearer than pins and popularity, yes, dearer than reference reading and college entertainments, can ever aspire to its priceless possession. It often happens unfortunately that after a free bit of time is finally won, the student employs it in mere relaxation rather than in active enjoyment. For a full appreciation of leisure never succeeds a period of overwork. That some one could exclaim, "I had a beautiful vacation, for I spent half an hour selecting a tie, if I chose", indicates that we do not have chances enough to enjoy freedom normally.

Different groups of girls have often discussed whether it would not be better to lighten the academic work in order to devote more time to other important interests in life. In some instances when this experiment has been tried, provided the experimenter had sufficient courage to refuse at least half her invitations for friendly intercourse in the shape of fudge-making or lounging, success has been reached. But it has called for rigid determination to deviate from the extremely social but rather profitless habits of fellow students.

Yet it seems imperative that each person should have some time of which she can dispose according to her own inclination, for there are certain sides of our life that demand it. One of the first requisites is that there should be occasions for solitude; not with a book, for then one is not alone, but with the thought absolutely free to turn inward on the true, undisguised self. For days we are strangers to ourselves—the self such as Emerson knew—; for either we are absorbed in the atmosphere of Shelley, Napoleon, or maybe Titus Livy, or perhaps we are swept along in the common interest over dramatics or basket-ball until we are but an atom in the college whole, without definite individuality.

Of equal importance is leisure to keep in touch with the outside world. The general lack of information with regard to current politics, economics, or science is only brought fully to light when we are disbanded for the vacations. It takes us some days to discern what our friends are talking about. That we have ten or fifteen minutes a day which might be spared to a newspaper is obvious. The real obstacle is its similarity to our regular work. After several hours of hard studying or writing, one's mind is not likely to react in the direction of senatorial debates. We feel our lack of leisure most, it seems, when it comes to the æsthetic interests. To feel that we may linger as long as we like over a beautiful view or a folio of prints, to be at liberty to sketch or play some instrument until the desire ceases, are conditions which we rarely enjoy. For leisure while free from past duties should also be unhampered by future requirements. It is only when we have completed the occupation, satisfied the mood entirely, that we can look back and say, "I have had an afternoon of leisure". Here it is that college leisure fails, especially when it is contrasted with the leisure we feel in other places. Like the sun on a cloudy day, most of the time it is not visible at all, and when it does appear, only part of it shows at a time.

To be sure, there is nothing to prevent a daring indifference to what we may wisely term our duties, and a free indulgence in pure idleness for a short time at least; but such illegitimate leisure should not even be considered, and can hardly be characteristic of the collegian, since when such a tendency begins to appear the right of remaining in college begins to disappear. So,

strictly speaking, it is true that there is no college leisure; but that need not cause a feeling of entire loss, for it simply means that instead of being able to dictate the occupations of each day or hour as it suits our fancy at the moment of its arrival, we have looked ahead for a week's or a semester's space and laid our plans all at once. It means also that instead of pursuing fragments of widely varying subjects, according to temporary caprice, certain lines are followed out consecutively, whether they be studies or athletic practice, and in that way a certain very desirable unity is maintained. However, such advantages as these are offered as a compensation not sufficient to cancel but simply to lessen the disadvantages involved in the lack of time that may be disposed of according to the desires of the individual.

FLORENCE EVELYN SMITH 1902.

The Senior Dramatics Committee announces the following cast for *Romeo and Juliet* :

Escalus, Prince of Verona,	Ida Gertrude Heinemann
Paris, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince,	Maida Peirce
Montague, } Heads of two houses at variance	{ Louise Woodbury
Capulet, } with each other,	{ Margery Ferris
An old man of the Capulet family,	Nellie Du Bois Henderson
Romeo, son to Montague,	Selma Eisenstadt Altheimer
Mercutio, kinsman to the prince and friend to Romeo,	Mary Mac Donald Bohannon
Benvolio, nephew to Montague and friend to Romeo,	Ethel Hale Freeman
Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet,	Blanche Elizabeth Barnes
Friar Lawrence, Franciscan,	Jessie Gertrude Wadsworth
Balthasar, servant to Romeo,	Frances Mary Gardiner
Sampson, } Servants to Capulet,	{ Myra McClelland
Gregory, }	{ Margaret Welles
Peter, servant to Juliet's nurse,	Eda von Leska Brune
Abram, servant to Montague,	Louise Knapp
An Apothecary,	Constance Saltonstall Patton
Lady Montague, wife to Montague,	Virginia Bell Tolar
Lady Capulet, wife to Capulet,	Edith Warner Brown
Juliet, daughter to Capulet,	Edith Grace Platt
Nurse to Juliet,	Rachel Berenson

This cast is still subject to any changes which may seem to be advantageous. The members of the committee are: Blanche Hull, chairman, Sarah Schaff, Ruth French, Selma Weil, Helen Durkee, and Marion Aldrich.

For the second time this year, Smith College had the pleasure of greeting an eminent French scholar when, on February 18, Monsieur Hughes Le Roux spoke on the contemporary novel in France.

Another French Lecture There was an exquisite poetic glamour throughout the whole lecture: his reflections on the tenderness of the French mother, his quoting of a French folk-song, his remarks on his little daughter, no higher than the rose-plant that grew out-

side his window, were most delicate touches that quite won the hearts of his audience.

Monsieur Le Roux, in asking himself whether the contemporary French novel is a faithful picture of the life in France, is forced to conclude that it is not. He is like the man who, when about to leave his father's home, receives the picture of one whom he loves dearly; a picture well-executed perhaps, but failing utterly in representing the familiar expression of the person. He spurns such a picture, and feels toward the artist a righteous indignation. Monsieur Le Roux thinks it almost impossible to represent modern life because it is too complex. It was quite different in the seventeenth century, when every one thought alike. Every one adored the same God,—a God majestic and remote, the "God of Bossuet";—every one thought of the king as an intermediary between the earth and heaven. The nobles wore wigs, to resemble each other as nearly as possible, and had the same notions of religion, family, government, and honor. It was thus quite easy to despise the social life; and the same thing was true in the eighteenth century. Every one was agreed; but this time it was to overturn the existing order of things. Voltaire was the first to attack everything,—religion, morality, government,—and others followed in his footsteps. Later came the Revolution, which completed the work of destruction. The nobility then became a social fixture which did not work, the "bourgeoisie" a social fixture where man alone worked, the "peuple" a social fixture where both man and woman found themselves obliged to work.

At present the French middle classes live retired lives, not because they are lacking in hospitality, but because they are afraid to reveal the simplicity of their lives to the splendor of foreign luxury. They live very quietly, and are happy because they have no history. The writers of the day, not finding anything of special interest in the calm regularity of their lives, prefer instead to write about the strangers who come to Paris, leading gay, sumptuous, irregular existences; but this Paris is far from being France.

Among the modern writers, Gustave Flaubert is to be noted. In his novel "*Madame Bovary*" he has portrayed the woman too refined and too educated for the people among whom she is forced to live. The only remedy which can be applied to such a case is the giving of such a moral strength with the education as will be sufficient to overbalance her morbid over-sensitiveness. Other writers are Alphonse Daudet, who has given a most delightful picture of the French mother, especially in "*Le Nabob*"; Zola and Maupassant, who have represented a sad and dark moment in the history of humanity rather than their own French society; they have depicted man as little more than brutal, which is far from being true. Others after them have flown to the opposite extreme, delighting in mysticism and utter fantasy dealing with an aspect which is also untrue, since, as Pascal has said, man is neither angel nor brute. The younger generation, to which Monsieur Le Roux belongs, has taken the middle path, and has proposed for its motto, "Truth and Beauty".

ANNA MARIE LAPORTE 1902.

Professor Tracy Peck of Yale University spoke before the Latin classes and their friends on the evening of February 24, in Assembly Hall, taking for his subject "Ancient Roman Epitaphs". First giving a brief Latin Lecture description of Roman burials he then showed a number of stereopticon views of Roman graves and epitaphs.

The study of these throws light on Roman character and aids in a knowledge of the customs, private histories, and topography of Rome, as various sorts of information were engraved on a person's tomb.

The Romans disposed of their dead both by burial and cremation. In early times, the bodies were buried under or near the houses of the living, but later, burial was forbidden within the walls of the city. Hence the long lines of tombs along the roads leading to Rome.

Originally the dead were buried at night, symbolical of the passage of the soul from a state of light to a state of darkness. The black clothes, worn even now, are a symbol of that old thought.

Roman funerals were most elaborate, beginning with a procession from the house of the dead to the Forum, in which a large number of men marched, carrying the masks of the dead man's ancestors. At the Forum, the body was placed on the Rostra, and a funeral speech delivered.

The Romans had, so to speak, a Decoration Day on February 21, when they placed garlands on the family graves and offered sacrifices to the dead.

The epitaphs shown upon the screen were varied and interesting. Many were brief and non-committal, telling only what the man's name, address, and occupation had been. Others presented long personal histories, addresses to the passer-by, or imaginary conversations with the passer-by. One or two were very pathetic, while one, which stated the particular excellencies of the deceased matron as a member of society, was rather amusing than pathetic, when contrasted with the modern woman's ideas on the same subject.

After the lecture a reception was held in the Hatfield House.

HENRIETTA PRENTISS 1902.

In the December *Monthly* it was stated that the Commission of Colleges in New England had under consideration the advisability of founding a joint certificate board. The executive committee of the Com-

Faculty Notes mission having secured from nine colleges the election of delegates to attend a meeting for the purpose of establishing such a board, called the meeting at Brown University on Friday, January 31. The meeting was organized by the choice of President Seelye of Smith College for chairman and Professor Davis of Boston University for secretary. The result of the four hours' discussion was a recommendation to the colleges to form a board composed of one member from each college for the purpose of receiving, examining, and acting upon all applications of schools that ask for the privilege of certification, and the statement of the general provision in accordance with which the board shall be organized. The report of this meeting has been sent to the colleges with the request that they give their reply to the secretary of the Commissioners of Colleges in New England before April 1, 1902.

On February 21 Johns Hopkins University celebrated the twenty-fifth anni-

versary of the founding of the University, and on February 22 the inauguration of Ira Remsen, LL. D., as President of the University. Professor Hazen, a graduate of the philosophical department of Johns Hopkins University attended these celebrations as the official delegate from Smith College. Mr. Sioussat, a graduate of both the academic and philosophical department of the University also took part in the ceremonies.

On February 14, at Tremont Temple, Boston, Professor Jordan read a paper before "Massachusetts Superintendents' Association", on the "Means of Cultivating Freedom and Adequateness of Expression". The general topic for the two sessions of the meeting was "The Problem of Securing the General Use of Good English". Among the other speakers were Master H. G. Buehler of the Hotchkiss School, Professor Edward Everett Hale Jr. of Union College, Professor Katherine Lee Bates of Wellesley College, and Professor G. B. Churchill of Amherst College.

Professor Jordan has been invited by the Committee on Education, of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, to give an address at the coming Biennial Session in Los Angeles the first week in May. Because the educational sentiment of the Western States is dominantly in favor of co-education, Professor Jordan has been asked to make the subject matter of this address the reasons why there should be both schools and colleges for the separate education of both boys and girls, men and women.

The International Congress of Historical Sciences, which met at The Hague in 1898, and in Paris, in 1900, will hold its third meeting at Rome during April of this year. The Congress is organized in sixteen sections, including all the departments of historical science. Miss Scott has been asked to read a paper before the section on Mediæval and Modern Literatures, under the presidency of Professor Francesco Novati of the R. Accademia Scientifico-Letteraria, of Milan. It will not of course be possible for her to go to Rome in April, but she has consented to send a contribution, to be read at the meeting of the literary section, and to be printed in the Publications.

Miss Hanscom is to speak before the Smith College Club of Hartford on March 21.

On February 14, Miss Boyd lectured at Miss Porter's school, Farmington, on the general subject of excavations.

On February 28, Miss Boyd addressed the Woman's College, Baltimore on "The Realm of King Minos; Prehistoric Civilization in the Ægean".

On March 1, Miss Boyd made her official report before the American Exploration Society, the society that sent out the expedition to Crete. Miss Boyd spoke before a large and interested audience at Widener Hall, Free Museum of Science and Art in connection with the University of Pennsylvania.

After the lecture Miss Boyd was given a reception in Pepper Hall by the Society, and then a dinner by the well known ship-builder Mr. C. H. Cramp, who with the Honorable Calvin Wells of Pittsburg, gave Miss Boyd her chief financial support. So enthusiastic has been the appreciation of Miss Boyd's work in Crete, that she returns to Smith College most hopeful of being able to continue her excavations under the auspices of this same society.

Professor Waterman is now engaged in making improvements on certain parts of his Calorimeter, such improvements as the practical use of the in-

strument during the past few years has suggested. The Calorimeter was designed by Professor Waterman for the purpose of carrying on some original work. This apparatus is used for the exact determination of the specific heats of solids or liquids between any temperature ranges desired. It is used for research work in the laboratories of a number of our universities, the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, and McGill University, Montreal.

"Jonathan Edwards, a Retrospect", edited by Professor Gardiner, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, has gone into its second edition.

The April number of the *Monist* will contain an article by Mr. Perry entitled a "Criticism of Professor Royce's Refutation of Realism and Pluralism".

The March number of "Popular Astronomy" contains an article by Professor Byrd called "A Laboratory for General Astronomy". The Laboratory described in this article is the one connected with the Smith College Observatory, and is the first laboratory for general astronomy that has been established. Professor Byrd has been most efficient in the use of laboratory methods; not only has she planned and established this new laboratory, but she published in 1899, a "Laboratory Manual for Astronomy", now in use in several of our observatories. She has added to the equipment of the Observatory apparatus of her own designing. Wellesley College is using in its observatory sun dials and three other pieces of apparatus constructed according to Professor Byrd's model, and Mount Holyoke College expects to have in its new observatory apparatus of these same patterns.

The February number of "School Science" contains an article by Professor Ganong, entitled "On the Teaching of Plant Physiology to Large Elementary Classes." It is the paper that he read before the Society for Plant Morphology and Physiology at its meeting January 1, at Columbia University.

OLIVE RUMSEY.

In undertaking to present "The Lady of Lyons" the Hubbard House did a brave thing. The play is a difficult one, and the girls who took part are to be congratulated on their success. A college audience

Tertium Quid Society is often merciless in its laughter during scenes of a certain character, not humorous in intent, and the respectful silence which prevailed throughout testified to the ability of the actors. The stage settings were pretty but simple, thus avoiding the long waits so wearisome at many of our plays. The omission of the almost inevitable dance came as a relief, and last but not least, the fact that all the lines could be easily heard contributed to the enjoyment of the audience.

Margaret Estabrook was good as Claude Melnotte, although she lacked variety—her heavier scenes were dignified and convincing, but her lighter ones were not sufficiently differentiated. Flora Bowley as Pauline was good though almost too even in acting. At times she showed strength and insight, but at others she disappointed us, as for instance, during the last scenes, when the transition between the two phases of Pauline's character was so subtly suggested as to be partially unappreciable. Florence Snow as Mme. Deschappelles, was excellent, and added a delicate touch of comedy, which was never for a moment overdone, and contributed largely to the success of the play.

Clara Phillips as the bluff, hearty Colonel Damas, was also excellent. The other supporting parts were pleasingly taken. The cast was as follows:

Claude Melnotte,	Margaret Estabrook
Colonel Damas,	Clara Phillips
Beauseant,	Maudie Greene
Glavis,	Hazel Day
M. Deschappelles,	Alice Robson
Landlord,	Margaret Cook
Gaspar,	Margaret Duryee
Captain Jervais,	Anna Kitchel
Notary,	Josephine Sanderson
Pauline Deschappelles,	Flora Bowley
Mme. Deschappelles,	Florence Snow
Widow Melnotte,	Elizabeth Dana
Marian,	Sarah Keniston

More than the usual enthusiasm greeted Washington's Birthday this year. In the first place, there was not too much weather for comfort; and in the second place, the unwonted feeling of freedom induced by the prospect of two successive holidays from academic work tended distinctly to intensify the flow of patriotic fervor as well as the college and class enthusiasm.

At the exercises in Assembly Hall an address on "The Industrial Emancipation of Women" was delivered by Colonel Carroll D. Wright, Head of the Labor Bureau at Washington; and the patriotic ode written for the occasion by Ellen Gray Barbour 1908, was read by Professor Peck.

The wild rush to the gymnasium, after these exercises, seemed to justify the subsequent arrangement by which the four classes were barricaded into their respective corners; but the confinement did not subdue their spirits, and the singing was as infectious as usual. An unusual number of clever songs were sung this time, songs with distinct merit apart from their loyal hue. The experiment was again made of having an every-day college song, so to speak, one that every one would learn easily and sing frequently without leadership; but the attempt again met with no especial success, as after the first joint singing of it, each class seemed to prefer one of its own and went its way, rejoicing. The result, while hardly harmonious and musical, was certainly enthusiastic and so answered all practical purposes. Later, each of the college celebrities heard her praises sung with fervor,—that is, if she chanced to be in the middle of the circle at the time.

The enthusiasm only gained strength as the day went on, and everybody and her flag returned to the gymnasium early in the afternoon to see the seniors beat the juniors at basket-ball, and the sophomores beat the freshmen. The sophomore and freshman teams chose their captains and coaches before the games began.

February 9 was the Day of Prayer for Colleges. In the morning there was a union meeting of the Bible Classes. At Vespers, President Seelye, Professor Tyler, Professor Wood, and Professor S. C. A. C. W. Notes Perry in turn made short addresses, and at eight o'clock in the evening Dr. Blodgett gave an informal organ recital.

Earlier in the evening, the presidents of the associations at Radcliffe, Wellesley, and Mt. Holyoke, spoke in Music Hall. Miss Knapp of Wellesley spoke on "The Uniting Power of Prayer", Miss Kimmel of Radcliffe took for her subject "The God of all Comfort", and Miss Disbrow spoke of the work at Mt. Holyoke.

Miss Condé, Smith '95, and Students' Secretary of the American Committee of the Y. W. C. A. was here during the week of February 9. She spoke at the Tuesday evening prayer-meeting, and on Sunday she spoke to the seniors on the subject of "Poise in Life". During the week she spoke also at Cabinet, to Dr. Meyers' committee, and to the leaders of the Bible and Mission Study classes.

The meeting of the Student Volunteer movement was held at Toronto, extending from February 26 to March 2. The delegates from Smith were Miss Hanscom, Edith Wells 1902, Alice Warner 1903, and Helen Choate 1904. Reports were given Sunday evening, March 9, at the meeting of the Missionary Society.

On Saturday evening, February 15, the Junior Frolic was held. This year it took the form of a County Fair, and various talented members of the class did original "stunts" in the little booths erected about the gymnasium floor.

On February 26, in behalf of the Students' Building, Miss Beatrice Hereford recited a series of charming monologues in Assembly Hall.

At the open meeting of the Physics Club held in Chemistry Hall on the evening of February 28, Professor Loomis of Princeton spoke on the subject of "Determination of Freezing Points".

CALENDAR

- Mar.** 15, Alpha Society.
- 18, Open meeting of the Oriental Club.
- 18, Lecture by Prof. Kent of Yale. Subject: A Comparison of the Influences which Produced the Two Testaments.
- 19, Dickinson House Dramatics.
- 22, Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- 26, Easter Vacation begins.
- Apr.** 10, Spring term begins.
- 16, Lawrence House Dance.



Edue U 7310, 1798

The
Smith College
Monthly

April - 1902.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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SOME OF THE EFFECTS OF THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION ON THE WORKING CLASSES

With the industrial revolution came the transference of energy from rural to city life, from agricultural to factory life, and from the interest of the individual capitalist to the combined interests of many individuals, or the trust. The rapidity with which this revolution has taken place in the last century can not but bring about two results upon the working classes, viz: the immediate effects, and the slow but more lasting effects. We can only consider the immediate effects of the revolution, as the more lasting results are as yet but suggested in the present condition of affairs.

To take up the immediate effects. As has been said, they have in many ways worked temporary evil to the laboring classes. This age has become a mechanical age, due to the introduction of invention and machinery. Industry moves forward with tremendous rapidity, for machinery has set the tireless pace, and the working man must keep up or drop out of the race. This increases the intensity of a man's life. Again specialization requires a man to utilize his capacity in one direction to the utmost. It is first-class ability which is constantly demanded. In connection with this tendency to specialization has come the necessity of the working man's confining himself

to one kind of work. For instance, in the factory only one section of the machinery is run by a man, skilled in that one line. And in many cases where mills close, the workman in this one branch is thrown out of employment until he, with difficulty, can find it elsewhere. Unemployment in the interim is the result, bringing with it uncertainty and, in case of failure, the attempt to accustom oneself to new conditions. Funds are exhausted, poverty sets in. And in consequence of the tendency to specialization, we have the intense strain in one direction, tending to snap the thread of life more quickly, and we have the breakdowns in modern life, which are growing all too frequent. And the result of first-class ability pitted against first-class ability increases from necessity the strenuousness and intensity of competition.

Again, in this condition of affairs there is not so much chance for a working man to rise. It takes so long to lay aside over and above what meets the running expenses which the demands of higher civilization necessitate, and the fact that specialization makes it difficult to change from one branch of work to another brings it about that a specialist in one line stays a specialist in that line, and for lack of capital can not hope to rise to a position of trust owner—and hence has less inducement to save.

Washington Gladden says that the factory system shows the growth of a natural law, viz: the social tendency to gather into communities rather than to isolation. Incentive and companionship is thereby gained. But on the other hand, there is the danger of overcrowding. The race for wealth puts in more workmen than there is room to accommodate, and health is injured by the overcrowding. Again by employing workmen indiscriminately, the weak and strong are thrown together. The former, who are easily susceptible to disease, have thus an opportunity of spreading it, till the health even of the strong is undermined. Again there are the morally diseased—fighters and those who seek to stir up a disturbance. Those ought by right to be kept isolated as well as those physically diseased; they have the opportunity of spreading their ideas and making others miserable by their boorish disposition. These are some of the results of indiscriminate employment of workmen.

Another evil is the influence on the home life. The uncertainty accompanying employment where men are obliged con-

stantly to seek work from town to town makes the home transient. There is no interest in settling a house or improving the land. There is a feeling of unrest and a lack of contentment and perseverance. Boarding-houses are the outcome of this, and a gradual tendency to disregard the associations and customs of the home. Another effect is the breaking up of the family. The desire for wealth and the introduction of machinery in the factory system have made it possible for women to earn money for the family support, but to the neglect of the home and children. Women are in demand for running the more delicate parts of the machinery, and it is a temptation for them to seize the opportunity where starvation stares them in the face. But statistics show that the very employment of women brings down the wages of men, and in the end the men are the beggars and not the bread-winners. Then the women have not the physical capacity that men have for work, and they break down sooner than the men. The girls also are employed at too early an age, and even children are made slaves of machines. This means the undermining of the health of the women, the breaking up of family ties, and, above all, the breaking down of a certain unity which holds society together.

An unfortunate division in the social scale has arisen within recent years, and that is the wide gulf between employer and employee. Capital becomes now the yard-stick on which to measure social standing. There is not that friendly interest evinced between the employer and his laborer, as in the time of the handicraft system, when the owner of the shop and his apprentice were on the best of terms. Now there is no personal intercourse or personal interest. Machinery is the basis, A and B are machines, men's feelings are mechanical. This is partly brought about by the large numbers employed by one concern and partly by the trust or combination of employers who act through an agent or middleman. It is also partly due to the introduction of the foreign element in society, and there is not the generous feeling of interest that there would be toward those of one's own country. Illiterate and different in custom, these foreigners naturally fall into a different class, a fact which only helps to widen the gulf already made by wealth. Thus comes about a misunderstanding between both parties, which on closer intercourse might be explained away or have had no occasion for arising. If there might be a sense of duty culti-

vated in the employer toward his workmen,—and in the end it would pay him to take a personal interest in his men,—matters would be greatly facilitated. But it is now that they have eyes and they see not, because they will not.

This tendency of tyranny on the part of the employers caused the laborers to draw together for self-protection and for the purpose of securing reasonable wages and hours. Naturally the peaceable and turbulent were combined, and the results were often strikes which were incited by leading dissatisfied members. Laws against the combination of laborers then went into effect, but the capitalists still had the privilege of uniting against the laborers, so that the laborers were helpless if they tried to do anything legally. So when employers grow stringent there come panics and strikes, and unemployment. Their so-called trade unions are for the most part commendable, for they promote relief-work among the laborers and increase education by their debates, *et cetera*. But Gladden has a few criticisms against their policy, as follows:

1. Their opposition to prison labor, which is narrow and unsocial.
2. Limitation of apprenticeships. This is not necessary as of old, as subdivision of labor has shattered trades into fragments.
3. Refusal to work with men who are non-unionists. This is not recognizing the broad relation that man has to all mankind. The main objection is that the trade unions have not enlightened the masses as much as they might, for their tendency is to promote a narrow and clannish spirit.

On the other hand though the combination of employers, resulting in corporations, is in many respects an advantage, yet there are evils to be met in the system. Corporations which beat down wages so that the wage-earner is fairly desperate are economy which does not pay in the end. Again, small concerns and private factories are shut out of business by the cheapness and ease with which the larger concerns buy up the market. Moreover, since the mills must be set up rapidly, any buildings are taken which are available, regardless of sanitary conditions; hence poor buildings, and disease or fire as the results.

These are some of the evils of the industrial revolution which is illustrated principally by inventions, steam power, and the

factory system. Many of these evils, it is needless to say, arise from the abuse of the system, rather than any inherent evil in the system. There are qualities about the factory system which commend its adoption in spite of its evils. And it has come to stay. The same is true of trusts and trade unions. The evils are often the remnants of older systems. For example, the sweat-shops are indicative of the old domestic system. It is also true that it is not necessary to the factory system that women should be employed. With a little readjustment and perhaps temporary loss, men need to be the only employees, and women would be thus left to carry on the domestic work. So with the trusts and the trade-unions, there are problems to be met and solved, and though the effects which have been mentioned are evils, yet there are possibilities for lasting advantage accruing from them. Mr. Gladden, in his last chapter on "Social Facts and Forces", deems the solution of the problem of disintegration and dissatisfaction to be in providing unity by a common aim or bond. The state, he says, affords an opportunity in offering love for country as a uniting force. The state is, however, contaminated with party strife. The state, if only rightly conceived, is the uniting power, but the false idea of protection, as Gladden calls it, has entered in, where police power is needed to protect men from others and themselves and thus tends to separate classes. He thinks however that the church can be the needed agency. By her union with the state, and a careful correction of her own faults, she may yet be the force uniting all other forces. She must first, however, recognize her own unity, in active coöperation and in doctrine, and thus by the natural law of love she can remedy the evil effects of the industrial revolution.

KATHARINE FISKE BERRY.

PARSIFAL

With stainless soul and simple mind,
A guileless fool and pure in heart,
He doth depart
The Holy Grail to find.

With stainless soul and sturdy sword,
And clear strong eyes that do not fail
Before the Grail
And splendor of the Lord.

Pure heart and mind untutored yet,
Unmoved he sees the blinding light
Pass from his sight
Untouched, nor knows regret.

He looks to sin, to love and scorn,
The Grail to lose and wit to win,
And yields to sin,
Of guileless virtue shorn.

Aware of sin, he struggles free.
Nor shall he fail to find the Grail,
Who doth prevail,
Yet learns through sin to see.

ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT.

MISS NIEBRUCK'S FLIGHT

Miss Niebruck was a wealthy and independent young woman, whom many men had striven in vain to win. She was very beautiful, in a rather unusual way. Her charm lay more in a wonderfully mobile mouth and expressive eyes, than in regularity of features. A casual glance at her did not give the impression of anything remarkable, but after once seeing her smile she was irresistible to the masculine heart. Nevertheless, life was rather tedious to her. The men she had met, and who had offered themselves to her, had all been of the same sort,—gallant, attentive, and much protesting heiress-seekers. At least, so they had seemed to her, and she had believed her heart proof against all invasions. Yet this summer she had fallen deeply in love, to her own intense amazement and chagrin, and now on account of this fact she was leaving Southampton. She had had the whole matter out with herself the night before. Jack Barrett was too young, for one thing, and too poor. He would never dare propose to her, and she *ought* not to marry him even if he should. Besides she was not sure he loved her. They had had many confidential chats together, during which,

led on by her sympathetic attitude, he had told her somewhat of his hopes and ambitions, and at times, it seemed to her, had been on the verge of telling her something else. He was so different from the rest, so unaffected and sincere, so straightforward and manly. Miss Niebruck could not determine exactly wherein lay the difference, but somehow or other it was there, and she had much against her will succumbed to it.

Therefore, when it became apparent that he would not propose, she decided to spend the rest of the summer in the Adirondacks. Her plan was to take an early morning train, to avoid saying good-bye to everybody. She got into the hotel omnibus which was to take her there, deposited herself and luggage in one corner, and then, raising her eyes, saw clambering in after her the very man whom she was trying to avoid. She was conscious of blushing furiously as she met his eyes, and it was very evident that Mr. Barrett himself was considerably embarrassed. He fumbled at his hat instead of removing it gracefully, and in his confusion stepped squarely on a lady's feet. The only vacant seat left was opposite Miss Niebruck, and thus it was that she was obliged to sit with red cheeks and downcast eyes all the way to the station. It was certainly too provoking.

Miss Niebruck was rather relieved to hear the train coming, as the 'bus drew up to the station, for in the rush to catch it there was only time to exchange the most hurried greetings with Mr. Barrett. She settled herself comfortably in an almost empty car,—for it was not the season when many people were leaving the seaside,—and fell to thinking of things not altogether unpleasant, if one might judge from the curve of her mouth. Although it was annoying to have to meet Mr. Barrett after having solemnly vowed never to give herself that uncertain pleasure again, yet really the idea of his leaving on the very same train with her, and in the same half-surreptitious manner, suggested several gratifying possibilities. She thought of a story she had once read, in which there had been a somewhat similar situation, and which had turned out very nicely. So it happened that she watched the door of the car furtively for a while and then, ashamed of her hopes, turned and looked resolutely out of the window. She was now becoming angry, not because he had come, but because he wouldn't come. Suddenly a voice at her side said, "Miss Niebruck, may I sit here for a little while?"

It did not startle or embarrass her, for in some way she had known that this must happen. So she turned towards him with a smile and removed a novel from the seat beside her. Taking this as sufficient answer, Mr. Barrett seated himself with a word of thanks, and then looked at Miss Niebruck expectantly, as if waiting for her to speak first.

"It is fate which has made us both choose the same day to leave!" she was thinking joyfully. What she said was, "Are you not leaving Southampton rather suddenly, Mr. Barrett?"

He fingered his time-table nervously and looked at her suspiciously for a moment.

"I wonder why you ask me that? Ever since I got on the train I have been wondering whether—well, not very suddenly, Miss Niebruck, I have been contemplating this departure for several days. My final decision was made though on the spur of the moment—and now I almost wish I were back in Southampton again!"

"Why, how uncomplimentary," she said laughing. "But why did you leave?"

"Ought I to help him?" she was thinking. "Will fate manage it all alone?"

"That is just what I am anxious to tell you," he began somewhat eagerly. "But I hardly dare. But I will, that is, if"—he paused and glanced at her apprehensively, but there was something very sympathetic and reassuring in her eyes.

"Yes?" she said, "If what?"

"If you would care to hear," he answered, gaining courage from her eyes. "I didn't mean to tell any one, but you have been so kind, so sympathetic when I have told you things this summer, that when I saw you this morning I wanted to tell you this, and ask—no, I don't dare hope for encouragement. This is the greatest thing that can come into a fellow's life, Miss Niebruck. I am leaving Southampton—and I may go back again—on account, oh well, because of a girl!"

Mr. Barrett stopped to note the effect of this statement upon the girl beside him, but unfortunately her face was turned toward the window. She had decided that he did not need her help.

"I left because I would not ruin her life by asking her to marry me—so much do I love her. For I am not wealthy, far from it, as you know, and such a girl as she could never be con-

tent to be my wife. She is rich and beautiful. Why should she possibly care for me when there are so many other men? And yet I love her so!"

"Don't you think that in spite of all the other men she might perhaps love you" asked Miss Niebruck. Her eyes had a wonderful light in them which, as he was staring straight into space in front of him, he did not see. However this gave her a chance to admire his profile, which was very handsome.

"I don't know. I can't tell," he answered with a sigh and a little lift of his shoulders.

"Ask her and see!"

He shook his head slowly.

"If I were to tell you who she is," he said, "you would see how utterly useless it is, and yet—shall I tell you her name? Do you want to know?"

Unconsciously Miss Niebruck was swaying towards him slightly.

"Yes—tell me," she scarcely more than whispered.

"Well, then," said Mr. Barrett, turning and facing her for the first time, "You shall know. It is Marian Carter."

For an instant her head swam; the color rushed to her cheeks and then left them perfectly white. She even laughed a little hysterically and met his astonished gaze with one that made him exclaim, "Ah—you see it is as I feared. You think me ridiculous even to dream of her."

Miss Niebruck recovered herself completely and decided upon her plan of action.

"Indeed you are mistaken, Mr. Barrett," she said earnestly, "I do not know and have never even seen the girl you mention, so how can you imagine that I think your case hopeless? For all I know, Miss Carter may be a countess, but that, *can't* you understand, doesn't make any difference. It is your duty, Mr. Barrett, and her right that you should tell her of your love. If there is the remotest possibility of her caring for you—and I believe you implied such a thing—it would be a crime not to give her the chance to tell you so. You speak of ruining her life by marrying her. Do you not suppose her life would be ruined if she loved you and could not marry you? Oh it is not for a man's money that a girl can love him, but for himself. If she loves you, all the other men's money in the world is useless to her."

Miss Niebrush was flushed and excited. She leaned forward eagerly and even put a pleading hand upon Mr. Barrett's arm.

"By George!" he said, "you actually are convincing me!"

"Why did you come away?" she continued. "Go back before it is too late. You see I am so interested in this because I once knew a girl who nearly broke her heart over a man who would not propose to her because she was too wealthy. He was as despairing as you are, and she adored him. Go back for your own sake, but more for hers. And please go right away now!"

"But how do you know—" he began.

"I don't know. See!" she cried, half getting up, and as he rose too undecidedly, pushing him into the aisle. "See, we are stopping at Shinnecock! Hurry up and get out and take the next train back, and tell her this very day. I don't want such a lovesick traveling companion! Please promise me you will."

He followed her to the car door laughing and protesting, and she faced him with sparkling eyes, and held out her hand.

"Good-bye!" she said.

"Now see here," he began, "this argument is too one-sided. I don't know what to do or how to thank—"

"Hurry, the train will start."

"But—"

"Are you going to shake hands with me or are you not? I'm tired of holding it out. There—we are going. *Good-bye*, I tell you!"

One grasp of his hand, and then he half jumped and half fell from the now moving train. He scrambled to his feet and waved his cap joyously after it.

Miss Niebrush stood on the platform for a minute, with a peculiar smile upon her lips. Then she made her way slowly back to her seat, picked up the novel and gazed at its pages long and intently. She closed it with a sigh, and lived the rest of her natural life blissfully unconscious of the fact that she had read the first paragraph in the preface twenty times.

ELIZABETH HALE CREEVEY.

IN DEDICATION

To crave no costly boon, nor profit seek,
To hunger not for aught unmerited,
To wait with patient heart, in durance, meek,
Until my travail may be credited.
To work, to sing, to leave to fools despair,
In faith to hope, nor vainly to rejoice
When some sweet hope fulfilment rare
Has found ; as when thy voice
Approval gives or when thy tender smile,
Bestowed on my poor labor, sanctifies
And makes smooth my path, the while
It spurs to greater effort ; magnifies
My dull vision ; and then I see
That this my creed, expression finds in thee.

RINA MAUDE GREENE.

THE NOVEL OF ADVENTURE

It has often been said that the modern tendency in literature, represented by Mr. Henry James, corresponds to the tendency in art known as "impressionism"; that the hazy, indescribable, blue-green of impressionist landscapes produces the same mental atmosphere within one as the long-extended elusive conversations in Mr. James's books. Those of us who have hunted for a real tree in an impressionist forest or the actual subjects of the dialogue in one of the above author's critical chapters, will admit the similarity. There is also a recognized likeness between the painstaking minuteness of writers of the type of Mrs. Ward or Mr. Hardy, and the emphasis on detail of the realist school of painters. The aim of both is truth in the representation of life as they see it. Perhaps the correspondence of the novel of adventure to any movement in art will be less clear. However, circumstances seem to warrant classing the writers of that latest and most unaccountable offspring of the long-suffering novel and the poster artists together.

In the first place the outline in both the poster and the adventure-novel is the most prominent feature. We judge the poster first of all by the skill of the drawing—the daring with which its main lines are grouped together. To this the interest is primarily attached. The appeal of the poster, where there is such, is made not by the fine, minute touches but by the long sweeping strokes and the general effect as produced by them. Likewise in the novel one's attention is held by the structure of the story, the plot with its intricacies, its winding ways, its surprises, and sudden resolutions. The emphasis is centered on the plot, and the interest is proportional to the adroitness by which the mechanical lines of action are manipulated.

Again the character material which the poster and the novel of adventure make use of is alike. Both deal with types instead of individuals. We are all familiar with the golf-girl and her poster sisters, representing not individuals but classes. The same thing is noticeable in regard to poster scenery. Certain sorts of lines represent the tree, as a member of the tree family, to be distinguished not from other trees but from certain other lines conveying the river, of the river family. It is with little difficulty that we call up some of the types of the adventure-novel—say, the irresistible, insurpassable heroine; the dashing, the daring, the unconquerable hero; the heavy-hearted villain of the snakelike movements; each with its best characteristics, mental and spiritual, duly attached.

The reason for this failure to individualize exists chiefly in another common feature of the poster and novel, which is the roughness of the workmanship, most noticeable perhaps in the lack of shading. The absence of shading in the poster does not need mentioning. This transferred to the novel becomes a deficiency in the delicacy with which the characteristics of the actors are drawn and correlated. The long-drawn introspective processes as well as the author's own analysis of his character's motive before, during, and after all crises, which form such a considerable part of the psychological novel, are conspicuous by their absence in the novel of adventure. Here in the midst of the rush of incident, the faint flutterings of the heart which make men, apparently alike, differ, pass unnoticed. Neither are the subtle niceties of character distinction revealed here, as in Mr. James's novels, through conversation, for action, not dialogue, is the chief end of the author. Character revelation

through action alone, then, is the only course open. And it is no wonder that we fail to understand their characters as real people when we consider how unaccountable some of our friends in this other world appear when judged by their actions alone.

The crudeness and the massing of the color also makes a link between the novel and the poster. You can tell a poster almost as far as you can see it by its vivid, striking, and often strange color tints. To apply this to the novel, its characters have only striking traits, which are reiterated page after page and revealed in every act. Courage with its trail of righteous blood, chivalric honor, spotless love, divine beauty, and dark ambitions,—these are some of the mainsprings by which the characters are worked in all crises. The heroine is the ever white and gold, the hero scarlet and silver, the villain dark purple with a heart of mercury. Nor do the hues of the characters change in the course of the novel—they are substantially as undeveloped at the end as at the beginning. Different authors vary these fundamental colors somewhat, giving us all shades of blue and red, but the delicate colorings and slight differentiations of character they do not attempt.

Lastly we have to deal with a negative bond of likeness:—from both the poster and the novel of adventure the so-called moral question is eliminated. The true poster teaches no lesson, in fact has no lesson to teach, for it deals neither with life as it is nor life as it ought to be. So the true novel of adventure has no moral, does not pretend to be didactic. It passes by the question of the rights and wrongs of action and simply presents action for the sake of action. It treats life as if there were no moral questions involved, and battles of conscience are as alien to it as they are to a boy. When it begins, it begins without any soul-struggle to face, and it ends without having met any. It attempts no reform, either social or political; in short its whole tone is incident for the joy of, incident, adventure for the pure love of adventure.

Such being a brief sketch of the general relations between the poster and the adventure novel, it is not necessary for us to discuss whether these tendencies are in the direction of high art or even low art. That, at best, only brings up the question of who we are, and what we propose to call art. The *facts* of the matter are these. Novel after novel of this description is being put forth, containing little character interest and no

moral significance, but a highly developed plot—very crude if you will. Some of these become immensely popular, several hundred-thousand editions are published, and then they are promptly forgotten. It is said that Mr. Anthony Hope was one of the first to revive and popularize the type. Miss Bertha Runkle, in her "Helmet of Navarre", is one of the last. Some of the most popular of these take a new lease of life in the public interest when some of our handsome, well-known young actresses play in the rôles of their heroines for a winter. The play is, of course, merely a chopped-down edition of the novel, with everything except the love-making and the duels left out.

The movement has produced one or two classics—Mr. Stevenson's "Treasure Island", for example. As to the reason for the popularity of the movement, perhaps the question and answer may be best put in the classic form—"Why?" said Alice; "Why not?" said the March Hare. Reaction always follows overwork in the literary as well as the physical life. The realist novel had been run to the ground; the public needed a change of atmosphere. Some keen writers saw it, revived the once successful novel of adventure, and found that its charm still worked. Commercial advantage was a great temptation, and evidently its charm is still working.

It is but too easy to criticize this movement unfavorably. There are, however, some good things about it. If it does not show a power of refined analysis, it does show a good healthy imagination. A mind that is capable of creating a novel that requires mental gymnastics even in appreciation, is certainly strong and healthy—has a promising surplus of red corpuscles, as Mr. Hubbard likes to say.

Then again, the novel of adventure fulfils a useful, if unconscious mission in that it is a protest against the self-analysis and consequent morbidness which the present realist fiction tends to induce. For it has nothing to do with subjectivity, in fact leaves it out of the question entirely, and throws all its emphasis on the objective—that is, for us, on outside things and people. And what is more, throws its emphasis on activity, on getting up and working instead of sitting still and introspecting. Thus it acts as a most necessary corrective to a too frequent imbibing of the psychological novel. This in fact is its best plea,—and it is surely an admissible one,—it is both a proof of, and a call to a stronger, freer, more out-of-door view of life.

HELEN FLORA MCAFEE.

A SUMMER DAY

Away! away! from the burning day!
Away to the woods so cool!
Let us seek the brook,
In a hidden nook
Where the cascade forms a pool.

Oh! there we can hide from the yellow sun,
On a couch of mosses spread,
Where the ferns grow tall
In a waving wall,
And the green boughs twine o'erhead.

We can hark to the silver-throated thrush
And the brook in the pine-wood trees,
And listen long
To the murmuring song
Of the mingled melodies.

We can wander under the leafy green
Or follow the river's glance;
And seek the ring
Where the fairies sing
And the swaying dryads dance.

On the fragrant moss just beneath the pines
We can drift through the drowsy noon;
The hum of bees
Floats on the breeze,
On the fragrant breath of June.

And there we can dream till a fiery gleam
Slants in from the setting sun.
Near steals the night
'Round the quivering light,—
And the golden day is done.

ELEANOR HENRIETTE ADLER.

THE MOSS-GATHERERS

"No! I tell you. Go back to your sea!" The girl stamped her foot half savagely. "Do you think I'll tie myself like mother and granny did, to a man who spends half his time floating out yonder? D'ye think I'm the kind to like hangin' round here in these dingy old holes where there's nothin' but the smell of moss, an' fish, an' tar ropes, when I kin hev a good place in back with things sech as other folks hev? Huh!" she sniffed contemptuously, "what d'ye think ye've got to give me?"

For a moment the man gazed blankly at the hat which he was twirling with nervous fingers, — then resolutely he raised his eyes until they met hers. When he spoke, his voice and manner assumed an unconscious dignity and reserve, "I c'n give you love!"

A moment later she was alone. Grasping a pair of oars the girl stood flushed and trembling in the doorway. Yet as she watched him stride towards the shore she could not help admiring his free, powerful gait, the brawny swing of his shoulders, and the tilt of the head beneath the old tarpaulin.

"Yes," she muttered between her teeth, "in some ways he is better lookin' than Jud Hopkins,—he talks different, too, somehow. Jud never said half so much in his life as David did in those few words of his. There! he's gone now in his boat, his everlastin' boat." A shadow dimmed the fire in her full black eyes. "Pretty strong nor'easter comin'—"

"Barbara!" the shrill tones of her grandmother came from the next room. Barbara turned around wearily, noting as she did so the homely details of the little room where she had been born, where her mother had died, and where her father, one dreary, dark night, had been brought in on a hastily constructed stretcher. All was the same, still the old, monotonous same. The hearth built of varnished beach-stones, the draping of fishing-tackle and nets, the long disused life-preserver of cork, and overhead, the rafters filled in with large sacks of moss. That she hated the most of all. Oh, the dull, weary days she

had spent in gathering, spreading, and bleaching that moss, the long tramps across the marshes to the town!

"Yes, granny, I'm coming," she answered, half impatiently. She stepped into the little back room where the old wrinkled woman sat bent in her chair. So old, so dried she looked, that it seemed almost impossible to discover there a flicker of life. Like an echo of a goblin's wail, her voice came from the depths of her cap.

"Who's been a-talkin' to ye, gal?" she quavered.

"Only Dave," the girl answered carelessly. "Does your throat feel better, granny?"

"No," shaking her head slowly, "no—I guess if ye'll help me, I'll lie down a bit."

The crooked little woman with difficulty arose, and, step at a time, leaning heavily on the round, brown arm of the girl, she reached the cot near the fire. "There—that'll do—that'll do," she piped, closing her eyes with a sigh of content. Barbara moved noiselessly about the room preparing the tea-things. It was not a difficult task; a bit of smoked haddock, a pot of tea, and a few slices of toast completed the meal. She did not feel hungry herself, and the grandmother might not eat anything at all. From time to time she glanced out the window. "Pretty near time for Jud to come," she thought, somewhat restively. "Lucky he's to be around to carry the moss up, now Granny's sick." At length an open wagon rattled up to the door. Bab, after a glance in the glass, hurried to the door.

The young fellow jumped lightly down. His flashy necktie, the cap set rakishly over one eye, and his rather insolent mouth passed unnoticed by Bab as she met his look half timidly, half proudly.

"Well, Bab, my beauty, how are yer since yesterday—brought yer down a new ribbon—that one's kind of old." He jerked the curled-up scarlet end around Bab's neck. She blushed, shot a look under her lashes, and stammered, "Ye're too good to me—Jud. That must have cost a lot."

He came closer to her and put his hand on her arm. "I say, Bab, I couldn't get that ring to-day—but come along up to town to-night—there's a band concert, and we'll get the ring then. Yer haven't been up fer an age." She moved away from him.

"I can't leave granny, she's—"

"Oh, granny be—" he broke out with a sullen growl.

"Jud!" The girl's startled voice brought a sudden change.

"I was just foolin'," he laughed lightly, as he slipped one arm around Bab's waist and kissed her firm red cheek. "You see," he went on, "it's no place down here for you—you're too pretty—up in town as the wife of Jud Hopkins,"—the slow words did not fail in their impression,—“not that I'm boastin', but I've a good house—just painted last spring, and horses—and maybe we could take a run up to the city occasionally.”

Bab's eyes danced. "Oh, it's too good to be true! An' I won't hev to pick moss any more?"

"Of course not!" he answered.

Satisfied with his answer, her thoughts traveled back to the present. "I'll get the moss, Jud, ye're so good to take it."

While she went into the cabin, Jud drew out a briar pipe, lighted it and walked back and forth, puffing. The pipe made his mouth still more prominent and emphasized certain ugly lines at the corners. "Hurry!" he called out. Bab reappeared dragging four great sacks. "I guess you'll hev to help me lift 'em on," she said. "And Jud," she faltered a little, "I'm afraid about granny—could—could you send the doctor down?"

"The doctor? Pshaw! Besides he's over at the other end of the town. I'm coming down this way to-morrow over to the light, and I'll bring him along then. Yer granny's all right. Trust her for hangin' on—"

Bab's head went up.

Jud took his pipe out of his mouth and laughed cynically. "What a heap yer think of her—more'n of me, eh?" He raised her chin with his forefinger.

"No—o, but Jud, I wish you wouldn't talk so about her, and I'm sure she's real sick." It took all her courage to talk to this man from the town.

"Do stop worrying—you'll get wrinkles," he laughed, "but good-bye, I'll lose my supper." After another kiss, he swung into the wagon, gave his horse a sharp whip, and dashed full pace down the road. With a fluttering but somewhat uneasy heart, Bab re-entered. Rather vaguely she was wondering just what made Jud so different from Dave. "Dear old Dave," she murmured.

"Barbara!"

"Yes, granny?"

"My throat and chest feel worse,—you'd better ask Ann Spigot for some of her linseed oil. Mebbe that'll stop the choke."

The girl looked anxiously at the frail form on the cot. "Yes, granny, I'll go right away." She snatched a shawl from a peg and hastened toward the next cabin. "If only Jud had promised to send the doctor," she thought. "Dave would go if he was here. My! but it's blowing up stiff!" She shivered and, drawing her shawl closer, knocked at the door. It was opened slowly by old Ann Spiggot, removing a short clay pipe from her mouth. That was her one friend since her boy had been lost at sea.

"Granny's sick," Barbara explained, "could ye give me some oil for her throat—it's all choked an' she can't breathe well." Ann took down a large bottle from the mantel-shelf. "That's what she wants,—rub it well. Mighty hard night on the sea," she added, "them combers are comin' in like they did the night my boy went under. Any of the boys out to-night?"

"Only Dave," the girl answered, as she hurried back.

"Ye've been a long time, gal. Shut the door spry. Er-er-r—it's cold," the thin voice shivered. Barbara threw off her shawl and knelt by the old woman. Tenderly she rubbed the throat, sadly ignorant of any other means for relief. The minutes ticked by amidst the silence.

"Guess ye'd better stop, gal, it's no use," the faint voice of the grandmother finally broke the stillness. "The chokin' 's down on my heart now, hard—oh, so hard." She gasped for breath. "Bab, come closer,—sit down on the side,—what'll ye do when I'm gone, Bab?"

"Don't talk so, granny." This time it was the girl's turn to feel a choking down near her heart. "I love you too much, granny. Let's not think of such things."

"It won't be after to-morrow that ye'll have to think. Some-thin' tells me my time's come. There—there—don't cry like that, I'm"—another fit of choking seized her, then she went on,—“a very—old—woman.” She paused again. "Is it goin' to be Dave or Jud, Bab?"

"I—I promised Jud yesterday," the girl answered, "I'm all right, he'll take care of me,—but it's not that I'm thinkin' of now, but you, granny."

"Oh, the young blood," the old woman murmured, "it likes the bright foam best. Bab, I wish it had been t'other." She shut her eyes in weakness, while the girl, thinking her asleep, stepped across to the window facing the sea. All was

black without. Barbara pressed her face to the glass in an attempt to catch a glimpse of the waters. Only when an unusually large wave broke its white foam over the crags were the highest rocks of the cape visible, but the roar of the billows, unceasing, savage, and vengeful, brought to this daughter of the sea a tale that needed no explanation. Every now and then came a pause, ominous in its suspense, of gathering force, then would follow a mighty sound of mounting crests succeeded by crash and groan of falling waters. Not one wave at a time, but rows of waves piled high one above the other, breaking like deafening roar of many cannon. Between the boom of the surf the mad wind shrieked and wailed—now in one direction, now in another—as if frantically seeking something lost. Although reared within sight of that wild monster with its hungry, never-sated rocks, Barbara shivered at its voice. At times her own heart wailed and a sob rose in her throat. It was a night of sorrow, of doubt, and of fear. The hours dragged slowly on to midnight, and still the struggle went on; inside, the old woman wrestling with death, and outside,—the similarity suddenly struck Bab's mind,—were not those on the sea also wrestling with death?

“Oh, heavens!” she gasped, sinking to her knees before the window, “he is out there in that wild, wild sea, and I sent him. Even now he may be—oh, it is too awful!” With a writhing motion she covered her face with her hands. Suddenly her grandmother began to move. Bab looked across. “Yes, yes,” the old woman was murmuring, “be a good gal. Take her, Dave, ye’re the one for her. T’other one meant nothin’ to her—she allus did like you when you was little. Oh—h—h!” she moaned. The girl started to her feet. “Granny!” No answer. “Granny, it’s—the—other”—but she did not finish. The old woman clasped her hand feebly. “God bless ye.” She breathed for the last time. It was some seconds before the girl realized what had happened, then she burst into a passion of tears, and threw herself across the bed. “She is gone—gone—gone!” She sobbed wildly. “Dear, dear old granny!” The growing coldness of the hand she held warned her that she must do something. One o’clock. Once, when some fishers had been wrecked on the coast, her grandmother had cared for their bodies. Almost mechanically the girl recalled and performed the necessary offices, then after moving the cot into a corner

she went to the door and threw it wide open. A stiff gust almost swept her off her feet. Should she go and wake Ann Spiggot? Her's was the nearest house and beyond that lay Dave's. She could not go there after sending him to sea, and Ann Spiggot, querulous, smoky Ann Spiggot—the very idea was repulsive. It would be morning before many hours, then perhaps Jud—but oh! how she dreaded seeing him in her grief. She stepped in again, shut the door, and crouched down before the dying fire. She had forgotten sleep. No—no, Jud could not possibly like her with tear-stains. He had praised her black eyes and red cheeks. A picture of his jaunty manner came to her. He would not know how to sympathize nor even understand. Resist the idea as she would, her heart turned gradually toward the sea.

“No, I couldn't bear to see him now,” she moaned aloud. “I don't want Jud—he did not love granny—he—he—” She buried her face in her arm as if to rest her hot eyes. “Oh, Dave is so different—he would know—he did, way back when dad was drowned, and then that winter when all the moss was swept out to sea—he didn't even mind when my clothes was ragged.” She smiled slightly, then the thought of what she had rejected rushed over her.

“It's Dave I want!” she cried.

A wild desire seized her to rush out after him into the sea. She ran out, slamming the door behind her, down to the edge of the raging waters. With thrilling horror she watched the foaming teeth of the rocks and the mighty lashing of the surf as it rose and fell. She leaped out on the rocks as far as she dared, and then, where the shrieking gale nearly carried her away, she threw out her arms to the sea, as if he could hear her, calling, “Dave, Dave, come back!”

The waters hissed in mockery at her feet, driving her back with their flying spray. Still she stood there calling in her heart until her whole being seemed to fly over the waves in frantic longing and anxiety. Stiff and wet, she at length turned back. The horizon was growing gray. Half ashamed of herself, she re-entered the hut and sat down by her dead grandmother. Granny was beyond sorrow, she thought, it is only the living who suffer. Her overstrung nerves made it impossible for her to remain idle, so she pulled out a sheet full of unpicked moss and began sorting it. Somehow, it seemed like an old friend, and at times she spoke to it for comfort.

"What's a horse and kerriage when a man really loves ye?" she muttered. Her thoughts came crudely, for she had lived by impulse and emotions as changeable as the face of the sea. Few words and simple ideas serve these children of nature. To-night the loneliness of her life swept over her and she groped in vain for some sort of solace. Poor child! she did not know how to pray. Her thoughts gradually took shape. There was but one way for her now. The grandmother was right. The other one meant nothing, absolutely nothing, to her, there was only one in the world who did, but he—he meant the whole world. And now if he never came back. A sudden clutch tore at her heart driving her beside herself. "Great God!" she cried, "I can't stand it any longer!" In the gray light she saw a band of men from the life-saving station. Without stopping to think, she rushed out to them. "Has—has he come back?" she panted. The men stopped in amazement. "Why—oh, don't you know? Dave—David Eastman—he went out last night—after it began to grow dark—oh, you *must* find him," she shrieked. The men looked at each other in consternation. "Get the glass," one ordered. They hurried around the bend and climbed the highest point of rock to scan the sea.

"See anything?" asked one. "No," came the reply, "the girl's—" "Oh, give it to me," she broke in, "I can find him, I sent him." With trembling hands she raised the glass to her straining eyes. For a moment, in her excitement, all was blurred, then she screamed out, "There! On Cod Rock. I know his boat!" The men looked again. "Guess she's right," one muttered ominously, "but there can't be much left by this time."

"You brutes!"—she hurled the words fiercely. "Man the boat and go, or I'll—"

"Yes, yes, right away!" They seemed spurred on by the light in her piercing eyes.

With her clothes dripping with brine, she watched the movements of the men. It seemed a lifetime. Now they were lost to view—then again their boat bore aloft on a rising crest. She followed eagerly with her glass. Yes, they had reached the boat. Hark! Over the dull roar came a shout, but she could not hear what it carried. A second wait—like eternity—then the boat with its precious freight was landed. The girl rushed up to her knees in the broken foam of the waves, her eyes like

living coals in the ashy white of her face. "Is he—" she gasped, but could not finish. The men looked at her. "Pretty close shave," one said kindly, "but I guess he'll pull through." She bent her ear to his heart in breathless agony. "Thank God," she gasped.

Later the man painfully opened his eyes. The girl was still kneeling by his side. "You—you here, Bab?" he faltered in bewilderment.

FLORENCE EVELYN SMITH.

THE LONG AGO

When the work of the day is over,
And the sun is sinking to rest,
And the bees have left the clover,
And the birds are in their nest,
In the calm of the lengthening twilight,
To a heart that is burdened with woe,
From the shadowy depths of the heavens,
Come the voices of long ago.

When the autumn day is waning,
And the gold-red glow of the sun
And the brilliant colors are fading,
And the work of the harvest is done,
In the flickering flame and the firelight,
To a heart that is burdened with woe,
From the glow of the dying embers,
Come the faces of long ago.

When the wintry day is dying,
And the year is nearing its end,
And the Christ Child peace is crying,
And the people in silence bend,
In the cold gray gleam of the snow-light,
To a heart that is burdened with woe,
From the deepening gloom of the darkness
Flit the shadows of long ago.

ALICE MOORE WHEELER.

SKETCHES

GENIUS TO HER POET

Thou canst not be the child of solitude,
For thou must break thy bread, and share thy meat
With him thy brother. Barred is all retreat.
Thou canst not gather berries for thy food
And dwell a dreamy hermit in the wood ;
Among the hurrying throng of anxious feet
Thy soul must wander on Life's dusty street,
Thy cowl that of the human brotherhood.

Behold the giver of thy power is God,
Half thine inheritance he gave thee when
I kissed thy brow. When thy path is trod
He will demand the perfect portion. Then
Know this thy answer,—“Here thy gift, oh Lord!
And here what as a man I earned with men.”

MAUDE BARROWS DUTTON.

It is a little graveyard in a small island village, and it lies between the blue harbor and the oyster-shell road. In the harbor sit the patient schooners that wait
Between the Road for their winds; the brief-staying
and the Harbor yachts, clean-cut, straight, like the type of face called aristocratic; the heavy, dirty barges; industrious tugs; and the swarms of small cat-boats, thick as mosquitoes in August. Over the dusty white road go the human types of the ships—I say it so, for the ships seem more enduring, more alive, almost, than the people. There are slow-jogging farmers with rattling wagons and heavy-footed nags; well-dressed young people, whirled along by handsome horses; carters urging forward heavy loads of wood and stone; bustling women hurrying into the village for the marketing; chattering children, happy in their freedom.

So in the harbor rest and wait the ships until their time comes to fare forth over the stretching sea, away from the little island; over the road go the people, until they journey out over the great unknown road away from their little lives. And who knows what lies beyond the blue hill of the sea, that piles up to the horizon, save the ships that have sailed away? And who knows what lies beyond the last high hill of the white road, save those who have come to the brow of the hill, have looked over, and have passed on out of sight?

Now between the road and the harbor lies the graveyard, silent, stiff, and strange with the strangeness of death. I, who know nothing of death,—who yet lie, as it were, in the blue harbor or walk on the level road,—must bow and be silent before the straight white stones and must step reverently among the little mounds; for those who are there know what none may tell, what the wisest men on earth can not dream in their highest visions. Yet the sandy soil covers only simple sailor-folks; men who toiled on the water, women who waited at home. But they know, and we, who see where they lie, and maybe smile at the strange words written above them, know not.

There is no history about this graveyard. It must be, though, that a story sits upon every headstone, with finger on lips, and with crossed feet. But never does it venture out into the sunlight. Perhaps, at night, when the east wind talks and cries to the sea, the stones walk abroad, strange shadow-things, whispering to each other across the wind's voice and across the low mutter of the sea. Then tales of strong lives, lives that wrought and grew not weary, tales of evil lives driven before the hot wind of passion, tales of silent lives, dumb and unknown to themselves, may speak. If a small story, short, and bright with the blue and gold of children's days, happens there, and is afraid at the uncouth gray forms about it, perhaps a parent-story will clasp the little one close, and carry it back to its small home.

But no one here knows. Ships wait in the harbor, men go over the road—the silent ones lie yet silent—new stories sit on new stones—and there are more there that know. And the wind cries.

So will it be till the end of the sun shall come, and the restless sea go home with the lost wind.

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS.

MAUD MULLER UP-TO-DATE.

A maiden on a summer's day
Upon the links was hard at play.

Forth from her club the wee ball sped
And landed in a ditch's bed.

The Judge came slowly down the hill,
His well-swung driver quivering still.

He stopped him short beside the maid
And with a bow gallantly said :

"Pray let me help you find your ball,
The ditch is deep and the grass is tall."

She thanked him for the pains he took
And said, together they would look.

It took them long to hunt that ball,
In fact they found it not at all.

But some have heard the caddies say
"Twas hearts, not balls, they lost that day.

MARGARET WILSON McCUTCHEEN.

As I pushed open the rickety door and stepped inside the sad old ruin, it occurred to me for the first time that I, too, might fail to return from that place as well as he of whom I was seeking some trace. Up to that time my only thought was to obtain the first news of the missing man, with which to make myself interesting, for, although I was well past the "born detective" age, I was not yet above liking the importance attaching to "the first man on the spot"; so I had lost little time between my home and this ruined mill, two miles below the town.

As I ran along, aglow with excitement, I was picturing my triumphant return, bearing a bloody handkerchief, a revolver, or some such evidence of the possible tragedy, but when I reached my destination and actually looked in upon the scene which I had been so anxious to view, the vision of my triumph lost some of its reality and interest, and a different sort of feel-

ing took hold of me. That simple idea of not coming out again was worse than any kind of definite horror I might imagine taking place inside. I was not at all afraid, only there was a cold, unpleasant moisture in the palms of my hands, and my clothes felt too loose somehow.

The place smelled wet and empty, and there was not a sound except the annoying squeak of my damp collar. Bright sunlight fell through holes in the roof, deepening the shadows of unilluminated corners.

I stepped boldly in, taking care to swing my arms naturally and not keep looking behind me, nor yet holding my head rigidly, but I felt as if my eyes were sticking an inch out of my head. So I marched, through room after room, seeing nothing but dust and mould-covered pieces of machinery, with their shadows lying all around them like black pools. I stepped as heavily as I could and so came stamping into the last room, built directly over the river, twenty yards above the dam. Here, suddenly I felt a lurch and the whole rotten floor gave way beneath me and splash I went into the cold water.

Coming to the surface I gasped, partly from the chill and partly from relief to find myself in this familiar element where strength was of avail. I struck out toward midstream, thinking nothing of the swift current, in my anxiety to get away from that place.

As soon as I found that I was too near the dam to hope to reach either shore, I directed my course so that I might be carried to where I saw a warped board of the dam, which rose above the water, and this I succeeded in grasping with both hands just as the rush of water carried me over, and there I hung, out of water. Glancing along both ways I saw that only a thin sheet of water fell over that part of the dam which was between me and the water wheel. There was nothing to do but make my way hand over hand in that direction, though I loathed to go near that building again. I had almost reached the wheel when suddenly I entered a swifter current, where there was a slight depression in the top of the dam. My strength was so far gone from that short progress through the falling water which, pulling me down, made me three times my usual weight, that my hands were torn from the coping, and I was dashed downward in that hissing swirl of water. I felt myself crash face downward on hard rock with such force that my bones seemed to crack, but in a moment I realized that my head

was out of water, and managed to draw myself up and stand, in spite of my bruised and strained condition. Then I discovered that I was inside the waterfall, on a ledge of rock just above the level of the water below, and that the water coming over the dam leapt about two feet, clearing the ledge; so that by keeping close to the rocky wall of the dam I could creep along very well. I could see, a little way beyond, an opening in the rock, and toward this I made my way. It appeared to be a long low cave, though in the darkness I could see neither side nor back walls. Part of the floor was formed by the rocky platform extending in from the outside. Through the other part flowed a stream, deep black and very cold. Out of the entrance this poured with a rush, to mingle with the water which came down outside. All the light that there was came with a pale greenish hue through the falls, the crash of which reëchoing through the cavern made a continuous and terrific sound.

The only object that I could see was about twelve yards within, something shiny and white. As I approached, this seemed, in the faint light, to be the figure of a woman, carved in white marble, with green bronze hair and tail, on which glittered a thousand scales. It was lying face downward, the tail part in the stream, the body on the rock, and I noticed how the sharp edges seemed to press into the fair marble flesh; for it never occurred to me that it was anything but marble, not having had a very extensive acquaintance with mermaids. The beauty of that figure, beyond any which I have seen in sculpture, was such that my hand went forth unconsciously to where the base of the neck curved into the shoulder, that the exquisiteness of it might appeal to the sense of touch as well as to that of sight. It was of a whiteness, compared to which the whiteness of death would appear ruddy; it seemed as if clear green water from the depths of the sea ran through the veins in place of blood. And as I touched, the thing sprang into life and, with a flicker of the tail, darted off through the water, and I after, through no will of my own.

When it first leapt at my touch, the face was turned toward me for an instant, and I saw that the lips were pale green and the eyes a deep emerald color, and behind them there was no soul; it was a thing; and as I looked I grew faint with the fear of fear, and yet the wonderful beauty of it was such as I have seen in no human face.

With the shock of the cold water in my face as I dived, the

roaring of the falls grew fainter in my ears and I felt bright sunlight in my eyes, and some one said, "Quit that, you fool, do you want to drown him a second time with that whiskey you're pouring down him?" I was lying on a grassy bank over the river, a quarter of a mile below the dam, where I could see the sheet of water breaking from the smooth white line at the top, save where it curled around the end of the warped board sticking up in the middle.

I lay there, sputtering and gagging, and all the time trying to think where reality had left off and hallucination begun, for each incident in that chain of events was as distinct in my mind as the one which preceded it, and the same bruises were smarting from which I had suffered in the cave.

"Guess I'll hev ter give up farmin' if I hev to keep fishin' you fellers out o' this yer creek every day," said my rescuer. "You ain't hurt so bad as that one we hauled out yistedy, though; his two collar bones was both broke."

Then I was carried to a farm-house, where what should I see but the man whose corpse I was looking for. He was lying on a couch, all bandaged up, and I received a like treatment. The first thing that I did was to represent to our kind host the importance of carrying news of Grierson and myself to our friends. It seemed that a surgeon from another town had been brought for Grierson, and he had been too delirious all the day before to send word to his family or even know his own name. We lay there on our two couches for a long time, comparing our adventures, and found it quite an amusing affair in spite of our resulting discomforts. Grierson, with a half-holiday, had gone to the old mill purely out of curiosity, and had broken through the floor near the place where I did. After the pause which followed the two rapid accounts, Grierson said, laughing rather foolishly, "I had an awfully funny dream before I came to."

"What was it?" I asked.

"Oh, I dreamed that I went into a cave under the waterfall."

"What did you see there?" I asked quickly.

"What are you getting so excited about?" said he.

"Oh, nothing, go on."

"Well, you needn't laugh, because a fellow isn't responsible for what he dreams, you know, but I thought I saw a mermaid—fresh water, too, ha, ha!" he half gurgled, half gasped.

"You must have had 'em surely that time."

ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT.

THE LIFE OF A POPPY

Just as the dawn with dewy footsteps, light,
 Came slowly, blushing, up the eastern sky,
 Within a garden was a faint, faint stir,
 A rustle of the grass, a whispered sigh.

And then—oh, wondrous sight, a poppy bud
 Of purest scarlet lifted up her head
 And still half veiled with soft, protecting leaves,
 Rose timidly from out her grassy bed.

When noon was come, the modest poppy bud,
 Grown bolder, dropped her sheltering leaves and stood
 Revealed in blazing beauty, while she swayed
 In every breeze that wandered from the wood.

A melancholy sight the evening saw
 And pitying, drew her sable shades around.
 The naked poppy stem alone remained,
 And scarlet poppy leaves strewed all the ground.

KLARA ELISABETH FRANK.

In a great oak tree there once lived a little tree-toad. This little tree-toad was as happy as the day is long, and even happier, for when he closed his

The Sad Romance of Dab cunning, blinking eyes in sleep, he dreamed happy dreams and sometimes he laughed so loud, squirmed with such delight, and wiggled his toes with such glee that he disturbed his brother, who immediately pushed him out of their knot-hole; whereupon our little toad only chuckled happily and rolled in again.

Dab, as his friends called him, was a great favorite with all his acquaintances. He was such a genial, jovial little fellow, always good-natured and so merry that no one could help loving him! He had such a pleasant manner and such a funny way of telling a joke,—and how he could sing! Ah! when his melodious voice rang out on the evening air all the birds must needs stop warbling to listen and the passers-by were filled with rapture; once, even, a small boy who was going along was seen to eye a stone fiercely, as if it had no place in a world which contained such a beautiful singer.

One day, as Dab was wandering over the branches of his tree,

he suddenly came to a standstill, paralyzed by a vision of loveliness which was clinging frantically to a green leaf. Poor Dab! Never in all his days since he had gulped down his baby-skin had he beheld such an exquisitely beautiful lady tree-toad. No wonder his little heart thumped violently and his dizzy head threatened to topple off. Such a beautiful maiden as she was! What exquisite, fresh shades of green and gray she wore! How delicately shaped was her mottled throat! Who can blame poor Dab for his confusion?

He approached her softly. "What is your name?" he whispered.

"Dub," she murmured gently.

"Oh," he cried. "Dab and Dub!—it's *poetry*!"

With these words he hurried straight off to a place where lived the most luscious little black bugs. With some difficulty he managed to secure an exceedingly fat one, which was very lively and which looked so tempting that he couldn't resist the temptation to take a nibble, just to assure himself that it was sufficiently sweet. It evidently satisfied him, for, holding the squirming, kicking delicacy carefully in his mouth, he made his way to his lady-love.

He had just reached her when—oh, what agony, what awful, awful fate!—a swishing of wings, a hoarse caw, a rustling of leaves, a dark cavern opened and shut, two faint shrieks, a loud caw of triumph, and Dab and Dub and the little black bug were no more.

BELLE CORWIN LUPTON.

Something was wrong with the little flannel rabbit on the ten-cent miscellaneous counter in the corner toy-shop. He would

not talk with the other toys;

On the Ten-Cent Counter he took no interest in anything that happened in the shop; even

when a shelfmate was sold to a particularly destructive looking small boy, and the other toys, knowing that the poor thing's days were numbered, groaned and made gestures of despair to each other when no one was looking, the little flannel rabbit would not so much as wink an eye. He remained crouched in his place, his ears hanging down dejectedly, and a hopeless look on his little face.

One day the Considerate Gentleman came into the shop. The

toys called him the Considerate Gentleman because he was so careful of their feelings. If he ever had to wait, he did not pick them up one after another and punch and squeeze them and try to find out what made them go, or see if he could find any flaws anywhere, or what was even worse, toss them idly about just to have something to keep him busy. Some cruel and thoughtless people did those things and it was humiliating, very; why wouldn't people realize that toys had feelings! But the Considerate Gentleman was different, he knew better, and he wasn't so old as some, either.

Something was wrong with the Considerate Gentleman, too. He looked sober. He was usually very cheerful. The little rabbit noticed it and felt a little sorry. The gentleman had been very nice to him,—yes, he was very sorry. He wished he would come over that way. Why! he *was* coming. The little rabbit would look up, and perhaps the gentleman would stop. The gentleman did stop,—and spoke to him. He had always been very kind to the toys and had sometimes taken one of them carefully up, but he had never really and truly spoken to one of them before.

"Hello, little chap, what's the matter? You don't look very chipper to-day."

The little rabbit felt as if he might trust the Considerate Gentleman, he believed he would tell him all about it.

"It's all because of that stuck up rabbit on the fifteen-cent counter! "I—er—you see I'm in love with that other little bunny with the pink eyes, on the corner of this counter, and— and she won't look at me because I'm only ten cents. Perhaps he is a little better looking, but it's all on the outside, I'd wear longer, I know I would. Oh dear!"

And the poor little fellow's pent up feelings found vent in a woolly sigh.

The Considerate Gentleman looked thoughtful. Evidently he was sympathetic as well as considerate. "I understand," he said at length, "you see, between you and me, I'm sort of on the ten-cent counter myself. M-m-m. We'll see what can be done."

He thought a minute more and then he walked leisurely over to the fifteen-cent counter and waited. Soon a clerk came up to him, and in answer to the polite question if he wished anything, the gentleman picked up the fifteen-cent rabbit and held

it out. "I'll take this rabbit please. No, nothing more to-day, thank you."

As he went out he gave an encouraging glance and smile to the little rabbit, and the little rabbit smiled back.

A week or two later the Considerate Gentleman came in and walked over towards the ten-cent counter. He caught sight of the little rabbit and stopped. He was looking cheerful again, so was the rabbit.

"It's all right," said he, "a nice considerate heiress came along and bought the fifteen-cent fellow. And she, oh well, I don't believe she cared very much about him after all. I'm going to buy a doll for her little sister now, the biggest one that I can find. Guess we aren't either of us worrying much about being on the ten-cent counter now. Hey, little chap?"

MERTICE PARKER THRASHER.

THE BOOKS I USED TO READ

'Twas not some social problem
Or lesson of the age,
Nor were there learned discussions,
Strung out from page to page;
There was not much on nature,
Nor philosophic creed,
But oh, so full of interest
Were the books I used to read.

The characters weren't studied,
In a scientific way;
And there was no hidden meaning
In what the author had to say.
But the heroine was pretty,
And I never felt the need
Of a little tinge of romance
In the books I used to read.

The hero was so manly,
So daring, brave, and gay,
And he always loved the maiden
In the good old-fashioned way.
And if they had their troubles,
I knew they would succeed,
And live happy ever after
In the books I used to read.

Maybe they weren't "clever writing"
 Nor a finished work of art,
 But they had a way of stretching
 Right down into my heart.
 The modern school of fiction
 May in style and plot exceed,
 But it can not match in interest
 The books I used to read.

The "realistic novel"
 Is what we get to-day,
 And, of course, I'm always glad to hear
 What the moderns have to say,
 But when I've done my duty
 And pleasure's call would heed,
 Then I dust the shabby cover
 Of some book I used to read.

GRACE EVELYN MERRILL.

The little boy sat on the edge of the big fountain, facing the tiny jet of water in the center, and kept himself from falling in by pressing his bare feet hard against the drain. His toes fitted nicely into the holes of the waste-pipe. He leaned back on the rounded stone border of the fountain and half closed his eyes with a sigh of content. He would not have exchanged his position for any other in all these gay Gardens of the Luxembourg, no, not even for that of assistant to the Lady of the Cakes over there, who, for a sou, sold delicious crisp morsels, wafers with white powder on them which rubbed off on the fingers. Those people there under the trees by the Lady of the Cakes were listening to the music. Yes, but he could hear the lively strains from where he was. Ah! they had cakes, but they had no navy.

He opened his eyes and gazed with pride at the numbers of tiny craft afloat before him, on the water in the basin of the fountain. All sorts and conditions of children were sailing boats of every variety, from canoes with one weak sail to splendid full rigged schooners which, being launched, sailed proudly across to port on the other side, where they were met by their enthusiastic owners who ran around to help them make a successful mooring. The canoes and other smaller boats would

never have reached any destination whatever had they not been prodded occasionally with a bamboo stick by a sailing-master on shore. He was generally aided either by a fond mamma or by a "bonne" in a curious fluted ribbon cap, if he was a wealthy ship-owner. Otherwise he managed himself and his vessel. Some of the boats had red sails, some yellow, and others white. The wind blew them gaily about like autumn leaves. The little boy sitting on the edge of the fountain liked to squint his eyes and watch the colors all run together. To him the fountain was not a spot for children to sail toy boats, set aside from the rest of the Parisian world amusing itself over there under the trees; no, nor a pond either, but a mighty ocean. Yes, and he owned it all. It was his. Those other children were merely sailing boats because he needed some one to help him. He had no particular ship, no, of course not, the whole fleet was his. He looked down at his brown trousers and dirty blue shirt. Not an admiral's uniform, surely. What did it matter? He could be anything he wanted by just closing his eyes. It was not merely a game he was playing. It was not. He repeated this over and over again with a persistency that would have done credit to any mental healer.

Then, as if in answer to the imagined gibe of some friend who sordidly believed only in material things, he said to himself, "You do not believe? You want the proof? Eh! bien, you shall have it. You shall see what I can become."

He thought a minute. "I have it. I'll be the Black Beast grandmother used to tell about. He could change people from what they were to something else different. Bah! so quick, like that," and the little boy snapped his fingers with a sudden sharp crack. "Now," he went on, "do you see that beautiful lady there in the purple dress? Watch, carefully. Well, what is she now?" He turned his head towards the center of the fountain so that he could no longer see her but her reflection instead. And indeed, what had she become but a long lavender streak in the water. He gazed at it gleefully.

"A simple twist of the head, thus—and you, you are only a curly piece of color in the water. Am I not the Black Beast, eh!"

He closed his eyes again, satisfied. The imaginary scoffer was convinced. Gaston felt that he could be what he pleased. He had said so all along. Presently, with true Parisian dis-

regard for Sunday afternoon, the owner of a boat with red sails challenged a ship with plain white rigging to a race.

Gaston almost lost his hold on the waste-pipe, for in his excitement he moved one of his feet. As he settled back comfortably again, on the edge of the fountain, he said to himself, "What would the gendarme have said if I had fallen in? 'Do not soil the water, pig', without doubt."

Whereupon he made a very wry face, pulling down the corners of his mouth, wrinkling his nose and winking his eyes. Then he raised himself on his elbow to a still more perilous angle and devoted his attention to the race. A friendly breeze was helping the boats across the fountain at a fairly rapid rate. Gaston became more excited, and leaned forward, sucking in his lips with a peculiar whistling sound. At last he burst out in a high shrill voice, "I bet on the red!"

The older people, standing around, laughed. "How much these little rascals know," said one. But the children looked with admiration at the boy who would dare sit there, balancing perilously on the edge of the fountain, yet never falling in. Gaston made a grimace, which included all the staring crowd, and then riveted his attention on the owner of the beautiful yacht with red sails. He was a plump little boy in a spotless white duck suit made like a Russian blouse. A white cap sat firmly on his yellow curls. He looked very solid and substantial.

"Bah!" said Gaston to himself, "the fat sleek one, how round and smooth. English, yes, without doubt English. Probably he'll be a gendarme when he grows older." He looked down at his own wiry legs and thin arms, then, with a last contemptuous scowl at the placid ship-owner, he turned his attention again to the race.

The white boat was gaining. This was more than Charles, the stolid Englishman, could endure. It is a particularly common characteristic of his people not to care to have their own boats beaten, especially in international races. Seizing a bamboo stick from the lady in the purple dress who was standing by him, Charles reached far out and pushed, yes, pushed his boat ahead of the other. A howl of rage went up from its injured owner, an irate Frenchman. Gaston, in great disgust, shouted a word which is best translated into English by "land lubber".

Whereupon Charles, the hitherto immovable, was so startled by the shrill voice, although he could not understand the word at all, that he pushed his yacht again, and this time with such vigor that alas! it was caught in the whirlpool made by the jet of water in the center of the fountain, caught and overturned. The beautiful red sails collapsed weakly, and clung pitifully around the masts.

Then Charles, the no longer placid Englishman, shut his eyes, opened his mouth, and gave vent to a howl such as had seldom, if ever, been heard in the Luxembourg Gardens. His mother took the bamboo stick and tried to right the yacht, but it had drifted almost beyond her reach and her efforts were futile. She then tried to comfort the wailing Charles, leaning down and patting his fat hand gently. Gaston watched her thoughtfully. She was very beautiful.

"It is probable that she cares for that sleek animal whose hand she strokes. Quel damage!" said Gaston to himself. "What howls! beast! How unpleasant!" He looked again at the yacht, still twisting and turning, with upturned hull, in the whirlpool. If the whole fleet was his, perhaps it was only fair that he should go to the rescue of this one ship. He gazed cautiously around. There was no gendarme in sight. He glanced towards the suffering Charles.

"Damp monster!" he exclaimed. Then he deliberately removed his feet from the drain and slid down the edge of the fountain into the water. It was only about two feet deep. How cool it felt. His feet sank deliciously into the slimy green bottom. On the whole he was glad the boat had been upset by that stupid English baby. Every one was watching him.

"Brave boy!" shouted a man mockingly. Gaston stuck out his tongue. Charles bawled steadily on, with only occasional pauses for breath. His mother smiled at Gaston. He put out his hand and seized the shipwrecked vessel. Then just to show that he could, he took one of the sails in his mouth and swam back to the edge of the fountain, climbing out by means of the drain. The people, laughing, clapped their hands as French crowds easily will. "Bah!" thought Gaston, "why do they clap? Who couldn't swim? What's the Seine there for but to learn in?" He grinned proudly, nevertheless.

He went up to Charles, the once more placid Englishman. "Here it is," he said nonchalantly, "take it." Charles didn't

understand French, but he knew when a thing was offered to him. He accepted the boat with a contented grunt. His mother put her hand in her dangling silver purse and produced a silver two-franc piece which she handed to Gaston with a smile.

"You have been very kind to my little son," she said, in labored French.

Gaston took the piece of money, bit it, then dropped it on the pavement. It rang cheerfully. "Why, it's not lead," he said, amazed, and shook himself like a spaniel, spattering with water the white suit of the now imperturbable Charles.

"Charles," said his mother persuasively, "wasn't it nice of that little boy to get your boat?"

Charles admitted this by a nod of his yellow head.

"He's poor and hasn't any boat; you have another at home," went on his mother. This was all very true. Besides the boat was heavy, and the sails came off red on his hands. After reasoning thus for a moment with himself, Charles, the usually tenacious, did a thing which was the pride of his family for many days afterwards. He went up to the dripping Gaston. "Here," he said, "it's yours. You can have it." Gaston did not know any English, but like Charles he could tell when something was presented to him.

He looked at it a moment with rapture, then laid it carefully down on the pavement and threw his arms around the plump Charles, who gave a puffy little squeal. However, he was used to these onslaughts, for his was a large family, so he made no resistance.

"Thank you, little bon homme," he cried. Then, in a burst of generous advice, "don't, oh! don't be a gendarme when you grow up," he exclaimed.

The lady in the purple dress smiled at him again. "You have made Charles a generous boy," she said.

"What?" asked Gaston, standing in front of her, inquiringly. He found it hard to understand her French. This was only natural, for hers was learned at an English boarding-school, while his was that of the Paris streets.

She hesitated for a word. "You have turned — changed Charles into a generous child," she said at length.

Gaston caught at the word "changed." Ah! she was very clever, this lady in purple, how did she know he could magically change people into something else and be the Black Beast when he wanted. He was speechless with admiration and surprise.

"Au revoir," said the lady, and led the no longer immaculate Charles off in the direction of the Boulevard St. Michel. When she reached the gate she turned and, taking Charles by the crease of his fat wrist, she waved his hand at Gaston.

"Good-bye," called Charles.

"Adieu," answered Gaston, carelessly. But he bowed low to the lady in purple. "Good day, madame," he said, respectfully. Did she not know about the Black Beast, eh? He looked at the boat beside him with a great sense of pride.

"The other way—well, it wasn't bad. But this, why, this is true," he said to himself, and picked up the boat lovingly. He had never heard of the flagship of the admiral.

For an instant before he started to sail his boat, he joined the rest of the world over there by the Lady of the Cakes.

LUCIE LONDON.

POPPY-BOATS.

When the sun hangs low in the heavens,
And the shadows of evening creep,
A poppy-boat fleet comes sailing
To the shore of the sea of sleep,—
From the island of dreams comes sailing
To the shore of the sea of sleep.

And down the long lane of slumber,
When night falls dewy and sweet,
The souls of the sleepy children
Come running with eager feet,—
The little white souls of the children
Come running with eager feet.

And down to the shore they hasten,
And a poppy-boat waits for each
To bear it away to the island
The day-world never can reach,—
To the beautiful, far-away island
The day-world never can reach.

For those that are early, poppies
All crimson and scarlet wait,
But faded and brown the flowers
Of the little souls that are late,—
All withered and drooping the flowers
Of the little souls that are late.

Ah, be the boat brown and withered
Or a crimson-dyed cup of light,
I fain would sail with the children
To the island of dreams to-night,—
With the pure little souls of the children
To the island of dreams to-night.

Come, lead me, Spirit of slumber,
With the mystical eyes and deep,
Down to the poppy-boats rocking
By the shore of the sea of sleep,—
To the poppy-boats dreamily rocking
By the shore of the sea of sleep.

MARGARET HAMILTON WAGENHAIA.

EDITORIAL

In preparing the numbers of the *Monthly* which have appeared this year, the editorial board has come in contact with many different phases of the literary work of the college. This work has been almost universally good of its kind, and in the line of positive criticism the poetry is to be commended on the lack of sentimentality of the cheap sort. Would-be writers of verse are almost always open to criticism on this particular point. People to whom life turns its prose page uppermost are quick to condemn anything that could possibly be construed as a poetic pose. Only great poets are at liberty to reveal their innermost hearts, and only great poetry can stand the strain of such a revelation.

The college verse writers, as we have said, have almost universally avoided any dangerous ground, and this usage is most emphatically to be commended. Our sins of omission, on the other hand, far outweigh those of commission, and here the lack of serious writing may be placed. It is true that the papers required by different departments are serious enough, but just as true that they are hardly literary. Seldom do we undertake of our own accord any "heavy" literary work. It is even less frequently that we are inclined toward the "semi-heavy", yet both of these types have a very distinct claim upon us. While the storiette style may be interesting and easy both to write and to read, it has never been accused of possessing any backbone of its own, and it never can attain any sort of force and strength without a really deep literary insight. This sort of insight comes only with serious work.

We lack just this serious work both in our stories and in our verse. The editorial sanctum is not literally flooded, but is at least threatened with an overflow of light sketches. These are well enough in themselves, some of them are even brilliant, but if our literary work is going to be real at all, there must be

something more. For this reason the *Monthly* has been glad to print several stories which have been longer, perhaps, than is consistent with the length of the magazine, and yet which have shown just the serious thought which we ordinarily lack. In this connection also the editors wish to acknowledge other stories of great merit which we were not able to publish on account of their length.

In this sort of work there is evidence of real literary strength, but there is hope here rather for our prose than our poetry. In poetry again the same tendency toward the light and thoughtless confronts us. All our verse is short in actual lines. One stanza is often all that we find necessary. This may mean that we have attained great facility in putting the pith of a sentiment in few words. It might also be said, with apparent justice, that we had not enough thought to go round.

This brevity is probably due to the systematic way in which our time must necessarily be arranged. We have few consecutive hours and likewise a habit of never leaving anything unfinished. The result is that much of our verse is impulsive and not carefully considered or thought out. It seems, however, that the advantage would lie with us if we could be brought to sacrifice the comfortable feeling of having accomplished something, to the still more comfortable one of having accomplished it well.

It is true that the *Monthly* exercises some influence on the literary life of the college, and the committee of the senior class who have been permitted to direct this influence feel that it has been a very great privilege.

The editors announce the following board for the year 1902-3 :—

Editor-in-chief, Maude Barrows Dutton ; Literary Editor, Eva Augusta Porter ; Sketches, Ellen Gray Barbour ; Editor's Table, Klara Elisabeth Frank ; Alumnæ Department, Elizabeth Seaver Sampson ; About College, Helen Flora McAfee ; Managing Editor, Margaret Hamilton Wagenhals ; Business Manager, Fanny Hastings.

EDITOR'S TABLE

Some of the readers of the *Monthly* may remember the publication in 1900 of a semi-collegiate paper, entitled *East and West*, whose aim, the announcement informed us, was to serve the cause of pure literature, and especially to elevate poetry from the unworthy position of "stop-gap", to which it had been degraded in the leading periodicals of the day. In order to fulfil this laudable desire, a plea was made to the undergraduates of the various colleges, as well as to some older writers, to submit manuscript to the editors of the new magazine, and several poems by college students, some coming from members of our own institution, were published in its pages during its brief existence of one year. It seemed at first strange that the call to arms in the service of the Muse, as in other wars, should be sent out to such young and inexperienced soldiers, yet the very boldness of the editors of *East and West*, in following their original policy of encouraging rather than discouraging the productions of that rhyming period through which youth is proverbially supposed to pass, deserves some praise. At any rate, it is true that in our exchanges verse receives a greater proportionate amount of space than in the magazines of the outer world, and that it also escapes some of the more serious accusations, of awkwardness and perfunctoriness, which may be brought against undergraduate prose-writing.

An excellent opportunity to study the merits and demerits of youthful verse-making is offered in a book published last winter by Knight and Millet of Boston, and entitled "In College Days". It is a collection of verse from the various college magazines, made by Mr. Harrison, editor of the well-known "Cap and Gown". Here are more than two hundred pages of distinctly college verse, and one might indeed groan at the thought of reading the book from cover to cover, for there is

little variety in tone throughout. "We sing of Youth" are the opening words of the first lyric, written by Gertrude Craven, Smith '99, and the following verses have evidently been chosen to accord with this note. In this interest some of the more ambitious and unusual types of college verse have been omitted, and we miss such productions as, for example, the fragments of dramatic verse found in the Yale magazines, and the full-page poems on classic and romantic themes, which sometimes appear in the Williams Monthly.

Of the lyrics which have been included, however, all are remarkable for the smoothness and ease of their metrical form. Halting metres and forced rhymes are rare, for familiarity with the graceful measures of the nineteenth century English poets has made the ears of our generation sensitive to awkwardness in versification. Yet positive imitation is no more frequent in these verses than is positive originality. The themes are simple, sincere, limited in scope, and invariably lacking in a strong note of personality. It is as if these songs had indeed come from the heart of youth, abstract, generalized, and not from the hearts of youths, each beating to its own measure.

The lyrics of "In College Days" fairly represent the verse that appears in our exchanges from month to month, and they also represent with some fairness the temper of the society from which they spring. The very evenness of mood which is found here, the lack of strenuousness, and of extremes of enthusiasm, are characteristic of the undergraduate world of to-day, and the book will in later years keep our reminiscences faithful to the truth, as reminiscences are not sure to be.

Besides the opening song by Miss Craven, the volume contains verse from Smith by Alice Jackson '98, Florence Perkins 1900, Laurel Fletcher 1900, Cornelia Gould 1900, Margaret Piper 1901, Ethel Hawkins 1901, Edith Laskey 1901, Helen Howes 1901, Nina Almirall 1901, Ellen Barbour 1903, and others, whose signatures are not given.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The Hartford Smith College Club was organized five years ago with seventeen members. The membership increased rapidly and now numbers fifty-six. Six meetings are held during the year, and until

The Hartford Club this season they have been purely social, with an occasional open meeting, when Dr. Robbins gave a lecture on Settlement Work, and Mrs. Kelley spoke for the Consumers' League. This year there has been a speaker for each meeting, and the plan has seemed to meet with general approval. In January, Professor Wood gave a very interesting address before the club. At the next meeting, it is looking forward with pleasure to a talk by Miss Hanscom, on "The Influence of Society on the College".

In the fall of 1900 the club gave a reception for President Seelye, Miss Czarnomska, and Professor Wood, to which, beside personal friends of the members, the Wellesley, Vassar, and Mt. Holyoke clubs were invited, together with various people known to be interested along social and educational lines. This proved a very enjoyable affair, and this year the Wellesley club returned the courtesy by inviting the Smith club with the other college clubs to a similar reception to meet their President, Miss Hazard, who gave a very interesting talk pertaining to Wellesley.

The object of the Hartford Smith College Club, as stated in its constitution, is two-fold, namely, to help Smith College, and to increase the college interest among the members. Helping the college has been taken to mean financially, and it has always been the aim of the club to send each year a goodly sum to its alma mater. Up to the present time the club has raised something over eight hundred dollars for the college. This sum has been raised in different ways. The first year a small play was given, and the next year the club tried earning money individually. In 1900, under the auspices of the club, Professor Bradley of Wesleyan gave a lecture on liquid air, which was most interesting and enjoyable. For the last two years the plan of voluntary contributions has been adopted, and this seems to this club, after all, the best way. Any entertainment means a mountain of work for a very few, and practically the same few each year, so that while more money may be raised in that way—provided everything is successful, and there are many chances to the contrary—it seems hardly fair for the club to ask so much of a few members. Most lectures, too, are more or less uncertain to realize the profit expected, and the club has the expense to bear. So that, by and large, the Hartford club feel better satisfied to earn and give individually as the members are able, and save themselves the nervous wear and tear of getting up en-

tainments and lectures. As to the other part of our object, increasing the college interest among the members, it has been found that in general the interest of the members in the college is in proportion to the work they do for it.

While the Hartford club, as a club, has taken no active part in the solution of any of the problems of the day, social, domestic, or educational, individually the members are a power of good in the city, and their lives and college training are influential in more ways than one. In their various stations, in teaching, settlement work, neighborhood visiting, club work for boys and girls, and in short wherever they are, in their homes and in society, they are doing their part well in their day and generation, and the world is the better for their having gone to college.

We have read in the *Smith College Monthly* of the alumna in settlement work, in professional life, in a business career, and in all stages of graduate study. Any new profession successfully entered by women has been immediately written up and the courageous pioneer applauded

The College Girl at Home urged forward. I wonder if due attention has been given to the conscientious, and at times even more courageous, woman who stays at home and shoulders duties not particularly congenial, not easily inspiring, and does them with all the ability and broad common sense her college life has—or ought to have—given her.

It is not easy to face the inability of sending to the alumnae department of the *Monthly* a neat label to put in that column we all eagerly scan for familiar names; it is not always easy to justify one's existence to ambitious friends who ask, "and what are you doing this year?" though in one's inmost soul one's existence seems of great importance. However, the subject of this paper is not to plead for honor to the stay-at-home, but to show that life may be very full and satisfying and altogether worth while, even if one is living at home, it may be in a small town having few advantages to offer, and in more or less "financial dependence",—perhaps because of these very conditions.

Some time ago there appeared in a weekly journal an article vindicating the usefulness of the college woman who devotes herself and the knowledge she gained in her days of study to the odds and ends of daily life,—life in her home,—in her town. The wise writer of the article held that what of usable leisure there is in this world, especially this American world, belongs to the women; men are too fully absorbed in their business—or their pleasures—to make good use of leisure, and things of great importance which can only be done by people of leisure are thus left largely to the women.

Because these duties can not be labeled as life work, let them not be despised. But endless, constant care must be exercised that this same leisure be not crammed full of clubs, committees, or classes. Leave time for a bit of "home-keeping" and some enjoyments purely social; these have been the profession of women since the world began, and it does not seem time yet to crowd them entirely one side.

Do you hear the girl with a mission saying, "But I am not needed. My mother wishes to do the housekeeping. I must live my own life." Make it

your mission to show your family how one's life may be lived at home. It is not necessary to do all the housekeeping in order to earn one's right to stay at home.

All this talk about "financial independence" seems to me very silly. Of course in many cases there is no question at all, a girl is forced to earn her own living; I am writing of the girl who can choose. In the case of the college girl I think the question of "female parasitism" need not be taken into account,—the danger is in the other direction. Our value in life is determined by the way in which we do what we have chosen. All honest work is important, and often that for which no direct salary is received is fully as important as that which has a definite money value,—or more so,—though this, I am sure, is often hard to believe. Are we not to all intents and purposes financially independent if we are doing honest work in the best way we know how and at the same time receiving our support from some one greatly benefited by that work? It must be true that the woman who makes the home and rears the children is as surely entitled to her share of the income as the man whose more definite but certainly no more valuable share in the labors of life is the direct cause of that income,—Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson to the contrary notwithstanding. So it is in the broader community life; often most important positions give least financial return, but these positions must be taken by those who will give honest time and earnest effort to them—not just the left-over scraps from a tired man's office hours.

Just here, if there were space, I should like to say a great deal about the room for such effort on the boards of our common schools. One of our candidates for *alumnæ* trustee has done much in this way to improve the schools of the village in which she lives; and in the cities many similar places now given over to politics should be filled by intelligent people with leisure. Take the small New England or western town. In the one, able men are often busied elsewhere, and all traditions of New England culture, of ample and free education, of village neatness and prosperity, must be kept alive by the women. In the western town there are no traditions. Everything leading to culture must be begun; conditions are raw material; utility is the first cry. What a field for usefulness to the college girl with a home and relatives eager to keep her with them! Suppose she is not needed to keep house, has her college life given her no new ideas in domestic science and economy which the weary housekeeper will be glad to adopt? Has her acquaintance with the dainty rooms of her artistic friends given her no deftness in rearranging the perhaps rather commonplace home that it may be a new joy to masculine eyes?

Then in the town itself there is work in connection with the schools, the library, the church, new clubs to be started among the young people, new ideas for village improvement to be encouraged and aided in the carrying out—all this work largely unsalaried, but of the first importance if well done. To particularize, I know of no bodies of people needing new life and new methods more than the typical missionary or charitable societies of the older churches, and no new organizations which it is so important to start on the right basis than the same societies in country towns. The cities—or most of them—have the associated charities and church federations; the smaller

towns have no such aids in taking up the wiser methods of doing good. When home life is narrow and confined, when opportunities for self-improvement are few, the problem is hard. One misses desperately the congenial companionship of other students or workers. But after most of one's life has been spent in self-improvement, it seems reasonable to devote some of the results to improvement of others. I think that is why settlement work has appealed so strongly to the college girl—it is such a definite output for all the energy acquired in the four college years, and altogether the easiest and most contented life for the average girl, who is curious to know if all the theories with which she left college will hold water, and who longs to have her time definitely occupied. Teaching too fills many wants; here one is constantly giving out, yet with many and definite opportunities for self-improvement. If places could be changed occasionally many needs might be met, for to my mind the settlement worker and the girl who has given herself up to making home happy are equally in danger of becoming unbalanced, and I knew a teacher—a college girl—who once said, "Every five years I take a year off and stay at home and keep house, otherwise I should lose my sense of proportion." The relative value of things changes much in the two lives.

If an apprenticeship has been served in a settlement or as a teacher, then life at home may become even more delightful and valuable. One has learned to plan one's time and has earned the right to set aside part of the day or week for special employment, and in the home and the life of the town will occur endless opportunities for putting in practice all that has been gained in the years of experience and study.

ELEANOR H. JOHNSON '94.

To the undergraduate the alumna must ever be something of an enigma. Her exits and her entrances are unavoidable and to-be-expected incidents of the college year. Courtesy chronicles her advent as an item of the monthly news. Her cheerful gossip, her criticisms, kindly or otherwise, perhaps furnish themes for discussion at one of the many student tables. But the gossip passes into oblivion. The criticism, after rousing mild indignation at the garbling manners of report current in the "outside world", is forgotten. To the present-day Smith girl the comings and goings of her sisters of prehistoric time are but interpolations. They have no vital connection with the drama of to-day. That is but as it ever has been, and, perhaps not unnaturally, ever shall be. The point of view of the alumna can but be something of an enigma. Whether she stir, ever so slightly, some few of the college world with the fleeting impression of a buoyant personality, whether her inoffensive prosiness pass most quietly "like ladies' skirts across the grass", she is ever attended by the unseen guard that pity lends her. She recognizes this, and as truest courtesy greets it and finds it sweet. From glad hearts filled with the pleasure of to-day, it is meted her whose college joy is of the past and who returns, an exiled Peri, to view the glories of her old-time Paradise.

But it is not entirely with a reflecting nor even reminiscent gladness that the alumna greets again the college world. She is part now of the *Zeitgeist*—the world spirit—of a larger life than her college girlhood ever knew. She has been "out in the wide wide world". With her college memories wrapped

warm and safe in her heart, she has gone out on the roadways of earth; put her strength to work the world's work; found the power and privilege of the human soul and the almightiness and love of the Divine. What was vision, in the old days under the trees on the back campus, has become reality. What was a mystery has become a vision glorious.

All these things the "old alum" has in her heart when she enters the college yard. "The world and the world's work" is her thought in regard to these hurrying crowds of girls. She glories in them for what they mean to the future—to this twentieth century whose opportunity is so vast, and which offers such grand tasks to the college-bred man and woman. Home and the church and the state, all are calling the man and woman of to-day. Little details of household care of which few have the patience or the wit to see the value; homes to be made whose peace shall hold the hope of the nation; issues of policy and statecraft that need men's strength and women's insight to develop; questions of right that need supporting; triumphs of self-denial; every-day duties and laws, that "Christ may find Faith when he come"; literature, art, science; nature and childhood and the coming brotherhood of man, which is but another name for the Kingdom of God; what is there not to be done! All the great accomplishments of the past but open doors to the future—to the now that waits with next June's Commencement Day.

The "old alum" remembers the loyalty of college spirit that would send to Coventry one who dared suggest a wider field, a greater glory, than lay under the shadow of the alma mater. She remembers the partings of senior year, and the sad refrain of "Where, oh where are the grave old Seniors?" She would that her present vision might be that of senior year. What grand class work it would mean. What a joy-full Commencement! What an ivy oration that should ring through every heart and mind like a trumpet call to go forward into life.

She is of the happy past, the "old alum", but yet of the happier future. From the scenes of college she has stepped to the larger stage of life to find that it but includes the first. She has found that the college friendships that were founded on love of truth and appreciation of its beauty belong to the eternal verities. Every new glimpse of truth, each new beauty, brings them closer. There can be no sadness, nor any real parting with such possessions, though a continent stretch between. This is one of the blessed secrets of life. And life has wonderful secrets. To whosoever rediscovers the faith of a child she shows her other "soul-side".

The wide, wide world? Find the heart of it, work for it, live for it, make it "open its soul" to you. So shall you "love it".

MARIAN HASTINGS JONES '97.

One hundred and six years ago the University of North Carolina welcomed its first class of students. It is, next to the University of Pennsylvania, the

oldest state educational institution in the Union. The corner-stone of its first building, now called the Old East, was laid in the year 1798, and the university itself was formally opened in 1795. Nineteen years earlier the first constitution of the

state had provided for its establishment, and in 1789 the General Assembly had granted a charter.

For seventy years from its foundation, the university flourished. Then came the disastrous period of the civil war during which North Carolina lost more sons in proportion to her population than any other state, North or South. These were the darkest days in the history of the university. From '61 to '71, sharing the misfortunes of her children, she struggled in vain against grievously adverse conditions until finally she felt obliged to close her doors. But four years later, by the zealous efforts of a few loyal sons, they were again opened. Recently, the twenty-fifth anniversary of that happy event was celebrated with great rejoicing.

To-day, with five hundred and sixty-four students and forty-five professors and instructors, the university faces a future rich in promise. Cherishing the time-honored traditions of a memorable past, she none the less readily adapts herself to the more complex problems of the present. Meanwhile, past and present are bound together by the love and loyalty of her devoted alumni, a long and illustrious line, whose honors are her pride. Among her sons are counted one president of the United States, two vice-presidents, ten cabinet ministers, seventeen ministers to foreign courts, fourteen United States and Confederate States senators, twenty governors of states, twenty-two justices of the Supreme Court, sixteen generals, four bishops, eighteen college presidents, and fifty-nine professors in colleges and universities—among them our own professor of Latin, Dr. Brady.

The seat of the university is Chapel Hill, Orange County, twenty-eight miles northwest of Raleigh, near the center of the state. On this hill, years before the university was founded, an Episcopal church, or chapel as it was then called, had been built, around which grew up the little village named from it, Chapel Hill. Near the original site, a second chapel was built many years ago,—a beautiful and rare example of the pure Elizabethan style.

The campus is forty-eight acres in extent. Upon it are picturesquely grouped the sixteen university buildings, among them the beautiful library, Smith Hall, which contains over forty thousand books and pamphlets, and Alumni Hall, nearly completed,—one of the finest buildings in the state.

Close to the eastern gates of the campus one enters a tract of forest land, five hundred acres in extent, owned by the university. Here, for over fifty years, Dr. Kemp Plummer Battle, "Father of the New University", one-time president, and now its honored professor of history on the alumni foundation, in his leisure hours transformed a wilderness into the lovely park that now bears his name. The innumerable paths he made lead into the heart of a woodland paradise. If you can imagine our own well-remembered Paradise in Northampton ever so many times larger, more varied as to hill and dale and dell, a thousand little brooks running through it, a hundred paths crossing in every direction, leading at last through richly wooded tracts, down stately avenues of long-leaved pines, to a superb view called Piney Prospect,—perhaps you will agree with me in considering a stroll through Battle's Park one of the most delightful features of life at the university. I must not forget to add that scattered here and there and everywhere throughout the park, spanning the little brooks, at the frequent cross-roads, and facing the magnificent view before mentioned, stand the old green benches removed years ago from the

university lecture rooms. Covered with deeply cut initials, class-numbers, devices of all kinds dear to the undergraduate heart, they lend to this lovely Arden a pleasing suggestion of the more studious atmosphere of Academia.

In 1897 it was decided to open the higher courses of the university to women. It was the good fortune of two of us, of the class of '98,— Mary Pearson Kendrick and the writer,— to be the first women-students admitted to the Graduate School. In September '98 we went to Chapel Hill, from Boston to Norfolk by water, the rest of the way by train, and spent there a memorable year, receiving our M. A. degree in May '99. The requirements for that degree we found to be substantially the same as at other universities: one year in residence, including at least fifteen hours a week of recitations or lectures; three subjects, one major and two minors; satisfactory examinations in the same, and an acceptable thesis in connection with the major subject. Our majors were Greek and German, our minors Latin and pedagogy. We also joined classes in modern Greek and Spanish. All of these courses we found to be of the greatest interest and value.

Pleasant quarters were found for us close to the campus, and here we spent a very happy year. The climate was delightful, though we were assured that we had happened upon the coldest winter in forty years. We had a few cold, snowy days now and then, but they were exceptions to the general rule of warmth and brightness. On New Year's Day, for instance, we went out without wraps, and on Washington's Birthday wore white gowns. I wish it were possible to give a complete picture of that pleasant year, including all the many elements of novelty and real interest that combined to make it one we will not soon forget. But that would take a small book, and still the half would not have been told. Suffice it to say that nothing could exceed the kindness and thoughtfulness of our president, Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, now president of Tulane University; of the faculty of the university, their families, and other residents of the village, to whom we were indebted for a thousand courtesies. Our fellow-students were always most considerate. There was not a trace of the anti-co-education feeling so often met with in less chivalrous northern institutions. To be sure, there were only nine women-students in all, at the time, and our presence was still something of a novelty.

As may be imagined from the foregoing, the social side of life at the university was of the most delightful character. The proverbial hospitality of the South was extended to us in full measure, on all sides. We enjoyed it keenly at the time and will always remember it with great pleasure.

The village itself, with its quaint, straggling, unpaved streets, broad and well shaded; the Cherokee roses and honeysuckle that ran riot along them; the unaccustomed sight of the cotton fields, their low bushes covered at the same time with delicate blossoms and bursting pods; the very ugly but useful buzzards that occasionally sailed into view; the deceptive persimmon, sometimes luscious, too often painfully the contrary; the contented and, in most cases, picturesque squalor of the numerous negro population with complexions of every shade—cream, yellow, saffron, tan, chocolate, black; the omnipresent pickaninnies with a humorous list of names tacked on to nearly every roly-poly mite,— Jeremiah Backstep Eli Bones Napoleon Mason, for one true and shining example; the old fashioned cotton mill down the road, where we saw

for the first time Eli Whitney's great invention in actual operation ; the peaceful little cemetery as old as the town ;—all these claimed a share of our attention and interest, for various reasons and in varying degrees.

We left the university with genuine regret, not altogether relinquishing the hope of coming back again as students, some future year. Meanwhile, we deeply appreciate the honor of being enrolled among the loyal children of that venerable and much-loved alma mater ; and we could wish for our sister alumnae of Smith no happier graduate experience than was ours while within her hospitable gates.

KATHARINE CECILIA AHERN '98.

The Business Manager of the *Monthly* wishes to express her thanks to the alumnae for their prompt and generous response to the appeal for back numbers of the *Monthly*. Within a week all the copies needed for the Congressional Library had been furnished, and many more had been offered. This seems another pleasant proof that the alumnae and the undergraduates still work together for the good of the *Monthly*.

At the recent production of "The Amazons" by the Springfield College Club, Mabel A. Paine '95, took the part of Lady Thomasin Belturbet, Frances Lips 1901 played Lady Wilhelmina Belturbet, and Florence Lilly '98 filled the rôle of Orts, the poacher.

MABEL A. PAINE '95.

The class of '92 will celebrate its decennial reunion by a luncheon on Monday, June 16, 1902, at Mrs. Gardner's, 35 Washington Avenue, Northampton.

There seems to be a steady growth in the Fund, though perhaps not a very rapid one. In addition to individual contributions, credited to classes, we

Report of the
Smith College Alumnae Committee
for the \$100,000 Fund

are able to report this month two or three special gifts, each of which represents effort and interest on the part of some community of alumnae.

The Rhode Island committee arranged in Providence, on March fourth, a lecture by Jacob Riis, the success of which is evidenced by the fact that the proceeds came to \$218.

The Chicago Smith College Association has been most energetic. It has sent us checks for \$568 and pledges for \$300 more. Most of the money paid in has been credited to the classes of those giving, but a certain proportion came from friends of the alumnae, and has therefore been reported separately.

We have received courteous and most generous expression of interest from the faculty of our own Music School. On March nineteenth Dr. Blodgett and Professor Story, Professor Mills, and Mr. Claude Fisher gave their services for a recital of unusual charm, and so enabled the Northampton committee of the Western Massachusetts Association to contribute \$166.50

The central committee urges that all pledges and other sums intended for

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

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the Fund be paid in as rapidly as possible now, in order that there may be no unnecessary accumulation of work at the last moment.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE, Chairman.
MARY VAILL TALMAGE,
GRACE A. HUBBARD.

PAYMENTS AND PLEDGES TO DATE, MARCH 25, 1902.

Class.	Paid.	Pledged.	Total.
1879	\$85 00		\$85 00
1880	40 00	25 00	65 00
1881	194 00	25 00	219 00
1882	110 00	25 00	135 00
1883	241 50	70 00	311 50
1884	182 00	5 00	187 00
1885	656 50	5 00	661 50
1886	110 50	80 00	190 50
1887	765 50	175 00	940 50
1888	104 00	1 00	105 00
1889	81 00	145 00	226 00
1890	284 00	80 00	314 00
1891	5,117 00	125 00	5,242 00
1892	168 25	160 00	328 25
1893	186 00	15 00	201 00
1894	765 00	50 00	815 00
1895	451 00	187 00	588 00
1896	326 10	50 00	376 10
1897	598 50	217 00	815 50
1898	432 00	180 00	582 00
1899	949 00	220 00	1,169 00
1900	6,647 00	357 00	7,004 00
1901	1,988 41	420 00	2,408 41
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$20,472 26	\$2,467 00	\$22,939 26
Rhode Island Alumnae, by lecture,			218 00
Chicago Alumnae Association, by contribution from friends,			126 00
Northampton committee of Western Mass. Association, by recital,			166 50
Clubs or committees, previously reported,			917 20
Alumnae Association, previously reported,			1,307 00
Non-graduates, paid,			656 00
Non-graduates, pledged,			85 00
Undergraduates, previously reported,			550 00
Amounts paid to President Seelye or Mr. C. N. Clark,			1,431 00
			<hr/>
			\$28,845 96
Gifts secured by President Seelye from friends of the college,			65,000 00
			<hr/>
Total,			\$93,845 96

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the reading room. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'01. Ruth Slade,	.	.	.	February	1
'81. Harriette Dunton Dana,	.	.	.	"	4
'94. Eleanor H. Johnson,	.	.	.	"	7
'01. Florence A. Pooke,	.	.	.	"	18
'01. Helen C. Pooke,	.	.	.	"	18
'01. Florence Hinkley,	.	.	.	"	15
'01. Marian C. Billings,	.	.	.	"	22
'01. Frances P. Lips,	.	.	.	"	22
'97. Lucy Stoddard,	.	.	.	"	22
'01. Marguerite Fellows,	.	.	.	"	22
'01. Margaret Piper,	.	.	.	"	22
'00. Edith M. Reid,	.	.	.	"	24
'01. Rebecca Robins Mack,	.	.	.	"	24
'01. Clara E. Schauflier,	.	.	.	"	24
'01. Edna G. Chapin,	.	.	.	"	22
'01. Grace M. Zink,	.	.	.	"	22
'01. E. Helena Kriegsmann,	.	.	.	"	22
'01. Ethel M. de Long,	.	.	.	"	22
'96. Josephine Perry,	.	.	.	"	25
'01. Julia Bolster,	.	.	.	"	27
'01. Amy Ferris,	.	.	.	"	27
'01. Helen F. Stratton,	.	.	.	March	8
'01. Charlotte Burgis De Forest,	.	.	.	"	4
'01. Fanny Garrison,	.	.	.	"	8
'83. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke,	.	.	.	"	8-10
'01. Helen E. Brown,	.	.	.	"	12
'99. Frances E. Rice,	.	.	.	"	16
'01. Clara Everett Reed,	.	.	.	"	22
'01. Florence Hinkley,	.	.	.	"	22
'01. Mary B. Lewis,	.	.	.	"	22
'01. Mildred W. Dewey,	.	.	.	"	22
'01. Mary F. Barrett,	.	.	.	"	22
'01. Ethel Hawkins,	.	.	.	"	22
'95. Annie Elizabeth Paret,	.	.	.	"	22
'99. Alice G. Moore,	.	.	.	"	24

Contributions to this department are desired by the last of the month in order to appear in the next month's issue and should be sent to Elizabeth S. Sampson, Tenney House.

- '94. Mrs. Daniel R. Brigham (Lillian B. Rice) lost her husband, February 19, 1902. Mr. Rice's death was due to a sudden attack of brain fever.
- '97. Caroline Tilden Mitchell is teaching history and civics at Erasmus Hall, Flatbush, L. I.

- '99. Deborah Allen Wiggin has announced her engagement to Dr. Frank Wentworth Plummer of Malden, Mass.
Elizabeth Newcomb Hall has announced her engagement to Mr. Rutger Planten of New York.
- '00. Mary Buell Sayles won the competitive scholarship given by the College Settlements Association last fall. Her home is in the Whittier House, Jersey City, and her research work consists of statistics concerning tenement house conditions in that city.
- '01. Edith Burbank announces her engagement to Mr. Antonio Manzano of New York City.
Hannah Gould Johnson announces her engagement to Mr. Sanford Stoddard of Bridgeport, Conn., Yale '99.
Fanny J. Yeaw is teaching in Hope Valley, R. I.

BIRTHS

- '91. Mrs. E. Russell Houghton (Mary Louise Phillips) a son, Russell Le Roux, born February 28, 1902.
- '98. Mrs. Charles Louis Fincke (Mattie Brown) a son, born March, 1902.

DEATH

- '98. Mary Erety Shoemaker died in Bridgeton, N. J., February 28, 1902.

ABOUT COLLEGE

Perhaps there is no more patent characteristic of our college life at present than the very critical attitude which we as a body of young people take toward everything that presents itself. What is more

Our Critical Spirit frequently said, when any groups of girls are together, than, "Oh, yes! she is bright enough, but—," or, "Did you notice—?" Certainly there is no need of filling out the sentences. We all know what follows, that each girl in the set instinctively adds what she has "noticed", until, as a matter of fact, instead of arriving at a true critical judgment, we have in its stead an exaggerated caricature.

And so we run on, holding up not only this student or that student, but, in our usual impartial fashion, the faculty and outsiders as well. We ourselves know that this is true, and as if we did not, our friends feel that there is warrant enough for them to assure us often of the fact. Indeed, this attitude is included in that newspaper reputation of ours which is such an annoyance to us all. But, to tell the honest truth of the matter, do we care in this particular case? Do we not rather glory in it just a little, and feel, in fact, that in thus being able to pick flaws, we are showing our "broad-mindedness"? By no means are we necessarily conscious of such a feeling, but it is nevertheless a fact. There are causes for the attitude, however, which, while not necessarily lessening the responsibility, do point the way to a healthier state of things.

One of these causes undoubtedly is, that to a certain extent the college age and the critical age are coincident. We would be more or less critical during these years of our lives if we were not in college, for it is just at this time that we begin to see two sides of things, that we grasp the significance of relationship between parts and wholes, and, too, that we are able to think of ourselves impersonally as well as personally.

There is another reason which tends to make us as students particularly liable to such a fault. A great part of our college work is criticism of one sort or another. This is the age of introversion, of criticism, — as Emerson says, "we are lined with eyes." So, of course, we are and should be trained in critical methods. We must of necessity, as we read and study, be on the alert to apply our principles, to be willing, regardless of tradition, to note defects as well as excellencies. And why not?—or with Emerson, "Must that needs be evil?" Certainly not. The harm is simply that for some reason, as before, the premium seems to rest with picking flaws rather than with recognizing merit. Why is it that being able to point to a certain line on page two hundred and so-and-so, where we think our author has overstepped

the bounds of good taste, seems to give us a more unique satisfaction than to sit back with book closed ready to prove that his is a most forceful, all-powerful style? Perhaps this implication is a little severe, but at all events, the habit of picking to pieces and sizing up does follow us out of the classroom, and we practice the technique of our critical judgments on anything and everything that comes within the range of our experience.

More fundamental than these causes for this unhealthy attitude, however, is a lack of loyalty,—not loyalty to our class, not even to our college alone, but rather a bigger, broader loyalty to all men and women, to all humanity. By no means are we as students alone at fault in this particular. As Colonel Wright said in his Washington's Birthday address, this is one of the great reasons why women are less efficient than men as employees in great organized institutions. They cannot as yet lose themselves as individuals in the life of the organization as a whole. They have not that inherent loyalty which for centuries has run from man to man toward his king, his proprietor, his employer, bringing about the unity which is necessary for the success of any great undertaking. Undoubtedly there is truth here. The idle gossip of the sewing circle, with all of weakness and harm that it implies, is not merely a tradition.

Now about the responsibility involved in this. Here we are in a college community, the most ideal communal life that now exists for women, we know what it means to be loyal, we have our class, our college. to create this right spirit within us. Why not let it develop, and freeing it from all petty individualism, why not let it grow stronger and more comprehensive? For what greater result could there be from this college system, in what way could we work more practical good than by going out into the world, each and every one of us, women big enough, true enough, loyal enough to be above petty criticism?—to say with Emerson :

"Life is too short to waste
In critic peep or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand.
'Twill soon be dark.
Up! mind thine own mark, and
God speed the mark!"

MAUDE ELLIS MELLE 1902.

The sophomore-freshman game was played on Saturday afternoon, March 22. The game was won by the sophomores with a score of 55-19. Excitement seemed to run even higher than usual this year, and the

The Game clock had hardly ceased striking two before the lines in front of the gymnasium were of great length. We were fortunate in having a beautiful day and so warm a one that the ushers in their white dresses and straw hats, with purple or yellow trimmings, actually looked comfortable. The doors were opened at half-past two, much to the relief of everyone, and happy was she who found a place even in the second row of standing-room.

The gymnasium was gay in purple and yellow. The unicorn of the sophomores ran riot on its white bunting and looked as if he were going to carry everything before him. But from across the way the mad March hare of the

freshmen looked him back fairly in the eye, and somehow the very look was a challenge and, figuratively at least, the unicorn pranced and the lion roared and the jabberwock chortled to the little hare, and everybody was surer than ever that her own particular team was going to win. Then, too, President Seelye was with us again this year, and as he threw back his coat showing the purple and the yellow, everyone felt an added thrill of excitement and loyalty.

Before three o'clock all of the faculty and the girls were present and in the time yet remaining the purple and the yellow proclaimed loudly to the yellow and the purple that their respective classes were the finest classes in college and their teams the finest teams that ever held a ball. And 1903 and 1904 almost forgot their own prowess and agreed with them.

At about half-past three the sophomore sub-team rushed in carrying a purple litter on which sat their mascot: a small girl dressed in a purple gym-suit and bearing aloft a basket-ball with the word "Victory" on it.

Then came the 1905 sub-team, drawing a yellow car in which was standing their March hare, clad in her herald costume of yellow, decorated with the freshman and junior emblems and triumphantly blowing a trumpet.

When the 1904 regulars rushed in, they were greeted by instantaneous cheering and singing which ceased only when the freshmen took up the cry for their team.

The ball was put into play and, as at the "big game" last year, the freshmen almost immediately scored a point by a free throw for the basket. The cheering was so great that Miss Berenson was obliged to request the girls to suspend applause during the progress of the game.

The foul made thus early in the game did not augur well for the rest of the half, for although both teams evinced careful training in their plays there were far too many delays caused by fouls.

When the referee called time the score stood 28-9 in favor of 1904. The freshmen were by no means discouraged, however, and in the intermission their "Oh, du lieber 1905, we'll beat them yet", answered defiantly 1904's "You can't get the ball".

The excitement during the second half of the big game is always more intense than in the first, and the playing, particularly on the part of the freshmen, is steadier. This year was no exception to the rule. The freshmen again scored the first basket and throughout the half the team play of both sides was fine. The number of fouls called, however, although five less than in the first half, was altogether too many.

The game of basket-ball which we now play offers such great opportunities for scientific and snappy playing, that it seems as if some efficient means should be devised whereby fouling should be stopped. No game, no matter how admirable individual or team play may be, can be satisfactory either to the onlookers or to the players themselves when the course of the game is being constantly interrupted on account of fouls.

The final score of 55-19, while reflecting great glory on the 1904 team, does not represent quite fairly the respective merits of both teams. For as each goal made from the field counts two points, the score increases faster than everyone realizes, and 1905 may well be proud of its freshman team.

EDITH NAOMI HILL 1903.

On March 5, La Société Française presented "Le Barbier de Séville", by Beaumarchais. The cast was as follows:

Le Comte Almaviva,.....	Susan Kennedy
Bartholo,.....	Alta Zens
Rosine,.....	Edith Goode
Figaro,.....	Ernesta Stevens
Don Bazile,.....	Margaret McCutchen
La Jeunesse,.....	Brooke van Dyke
L'Eveillé,.....	Candace Thurber
Un Notaire,.....	Edna Cushing.
Un Alcade,.....	Florence Wells

The presentation of this delightful little comedy was remarkably well sustained. Edith Goode was a most charming Rosine, and she seemed to have lived herself thoroughly into the part. From her first appearance in the balcony scene to the very end she fascinated the audience and held their sympathy and interest. Miss Kennedy, although apparently not quite so much at home upon the stage, gave an interesting interpretation of her part. In many of the situations she caught and presented the adventurous and chivalrous spirit of a dashing young count, and she looked her part admirably, especially in the scene of her entrance as a soldier. But her handling of the last scene was weak generally, and fell considerably short of its possibilities, although the lapse of this last scene was disregarded in the final summing up of the merits of the part because of the skill with which she handled many of the preceding scenes.

The part which is perhaps the most difficult one in the play is that of Bartholo, Rosine's crabbed old tutor. Miss Zens showed considerable ability and humor in her impersonation of the fussy, suspicious guardian.

Miss Stevens' Figaro was spirited and clever, and her impromptu by-play was delightful. The by-play was on the whole remarkably good and diverted the attention of the audience just enough to render impossible any feeling of tediousness or monotony. One of the novel and pleasing features of the play was the introduction of several songs, two of the most effective scenes being the balcony serenade and its answer, and Rosine's music lesson.

The subordinate parts of the two servants, taken by Brooke van Dyke and Candace Thurber, were acted to perfection. The Société Française is to be congratulated on its unusual success.

For the past few years our college has enjoyed the dubious honor of being very much "in the public eye", in the newspaper world. We have had no reason to feel deeply flattered at the picture of ourselves seen in that mirror.

"Who is responsible for this sensational writing?" we are asked repeatedly. "Do college girls write such accounts?" "Of course not!" we answer indignantly when the question is put by an outsider. And yet we are not sure when we make this denial, for very few of us know what sort of journalistic work is being done in college.

Now this lack of definite assurance in the matter, this vague feeling of uncertainty as to whether college girls really write such accounts or not, points very sharply to a grave lack in our student organization, namely the

lack of a journalistic club or association of some kind,—a club which should give definite recognition to this kind of work, in the eyes of the college as a whole. We are so highly organized already, as a college, that the mere suggestion of such a club may seem wearisome.

And yet while we have clubs and societies representing the many and varied interests in almost every other line, ought we not to have some organization for so serious and important an interest,—an interest which represents to some extent the college to the outside critical public?

The possible advantages to be gained from such a club would be many. In the first place, such a club would be a decided protection to the girls who are doing journalistic work. It would prevent vague suspicion from attributing sensational reports to wrong sources.

Again, such a club might be very helpful in deciding doubtful questions involving the propriety of using certain material for the public unfamiliar with the attendant circumstances of college life. It might make more definite the line which is often so hard for the college correspondent to fix,—the line between college loyalty and newspaper enterprise. Such a club ought to make the impression given to the outside public of the life of the college more uniform and characteristic.

While the college correspondent can not usually be held accountable for sensational writing, she often is guilty of giving a one-sided and inadequate view in her representation.

It is so easy to over-emphasize the purely social side, and to allow the other and equally characteristic expressions of college life to be lost to sight or painfully subordinated. Then we are surprised and annoyed when the outside public thinks us predominantly "social".

Lastly, such a club might be a source of great stimulus to both the girls doing journalistic work as simple correspondents and to those doing more or less critical work.

The great condition of success in such a club, must of course, lie in the cordial and earnest interest and co-operation of all the girls in college who are doing this work.

Both from the personal and the college point of view—from the consideration of the help which individual girls might derive from it, and from the truer and more adequate expression of the life of the college which might be given to the public from its influence, I think such a club would justify its own existence.

FLORENCE JESSIE BRIGHT 1902.

Will all the girls who are interested in the formation of such a club kindly communicate with F. J. Bright, Tenney House?

On Saturday, March 8, beginning at half past two, there took place in the gymnasium the third annual inter-class competitive gymnastic drill. While

the occasion did not call forth as much excitement as the annual sophomore-freshman basket-ball game, the college showed its great enthusiasm and interest in the event by the crowded state of the running-track and by the frequent applause, which had, in some instances, to be suppressed.

The order of events and method of scoring were practically the same as those of the two preceding drills. All four classes competed in floor-work and running, the freshmen, sophomores, and seniors under Miss Berenson's command, and the juniors, led by Miss Fearey. In the marching, the classes were commanded by their respective captains, Edna Capen 1905, Emma Dill 1904, Fannie Clement 1903, Margery Ferris 1902. The class scoring the highest number of points in these three events is awarded a banner, of course of the right color, which is presented by the Gymnasium and Field Association.

The apparatus-work came next, or "stunts" to use the more colloquial term, and two girls from each class entered the lists for each event. The privilege of having its name engraved on the beautiful silver loving-cup presented by Mrs. Clarke, is awarded to the class scoring the highest number of points, and the cup is kept by the captain of the class until the next drill.

The judges were Mrs. Clarke, who acted as recorder, Miss Wright, director of the Radcliffe Gymnasium, Miss Perrin of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, Miss Johnson, Director of Gymnastics at the Hospital for the Insane at Northampton, Miss Sheperdson, Director of gymnastics in the Northampton Public Schools.

After the order of events was gone through with, the judges compared notes, and a breathless hush ensued until Mrs. Clarke announced that the banner would be yellow again this year, and then pulled a purple ribbon out of the cup. Then amidst the wildest excitement and much joyful noise, the captains of the winning classes, Edna Capen 1905, and Emma Dill 1904, the latter carrying the cup, were borne around and around the gymnasium on the shoulders of their devoted "companies".

Owing to the new rules this year, that no girl should be allowed to enter for more than three events, the individual scores in apparatus-work were not as large as they might otherwise have been. Exceptionally good work was done by Katharine Holmes 1902, who made, as last year also, the best individual score, of 11 points; Fannie Clement 1903 coming next, with a score of 9 points; Emma Dill 7 points.

The number of points won by the classes who were in drill last year, in floor-work, running, and marching, was higher in each case, showing improvement. The freshmen scored the highest in floor-work, and this is especially to their credit, first because of the comparatively little practise they had had, and then because of the large class, there being sixty on the floor.

The marching of the junior class was exceptionally good, and was the only event in which the judges reached the unanimous decision, separately, that it deserved the highest mark, of 5 points. The class was under the disadvantage of having to change captains, owing to Miss Ames' illness some time since, but Miss Clement triumphed over her trying position with all the ease and skill that could be desired.

It is worthy of note that a woman who is fully competent to judge said we ought to feel proud of our gymnasium work here, for nowhere outside of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics had she seen anything that could rank with it.

The following list of events shows the score of each class. Floor-work was marked on the scale of 10, marching and running each on the scale of 5. The first place in each event of the apparatus-work counted 3 points, and the second, 2.

Events.	1902	1903	1904	1905
Floor-work—Scale 10,	8 $\frac{1}{4}$	7 $\frac{1}{4}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	9
Marching—Scale 5,	8 $\frac{3}{4}$	5	8 $\frac{3}{4}$	4
Running—Scale 5,	8 $\frac{3}{4}$	4	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Total,	15 $\frac{1}{4}$	16 $\frac{1}{4}$	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$

Events.	1902	1903	1904
Climbing ropes—speed,	Holmes, 3	H. Clark, 2	
Ropes for form,	Childs, 2		Norris, 3
Somersault,			Dill, 3
			Cushing, 2
14 ropes,			Dill, 3
			Dana, 3
Balance-weigh,	Holmes, 3		Kingsbury, 2
Incline ladder,	Bohannon, 3		Barkley, 2
Window ladder (zigzag),	E. Vanderbilt, 2		Hudson, 3
Window ladder, horizontally,	Henderson, 3		Alden, 2
Jump between double booms,	Knapp, 2	Post, 3	
Window ladder (head first),		Clement, 3	Dana, 2
Vaulting box,		Fuller, 2	Cushing, 3
Running high jump,	Putnam, 2	Clement, 3	
Balance beams,	Holden, 2		Mayo, 3
Saddle vault,		Fuller, 3	Crawford, 2
Basket-ball throwing,	Holmes, 2	Beecher, 3	
Swing jump,	Holmes, 3		Southworth, 3
Oblique vault,		Leavens, 3	Dill, 2
Sprint,		Clement, 3	
		Tindall, 2	
	27	27	36
	15 $\frac{1}{4}$	16 $\frac{1}{4}$	16 $\frac{1}{2}$
	42 $\frac{1}{4}$	43 $\frac{1}{4}$	52 $\frac{1}{2}$

On March 12, 1902, another Glee Club Concert made an interesting bit of college history. Even the sun was in a jovial flutter of anticipation when he rose in the morning, for he bethought himself of

Glee Club Concert Spring and grew warm at the thought. Since he seemed so appreciative, it was an ungrateful proceeding to bar him out with heavy tapestries and window curtains and not allow him one peek at the merry festivities in all the campus houses during the afternoon. The halls appropriated for dancing, for the time being, looked their prettiest and most artistic, and so natural that not the faintest suspicion could attach to them of not having been "to their adornments born".

The scene in the evening at the Academy of Music was the usual animated and social one of intense interest on the part of the audience in their neighbors, their neighbor's gowns, and their guests. One was recalled to a proper sense of the nature of the evening's entertainment only by the opening lines of *Fair Smith* sung by her equally fair daughters. *Fair Smith* at the beginning of our concert program always has very much the effect of Battalion. Attention! at the beginning of a military drill. Everyone straightens up, looks expectant and questioning as if to say: "And now?" This year the query was most satisfactorily answered, and the optimistic expectations of all were realized.

The Glee Club was in splendid trim. Its selections were sung with appreciation and feeling. As a whole, perhaps a lighter repertory would have been more to the taste of the audience, and more in accord with the old glee spirit: selections with more teasing melodies—the sort that persist in forcing themselves on one's attention for days after. The most popular selections were as usual the late comic opera airs deep-dyed with local coloring; and the allusions this year to our vigorous usage at the hands of "the Powers that Be" were made with charming discretion, yet clever appeal. The two songs most worthy of praise in themselves and their rendering were those written by Ruth Stevens 1903, and Ethel Chase 1902. This is very gratifying both from the pride it gives us in the versatility of our mates, and the fact that it makes our Glee Club Concert more peculiarly an expression of ourselves as Smith girls.

The Banjo Club was greeted with applause loud and long whenever it appeared, and its departure was manifested by like sign—but only through a desire to win them back. Their selections inspired both themselves and their audience with the jovial feeling befitting the time and place, and the fascinating little adjuncts in the way of producing the effect of rag-time dancing and drum taps proved a clever and attractive variety.

The Mandolin Club always tinkles its way softly and sweetly—yet insistently—into the favor of a college audience. Its playing was very pleasing—especially in *Schubert's Serenade* and the *Shepherd's Dance*. The most universal criticism on the concert as a whole seems to have been "The best we have had for years!"—and there is no reason for assuming that our memories have grown rusty with regard to the merits of by-gone concerts.

RACHEL BERENSON 1902.

The inauguration of Nicholas Murray Butler as president of Columbia University takes place April 19. President Seelye represents Smith College officially. Professor Gardiner, Professor Jordan, and Miss Faculty Notes Scott will also be the guests of Columbia University on this occasion.

The second annual meeting of the New England Association of Teachers of English took place in Boston at the Public Latin School, March 15. Professor Peck, Miss Cheever, and Miss Terry were present.

In Providence, on April 12, there was a general meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae. Reports were given of the work and life in some of the women's colleges. Smith was represented by Miss Caverno.

President Seelye spoke at the meeting of the New York Branch of the Smith College Alumnae Association in New York on April 5, and will address the meeting of the Boston Branch in Boston on April 26. On April 6, President Seelye preached in Montclair, New Jersey.

The first general meeting of the Federation of the Alliance française took place in New York on March 5. As a former secretary of the committee of Brooklyn, Mademoiselle Vincens was asked by the Committee of Paris to represent Northampton and Smith College at the conference. The Alliance française was founded in Paris in 1883 by a number of literary and political men of France. The object is to maintain among the French settled in foreign countries the love of their mother tongue and to encourage them to spread in these countries the French language and literature. Until last January no connection existed between the different groups of the Alliance in this country. The object of the Federation is to keep these groups in touch with each other and thereby strengthen the association. The specific object of the meeting in New York was the making of a constitution and the election of an executive committee.

The first meeting of the American Philosophical Association took place at Columbia University March 31 and April 1. The Association was organized last fall with Professor J. E. Creighton of Cornell University as President, Professor A. T. Ormond of Princeton University as Vice-President, and Professor H. N. Gardiner of Smith College as Secretary and Treasurer. Professor Gardiner was present at this meeting and also Mr. Perry, who read the opening paper of the first session, entitled "Poetry and Philosophy".

Signor di Campello is president of the Circolo Italiano of Boston, an offshoot of the Societa Dante Alighieri of Rome. Signor di Campello is now giving at the Hancock School, under the auspices of the Twentieth Century Club, the course of lectures previously referred to in these notes. The titles and dates are as follows: March 14—L'italiano in Italia e l'italiano in America. March 21—Le opportunità di un italiano in America. March 28—Prosperità e successo dell'italiano in America. April 4—Diritti e doveri dell'italiano nella sua patria adottiva.

Mrs. Lee has an article in the April Critic entitled "The Romantic Essay".

The March number of the Philosophical Review contains a discriminating book review by Professor Pierce, of "An Introduction to Psychology" by Mary Whiton Calkins, Professor of Psychology in Wellesley College. Miss Calkins, it will be remembered, is a graduate of Smith College of the class of '85. Professor Pierce's judgment of the book is expressed in his opening and closing sentences: "This is a decidedly good book." "But all in all the present writer regards this as the best text book that has yet appeared. Its subsequent use with his own classes will alter or confirm this opinion."

"Zu den langen Flexions und Ableitungssilben im Althochdeutschen" is the general title of a series of articles now being written by Professor Mensel. The object of these papers is to give, through a minute examination of the chief Old High German literary monuments, an accurate history of the weakening of originally long vowels in unaccented syllables, to reach certain conclusions in regard to the relative age of the weakened endings in the different Old High German dialects, and to review the theories of the cause of

this phenomenon. The first article, which appears in Vol. IV. 1. of the *Journal of Germanic Philology*, treats of the origin of the doubling of vowels in Old High German, a device employed especially in the Alemannian Benedictine Rule and the Rhine Frankish Isidor, to indicate length of quantity not borrowed from the Latin, but arising spontaneously under the influence of compound stress or double swell. An examination of the material furnished by the Benedictine Rule shows that at the time when this interlinear translation was made, the long quantity of unaccented vowels was practically untouched. Incidentally the question of the authorship of B. R. is touched upon and corrections made in the text of this monument as given in Steinmeyer's Collection of Hattamer's "*Denkmahle*" and in the new edition of Piper, in his "*Nachträge zur älteren deutschen Litteratur*".

OLIVE RUMSEY.

Josef Slivinski's piano recital, given in College Hall on Monday, March 24, was a rare treat to all who heard it. English papers, the packing of trunks, and all the other last things did not prevent a good-sized student audience from assembling and remaining throughout the concert. When a foreign-looking man, in evening dress, appeared from the ante-room and walked up the platform, carrying a piano stool, the puzzled audience grew uneasy, but finally decided to applaud, though in a hesitating manner. The man went back quietly and the people laughed at the mistake. The real M. Slivinski, without the piano stool, was enthusiastically welcomed and applauded throughout his unusually interesting and beautiful program. Especially well received were the Schumann *Fantasiestücke*, the intensely played Chopin *Polonaise Op. 44*, and the brilliant *Rhapsodie Espagnole* of Liszt. In spite of the imminent danger of breaking the ten o'clock rule, an encore was firmly and politely demanded, so M. Slivinski graciously played the C sharp minor walse of Chopin. Everyone left the concert in a happy mood, appreciating to the full the splendid opportunity so kindly given them by Dr. Blodgett, and delighted with the purity and romance of the artist's work.

ETHEL KEELER BETTS 1902.

On March 10 the college had the privilege of listening to a lecture by Rabbi Fleischer of Boston on "*Facts and Fictions about the Jews*". After an apology for attempting to deal with so

Rabbi Fleischer's Lecture large a subject in an hour's time, Dr. Fleischer drew attention to the marvelous vitality of the Jews, by which, in spite of persecutions and the utter disruption of their nation, they have survived from the earliest dawn of history to the present time. This fact he attributed to the ideal which the Jew always held before him; it was Judaism which preserved the Jew, not the Jew Judaism.

He then spoke of the gifts which the Jew has made to mankind, and among them he enumerated the idea of the one, perfect, invisible God in whose image we are made; the man Jesus; our ethical idea of "Good"; the Old and New Testaments, which were produced throughout by Jews; the church; the Sabbath Day, and the idea of the universal brotherhood of man. These inalienable and fundamental contributions to civilization were the outcome

of the Jewish genius, and it is by them that the Jews should be judged, for "we are all as good as our best".

In passing to commonly accepted fictions concerning the Jews, Dr. Fleischer tried to define what the Jews are, by telling what they are not. They are not a nation, for after 70 A. D. they ceased to have any political or national life; they are not a religious sect, for christianized Jews are Jews still; they are not a race, except as they belong to that vague division of the human family known as the Semites. They are none of these, yet they partake of all three; they are a paradox, they can perhaps be most correctly called Judeans, descendants of the old kingdom of Judea.

Another fiction is the idea of the Jew as Shakespeare has presented him in Shylock. The Jews were originally an agricultural people, but when they were driven from Judea they were never again allowed to take root. Wandering from city to city they were forced to learn how to handle money, for their property had to be in easily transferable shape. Their intelligence and shrewdness soon made them experts in financeering, and their prosperity tended to awaken the jealousy of the anti-Semites, whose prosecution was, as Mark Twain so aptly says, "a trade-union boycott in religious disguise".

Some Jews are unscrupulous, some are loud; "but," remarked the Rabbi quietly, "we are all of us only more or less loud." The Jew is always an extremist; he is to be found either in the forefront of the materialists, or among the most philosophical of thinkers.

Dr. Fleischer spoke feelingly on the subject of the conversion of the Jews. He said that no honest, sincere Jew, who was free from ulterior motives, would ever become an adherent of another faith. The Jew's loyalty to his religion has stood the test of centuries of persecution, and the world may as well realize that he can neither be persecuted nor converted out of existence.

Dr. Fleischer defined his own position as that of an American and a democrat, in the larger meaning of that term, and he predicted that as this spirit of democracy grows and develops itself, the Jew will receive his rightful recognition, and intolerance and prejudice will be done away with.

ELOISE MABURY 1902.

"The Sèvres Cup", dramatized and presented by the Dickinson House, was given on the evening of March 19. The cast was as follows:

Jean-Louis Thibaut.....	Blanche Lauriat
Comte de la Grosse.....	Alta Zens
Baron De Larage.....	Mary E. Kimberly
Abbé Raynal.....	Helena W. Porteous
Marquise de Lyones.....	Margaret B. Mendell
Berthe Sélonge.....	Maud M. Skinner
Marjolaine.....	Ruth S. Baker
Madame Sélonge.....	Margaret Nash
Mathieu.....	Bertha P. Trull
Pierre.....	Nellie D. B. Henderson

Margaret Mendell as the Marquise was very good indeed, acting her part with spirit, ease, and evident enjoyment. Blanche Lauriat's presentation of

Thibout was, as a whole, acceptable, although she did not at all times act up to her part. The scene in which Thibout stumbles into the swimming pool in trying to make his escape and is heard splashing about during his trying interview with the Count, was realistic and humorous in the extreme, and was a very good bit of dramatic work.

Marjolaine's child-like simplicity, directness, and transparent coquetry were admirably brought out in Ruth Baker's presentation of the part. Madame Sélonge was very well portrayed, and Alta Zens as Comte de la Gromière, was good, as she invariably is in a part of that sort. The minor parts were excellently well taken, the scene in the Servants' Hall and the brief appearances of Pierre being especially noteworthy.

The stage settings were artistic and appropriate, not a little attention having been paid to the tableau effects. As a whole, the play was distinctly creditable to the Dickinson House.

It was with great interest and a growing sympathy with the work that the members of the college interested in the Consumers' League listened to Mr. John Graham Brooks's lecture, held in Chemistry Consumers' League Hall on March 14, on "How to Check the Turning of the Private House into the Factory". The clear, practical, and scholarly manner in which Mr. Brooks presented the whole subject gave great weight to the strong arguments which he brought forward.

Beginning with Charles Kingsley's apparently futile efforts to procure the interest of the British government against sweat-shop evils, he showed the real results of that effort in the action which the British, Canadian, and New Zealand governments have taken against sweat-shop goods.

Thence he turned to the sweat-shops and tenement-house dens as they actually exist, with the cramped quarters, child laborers, and wretched men and women condemned to limitless hours and afflicted with diseases innumerable, among which tuberculosis is the most prevalent. From such places does much of woman's wearing apparel go forth to spread abroad disease through the homes into which the garments are carried.

Relief can come from the consumer alone, who in this age is considered the chief factor in economic production. As the Audubon Society seeks, by changing the current of demand, to save the birds from death, so the League seeks, by the same means, to release thousands of working people from deadly slavery. The department store, keenly sensitive to each fluctuation in demand, is only waiting for sufficient demand before buying League goods. A movement can scarcely be wild and faddish or beneath the notice of individuals, when governments support it and prove its value as a practical measure.

Mr. Brooks, after quoting many convincing examples, laid upon us, as women, the same responsibility toward the producer whom we employ indirectly as toward the sewing girl whom we employ directly; and he stated that only through individual and hence concerted demand for Consumers' League goods can we procure for our veritable employees better wages in the factories in which every conceivable condition is better.

ALICE WILLARD WARNER 1903.

Miss Mary C. Woodruff, who has been acting as assistant registrar for the past few years, was married at the Dewey House, on April 5, to Mr. Charles Slack of Marietta, Ohio. Miss Woodruff's resignation from the college faculty was a source of keen regret to her many friends here at Smith.

Rabbi Charles Fleischer of Boston, spoke at Vespers on Sunday, March 9.

At the open meeting of the Oriental Club, held at Chemistry Hall on the evening of March 18, Professor Kent of Yale spoke on "The Different Influences which made the Old and New Testaments".

Miss Charlotte A. Wolcott, a Smith graduate of the class of '86, has succeeded Miss Woodruff as assistant registrar of the college.

Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam, Smith '98, will read from her stories at City Hall on April 22, 1902.

CALENDAR

April 16, Lawrence House Dance.

19, Alpha Society.

~~20,~~ Washburn House Dance.

26, Entertainment for Students' Building.

23 ~~20,~~ Lion's Head, 20 Belmont Ave., and White Lodge
Dance. + *Sabbath School*

May 3, Joint Play of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

10, Phi Kappa Psi Society.

14, Junior Promenade.



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The
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May - 1902.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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**MARY ANDERSON AS AN INTERPRETER OF
SHAKESPEARE**

While the men of Shakespeare's plays are closely followed, carefully developed characters, unfolding little by little before the eyes of the spectators, his women, even the most famous of them, are sketched in, as it were, with a few bold strokes, leaving the details to be inferred from the heavier lines. For the former is needed the most consummate acting, the closest study, but it is in order to follow the plan of the artist, to be able to trace out and reproduce every finest line, every most delicate shade. For the latter is needed not only the acting to portray the character there, but the intuition that can fill in the sketch with the proper shadings, and make the suggestive outline the portrait of a life. And just here we begin to see the manifold difficulties in the interpretation of Shakespeare's women, and the heavy demands that these rôles make on the courageous actress who attempts them.

In the mere matter of physique these parts are most exacting. For the woman of Shakespeare, be she never so small, has a great many words to say to the minute; and she who undertakes to declaim these lines must have an energy and a physical robustness to send forth her speeches well-sustained to the last,

and a voice flexible and under perfect control to be ready for the swift changes in pitch and intonation, rich to reproduce the dignity, the majesty, the height and depth of Shakespeare's immortal words, and strong to carry them in their full power to the remotest corners of the auditorium. The very tremendousness of the lines themselves puts a strain on the actress that only the most impervious of constitutions can sustain.

There must be, too, the most constant and applied study of text, business, and character; a study the more wearing that it is unvaried, and the more unceasing the more it is successful. For only as the actress loses her own identity in that of the character she is impersonating, lives in that character every day, on the street, in the home, as well as on the stage, can she give to it the life that will inspire and touch the lives of those who behold her.

Any of us who have attempted to study Shakespeare can well appreciate the tremendous mental capacity that is necessary to put together the words of a character in the few crucial moments of her life, connect them with a personality that will make them one, and discover the causes for and the nature of that development that will bring them without artificial advance to the stages at which we catch glimpses of them. This, as I have said, is what makes the interpretation of Shakespeare's women so difficult and so disputed a task. The men develop, intricately though it be, step by step before our eyes; while the women develop in the intervals between, and we see them only in the moments of great tension, at the crises of life. The actress who would impersonate them must be a close observer of her sex, must know every kind of woman-nature and every possible manner of its development. Not only so, but, like a physician, she must recognize nature and development from a few isolated symptoms. If in this she misses her mark, no beauty of person, no grace of pose, no wealth of voice and power of declamation, can save her from lamentable failure. If she strikes clear and true, hers is a success to which all such accomplishments are but a setting, the jewel flashes its fire into every heart and lights there a kindred glow, because her power is the power of nature, the resistless force of a human soul.

Unlike many dramatists, Shakespeare requires of his interpreters high and strong moral characteristics. For this master was great enough to dare place upon the stage some of the deep-

est things of life. The frivolous, the small, the mean, the weak, do not enter into the principal parts of his plays except from the perspective of the strong. His wickedness is almost always the wickedness of strength, and his few renowned weak characters, like Macbeth, are ruled by passions so strong that they can not resist them, and need for their true understanding an eye that dares to pierce below the surface and read a tragedy that calls forth the sympathies of the strongest heart.

Especially is this high moral quality true of his women, of course excepting those who play the villain-parts. Some of them are prime movers in the mighty dramas where they appear. Some are content by womanly dignity and quiet love to preserve in the most turbulent, the most wicked of surroundings, a refuge of simple goodness and unruffled peace. No actress of irresponsible vanity and sordid life could begin to understand the self-devotion of Juliet, the unshaken dignity and calm of Hermione.

When we consider all this, we draw back appalled as we look at the slender figure and sunny curls of the girl of sixteen, who, out of the simple obscurity of her Louisville home, comes forward to take her place in line with those who are striving for the prize of success on the Shakesperian stage. We may imagine well the scorn of the actors who had "played Shakespeare before she was born," as, at the afternoon rehearsal, she stepped upon the stage for the first time in her life, a child, ignorant of stage business and actors' ways, crushed by their sneers and their lack of enthusiasm, beginning her long hoped for stage career with the disillusionment of a dress rehearsal.

And what did she know about acting anyway, this girl of sixteen who, disdaining the hopeless drudgery of minor parts, was to make her first appearance as Juliet? Two years before, out of patience with the routine of school life, and fired with love of the dramatic art, Mary Anderson had prevailed upon her mother to take her away from the convent school, where she was decorously getting a commonplace education, and to allow her for her life work to study the plays of the great master, with the purpose of some day living them out on the stage. And so she had worked on by herself for a weary two years, the solitude of her study broken only by ten lessons from Vandenhoff of New York, and the hopelessness of her endeavor brightened only by occasional bursts of enthusiastic praise from the few who saw her act.

What was there in this training so unique, so unadvised, to fit Mary Anderson especially for the interpretation of the Warwickshire poet? There is one point of advantage in this isolation that comes to the mind at once. Her interpretations were distinctively her own. Untrammelled by stage traditions, they were the outgrowth not of forms, customs, and ceremonies, but of a living mind, a throbbing heart. They were not made up of external actions, they were made up of soul. Living alone with these characters as long as she did, she had time to become acquainted with them, to feel their hidden development with the pulse of her own life, to breathe their atmosphere with the air of every day. Yet this solitariness had its disadvantages as well. Living by herself, depending on herself thus, she got too much of herself into it all. Unconsciously, no doubt, it glided in, but there was no one to tell her that it was there, and so it grew more and more strong until it was so welded into her interpretation that she could hardly have eradicated it had she tried. Then too there was another cause which helped on this same result. The narrowness of her sphere limited her means for observation and character study and made her seek all this in herself. This seems to me the great blemish in her work. For beautiful as her own personality, her own character is, it is obviously not the character of Juliet, Rosalind, or Perdita, and in as much as it differs from these characters in just so much does it fail to realize the perfection of interpretation.

Yet let us see where this personality of hers touched that of Shakespeare's women, wherein her personal endowments fitted her for the interpretation of the master's ideal. In physique she was tall and slender, the very personification of grace, with a face of exquisite beauty, the essence of refinement, of sensitiveness, of womanly dignity, with a crown of wavy hair, growing gracefully around her forehead and temples. In all this she portrays exactly the ideal of Shakespeare's women.

But we have seen that the acting of Shakespeare's plays requires a robust constitution, and in this Mary Anderson was not equal to the task. Her physique was not only too delicate to do full justice to the part, but broke down under the strain, so that the night of her last appearance she fainted twice on the stage, the second time never to come before the footlights again. Her voice, while rich and full, was not backed by sufficient constitution, and so gave to some the impression of being inadequate.

Mentally, Mary Anderson had every attribute to fit her for the comprehension and interpretation of Shakespearian parts. Hers was an intellect, untrained to be sure, yet logical, clear, indescribably fine, keen to follow up a thought, quick to catch a suggestion. Many have studied Shakespeare and many will, but I doubt if he ever will have a student naturally better qualified in mental endowments than the young American who studied him first in the solitude of her studio and then verified her conclusions in the full light of the stage.

It was by her moral nature that Mary Anderson added the most to the world's interpretation of Shakespeare and failed the most signally in realizing its perfection. With a character that could come through all the questionable influences of the stage, all the hurtful dazzle of theatrical publicity, as high, as strong, as pure, as unimpeachable as any loved and revered woman under the protection of private life, she could give to the women of Shakespeare that loftiness, that strength, that simple virtue, that singleness of purpose, that self-devotion, that perfect womanliness, without which they fail of their highest purpose and their deepest effect. Yet this very unimpeachableness was the rock on which she wrecked her highest success. In order to preserve such a character and such a name amidst the temptations and publicity to which she was exposed, it was necessary for her to maintain a great degree of dignity and reserve, which, being the natural trend of her character, grew so strong upon her that she was not able to throw it off entirely in her acting, and, except in the case of Hermione, this is not a characteristic of the passionate, love-stirred souls of the characters she impersonated. This it is, I think, that has brought upon her the wide spread criticism of being cold, when in reality all her power, all her passion, nay, too much of herself, was in her every motion, her every word. As I said before, too much of herself crept unconsciously into her interpretation, not from self-consciousness, but from too solitary study. And while the greater part of her personality tended to advance her success, this one quality, which is perhaps more noticeable than many a deeper, served to keep her from stirring the very depths of her listener's heart, and thus from attaining the height of perfection.

Can such a personality, so strong that it could make and mar the success of a life-effort, can such have swept over the

history of Shakespearian interpretation and have left there no trace of its presence? Surely not. To those who have seen her in Shakespearian rôles, Mary Anderson will ever remain the ideal in beauty and grace of many a Shakespearian heroine. Her careful and subtle study of the lines and characters must have cleared the way for geniuses yet unborn. While the moral tone, the lofty character, that she has given to the women of Shakespeare has lifted them, in the stage world at least, to a higher level than ever before, to a level from which they may go forward and make new conquests, raise new ideals of purity, love, and self-sacrifice, for the human soul.

MARGARET WILSON MCCUTCHEN.

RECOGNITION: A REVERIE

Some bond from beyond remembrance, from the clueless long ago,
Must be woven into our being; for, Brother, you know—you know.

The visible and invisible, you have learned their secret, too:
The voices I hear in all silences are the voices that speak to you.

Through your soul comes ever pulsing the music silence frees,
That will none of the primitive thunder of sound-born harmonies.

My earth-friends draw around me, with voice, and eye, and hand;
They ask for my soul to play with, whispering, "I understand!"

Brother of mine, you would not I should yield it so to your sight,
Willing your feet should trespass where our Maker alone has right.

The soul is a volume sacred unto the owner's eye,
For intimate the writings that on its pages lie.

Here Joy's gold-luminous handwork yields hints of rare-won light;
Here Sorrow's crimson pencil wrought in the sobbing night.

Over the shuddering parchment has swept Sin's scorching breath,
And here, where kisses linger, lay the ashy hand of Death.

Not to the sight of others, who know not how they grew,
May my pages yield their secrets, nor even unto you:

Right; yet out of such volumes shall honestly be wrought
Picture, sonata, lyric, marriage of beauty and thought

Not to be hoarded—Brother, well have I learned your lore—
Bread to be cast on the waters, glory for men to adore!

Fear not to teach the lessons mastered in hours of pain;
Only, the tear-marked volume close in your hand retain.

Picture, sonata, lyric, these for the world shall be;
Not by such mouths the message seeks to your soul from me,

Nor solely by the letter shall any find your heart;
Loving the letter's glory, mine yet is a better part:

For I reach beyond, I touch you, and know we have touched before.
I may put the letter from me, needing its aid no more.

For I make my soul a menstruum, and thus in alchemic flood
Thought re-resolves to spirit, unrecking of flesh and blood.

And I make my soul a viol whose every true-tuned string
Thrills to your mystic signals a vibrant answering,

That your music, O my master, may lead me on and on,
Till worthily I join you in fugue and antiphon!

My master, though my brother, are you, who are crowned of fame.
The guerdon I would not ask for, you are made strong to claim

Through songs deep-stored with message for them that have ears to hear—
As your April bears in her bosom the wealth of the rounding year.

Oh, wondrous is the gamut your well-loved hand controls;
To all it is not given to play upon men's souls.

To all it is not given to sound such clarion tone
As summons from every region the hearts that are your own.

Not unto me that power: you do not know my voice,
Nor guess, in any manner, you are my spirit's choice.

Yet, were mind linked securely, in conscious strength, with mind,
What unexplored fair countries we'd help each other find!

We would set forth as freely as ships new-loosed from land,
Guided by that dear compass we only understand.

How they would gaze in envy—the hordes of hide-bound men—
As we attained those harbors beyond the critics' ken!

My brother—though my master—I would you might be near,
My blessings to interpret, and make my sorrows dear ;

I would you were beside me, to shed on common things
Your poetry of dream-life, the glamor of your wings ;

To tell me why I love them — Spring's first breath, timid-warm,
Wafting to us our jonquils ; the spirit of summer storm ;

The incense-breath of noon-tide, when one is all alone
In some box-bordered garden where the cicadas drone ;

Or full of autumn twilight, when a half-guessed presence fills
The ever-drowsing meadows, the ever-watchful hills :

Oh, such a heart as yours is has surely understood
The mystery that troubles the borders of the wood !

But what if my voice untruly on your tuned ear should fall?
What if your mien should tell me you were not you at all?

Or else would this world's essence our calm communion vex,
Mortality divide us with sense of self and sex :

Then should we seek each other vainly from zone to zone,
While now, though earth-wise sundered, one heritage we own :

The visible and invisible utter their spirit-tone :
Our hearts give ear together ; so are we not alone.

Can doubt of this perplex me, when the bond between us two
Is too marvelous for invention, too good to be untrue?

Whether or no my being may make your soul more strong
To serve before the altar you have builded unto Song,

I pray that, for your blessing, the breath of my desire
Smite some one smouldering ember up into rhythmic fire.

I know that your joy of vision I am grasping even to-day,
And in your strength of spirit mine dares a freer way ;

I know that my soul more strongly strives toward her final star,
I know that her wings beat surer simply because you are.

And seek we then for converse through the signs that are known of men,
False measures and weights of language, symbols of lip and pen?

Nay; let be, lest the daylight blind us, and the earth-voice throb a-near,
Till the eye rule all our seeing, and only the ear shall hear.

Let be; it is not forever, this barriered life below :
In our season of incarnation, enough that you know—you know !

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR.

THE TRIAL OF THE "SUMMER GIRL"

For three days Lone Hill had been waiting for a storm. High tide had carried the line of driftwood far up the shore. The sky was gray with the oppressive kind of grayness that seems to be waiting indefinitely. Even the surf had caught the infection and drove up out of the close horizon with a slow, muffled booming that spread itself over the bay.

Lone Hill itself, almost lost in the fog, stretched out like a long, thin finger between the booming of the ocean on one side, and the ominous quiet of the still water on the other. It hardly seemed as though the little puffing steamer from the mainland could find its way in to the T-shaped dock that crept out over the bay. Yet regularly at seven in the evening, her red and green lights heralded the news of the day and caused unusual excitement on the dock.

On the night before the storm broke, the steamer was late, and the crowd on the dock moved about impatiently. People from the summer cottages were expecting friends, men from the Life Saving Station were waiting for their mail, while the old captains, having moored their boats on the leeward side of the dock, sat on their respective cabins, smoking reflectively and keeping a general oversight of affairs. The summer people in passing stopped now and then to engage a boat, or display a little of their nautical knowledge.

"Quite a spell of weather we're having, Captain John."

"Yes, does look some that way. Can't never tell, though."

"How about taking us out to-morrow? We want to go down to Blue Point for a fish dinner."

Captain John nodded and took to contemplating the horizon.

"Perhaps yer can and perhaps yer can't. There ain't never nothin' certain. You mought call it half-past nine if the weather holds."

The unsuspecting summer visitor passed on, and Captain John took to studying the horizon in good earnest. He had just made two engagements for the same time and was figuring to make the profits out of both of them.

"I calc'late ter git started early with them Blue Pointers. They're a skerry set of wimmen folks anyhow. Tell 'em there's a squall a'comin' and nothin'll do but they've got ter git home. That there blue-fishin' party don't keer about gittin' started till ten—"

His meditations were interrupted by a discussion over on the east side of the dock. A knot of bay men were busy overhauling the good points of a new catboat. Captain John carefully removed himself from the deck of the Mamie Rosie and joined his thin voice to the others.

"Waal, mebbe yer call that a boat, an' I ain't sayin' but it is, ef yer like that kind. Them ain't the kind we favors over to Patchogue—yer can't beat the Patchogue boats nuther."

"I'll admit that she's got the kind of an overhang that's going to throw the water like fun," put in a stout, jolly looking captain, "and that ain't saying but what I've seen Patchogue boats beaten."

"Mebbe yer hev', mebbe yer hev'," grunted Captain John, "'twan't last Saturday, though. Yer better grease yer bottom next time. There ain't a many her size can beat the Mamie Rosie,—Charlie Mason, or no Charlie Mason. I've seen the day—"

But just then a high childish voice piped out, "There she comes!" and the lights of the steamer gleamed out from under the shelter of the islands.

The people on the dock were quiet as the clank of the engines grew louder, and the steamer ran alongside. Then the noise began again. Greetings, questions, answers, hoarse shouts from the steamer's crew, all came in a breath. "So glad to see you." "No, cook won't stay over to-morrow,—says it's too lonely." "Here, boy, catch that line, you young blockhead. Step lively!"

Little by little the crowd melted away, laughing, talking, and explaining. The children trudged on behind, fondly lugging heavy bags in hopes that they held "Ridley's Broken Candies," or "Huyler's Cream Peppermints." The captains, too, went up the dock in the rear of the mail bag, and the lights at the end of

the pier went out. There were two men left with the boats, Mason, the owner of the disputed yacht, and Chief, the engineer of the little steamer.

Charlie Mason was busy pumping water out from under the flooring of the Summer Girl, as he had named his new boat. He stopped for a moment to lean his elbows on the cabin and watch the last people disappearing into the mist at the end of the dock. He was a slight, boyish looking fellow, with gray eyes and strongly cut chin. The chin, perhaps, was the only thing distinctive about his face. When people were told that he was the first man on the Life Saving Crew they involuntarily asked why. When the informant went on to hint of his remarkable daring at the big wreck of the year before, they shrugged their shoulders and were inclined to be sceptical. He was only a boy, after all. And he felt particularly boyish and lonesome to-night. So many people seemed to be coming home to their families, that it somehow was tiresome. Just then Chief clambered out of the engine-room. He was a tall, ungainly man, and stooped slightly as he walked, with a step that somehow had never caught the sailor's roll. His eyes were deep-set and almost melancholy, but the odd, humorous twist of his mouth belied them. He had a turn for quotations, and an extreme readiness to tell anyone everything except what he wanted to know.

"Good trip?" called Mason, turning to work at the pump again.

"Too much of a crowd," grumbled Chief. "Gets on your nerves, and it isn't what you'd call ambrosia out there, anyhow. How's the boat?"

"Hasn't leaked much. What do you think of her yourself?"

Chief's mouth twisted a little. "If you really want my opinion, I don't think she's worth the lumber."

Mason laughed good-naturedly.

"I don't know but you're right, Frank. I'll wager she can go though, Uncle John to the contrary. They say he has been pitching into her to-night."

"He's a darned old swindle!" broke in Chief, "and some day I'm going to settle him and his Mamie Rosie." The engineer's voice was hard and his mouth was firm and tense. Then he laughed, "Here, Charlie, give us your cable and we'll shift her around the dock. You can't get her staked out to-night, and the weather is going to do something in short order."

Early in the morning the storm came up on the ebb tide. Long streamers of white foam swept across the bay from the northeast, and the sharpies were swamped or driven ashore, while even the larger boats strained on their cables. The rain swept in great sheets as though it would wash away the sand dunes of Lone Hill, and even the steamer couldn't get off for the morning trip.

Charlie Mason sat in the kitchen of the Life Saving Station reading the paper of the day before. It was almost one o'clock, his liberty day, and no sign of a change in the weather. He had meant to give the Summer Girl her first trial if it had been any kind of an afternoon. The outer door blew shut, and one of the men tramped through into the kitchen, peeling off his oilers on the way.

"Hello, Charlie, yer ought'er see the mess some of them fellows are in. Pretty dusty on the bay, and they're pounding their bottoms clean out."

"How's the Summer Girl?"

"Riding like a bird. She ain't so bad in a sea way, after all."

There was another rattle and slam of the door, and a second man came into the kitchen. Mason stood up suddenly and faced him? "What is it?" he asked slowly, and then somehow the two were left alone together. As Number Three said afterward, "Yer see, it was Phil Grogan, him as Charlie had the trouble with, and Charlie riz up and looked at him quiet like. We was all of us thinking of Phil's sister, and then I came out."

"What is it?" Charlie asked again.

The man in the doorway moved uneasily. His feet were bare, and the legs of his trousers were tied about his ankles with old red twine. His hat was gone, and his hair was matted and dripping with water.

"Well?" Charlie spoke again.

"I never done nothin' agin *you*, Charlie," Grogan began. "If I had, you wouldn't catch me here even if she did ask it herself. You used to like her, and I thought—"

"Quick!" The man opposite him was white to the lips.

"She fell, and there ain't no way of gettin' the doctor."

Mason never changed a feature. "When did it happen?"

"This morning."

Mason turned and and picked up the jacket and so'wester from the chair where Number Three had thrown them. "Tell

her," he said—and his eyes shone—"Tell her I will come with the doctor."

Once outside he began to run. He forgot everything except that she had sent for him. She must have forgiven him for the disgrace of her brother,—she had trusted him, and a great peace settled down upon him,—he would never be lonely again when others were going home. This morning, and no doctor! Fiercely he fought with the wind until it almost choked him. "Dead beat to the point of the flats," he thought. He would have to carry fairly heavy sail to force the boat into the face of a northeaster. The Summer Girl with her light weight could hardly stand the strain. For a moment he hesitated, and then turned to the little shelter at the shore end of the dock where Captain John was smoking with Chief.

"Captain John, I want to borrow your boat."

The old man turned quickly, and his clean shaven upper lip lifted and fell again. "Hey?"

"They need a doctor down at the fishing settlement. Your boat is heavier than mine,—can I take her?"

The captain took off his canvas hat and turned it around in his hands. Mason's direct manner disconcerted him.

"It's downright foolishness," he began, "there ain't a boat could make it—"

Before he had finished the sentence Mason was tying reefs into the Summer Girl's new sail. He looked up, half-humorously, as Chief came aboard to help. "I'd never have gotten away if I had waited for him to say no directly. Trust him for beating around the bush."

"You're really going to try it, Charlie?"

"Yes." That was all, but it was more than all,—it meant a man's life and his hope, and Chief for once couldn't think of anything to say. At last all was ready.

"Keep your eye on her, Charlie, you'll make it all right," called Chief, and the wind carried his voice far out over the bay. "So-long!"

With a rush the flapping canvas filled, and the boat bent to the storm. In a moment she righted and swept past the end of the dock. Chief watched her as she fought inch by inch, gaining and then beaten back, like a weak butterfly struggling in the wind. At last she reached the point of the flats and was out of sight. Chief couldn't resist casting a polite little remark

in the direction of Captain John. "Pretty work for a new boat!" he called, cheerfully. "She's taking her trial in good shape."

"She ain't there yet," returned Uncle John, and went to take another look at the moorings of the redoubtable Mamie Rosie.

All afternoon Chief read his paper in the engine-room, keeping one eye on the bay for any sign of the Summer Girl. He reckoned up the time again and again. "Two hours and a half to go over, an hour or so coming back. She ought to be in sight." But no sign of the Summer Girl. Captain John waxed talkative, and cracked his best jokes, but Chief didn't listen. Suddenly he jumped up. "There's a boat in the West Channel coming down this way!"

"I seen it five minutes ago," put in Captain John, who was nearsighted and didn't like to appear so.

"That's a Bayshore boat!" called out the captain of the steamer, but Chief was watching something else. "She ain't being sailed by a Bayshore man, and—it's Charlie Mason!" he almost shouted.

In a moment the boat had made her landing, and in another her one passenger was half-way up the dock. Chief caught Mason by the arm.

"Where's the Summer Girl?"

"Swamped her in the channel. Had to swim for it. Look out for this one, will you?" and he was running after the doctor.

Chief turned to find Uncle John grinning at his shoulder.

"Swamped in the channel, did he? I knowed it. Didn't I tell you there wasn't a boat as could do it? Leastways, excepting the Mamie Rosie."

But Chief's day had come. He remembered Mason's face, and spoke quite politely,—*"Damn the Mamie Rosie!"*

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE.

SONGS OF SEPARATION

I.

Across the grass the golden sunbeams file,
The crimson clouds are dying in the skies,
The trees are veiled in twilight from my eyes ;
'Twas but my fancy that I saw thee smile.

Far o'er the hills the purple shadows fall,
The apple-blossoms flutter to the ground ;
Within this lonely place there is no sound.
'Twas only in my heart I heard thee call.

II.

Good bye, sweet eyes, you would not weep
Although my heart in anguish deep
Should break, sweet eyes, for love of you.
There dwell within those skies of blue
No tender thoughts that rise and leap
To meet my own. I cannot reap
The glorious harvest that they keep,
Whatever I might say or do.

Good bye, sweet eyes.
Once only, 'twas in dreamings deep
That in your depths love woke from sleep
And smiled on me. Oh, love, may you
Ne'er know the awakening that I knew.
Good bye, sweet eyes.

CLARA LOCKE THOMSON.

OBER AMMERGAU

Most travellers approach Ober Ammergau from Murnau, and coming by the railroad, first see the station and the immense theater looming up in front of them. I entered Ober Ammergau first that way and know what a commonplace look there is about the village in spite of the romantic feelings tugging at one's heartstrings.

A week later, however, I came into the peaceful village from the other side, from Oberau. I was on foot, alone in the fresh morning air. It was not a play day, so that the road was entirely empty; no stranger, not even the peasants of the districts around, disturbed the pretty picture which lay before me. The road rose and rose on leaving Oberau, and continued to ascend the side of the Bavarian foothill even after leaving the ancient monastery of Ettal, so that by the time I came to the last turn and the dear old mountain, Kofel, with its iron cross at the summit, burst upon me in the morning light, I had a splendid view into the valley below where the tall grass waved lazily in the soft breeze, the Ammer flowed slowly on with the slightest happy murmur of peace, and the little crucifixes and shrines, together with the village church tower in the distance, seemed typical of the religious serenity which enveloped Ober Ammergau and its valley.

With a sigh of contentment, I walked on down the high road and involuntarily stopped at one of the wayside shrines among the rocks. An old peasant woman was kneeling there. She muttered a few words, crossed herself, and seeing me, gave the characteristic salutation of "Grüss Gott." As she trudged along past me with her heavy basket of provisions on her arm and short peasant skirts bobbing in time with her steps, she looked as though she, too, were filled with the spirit of peace and good will which makes of all Ober Ammergauers kind souls. The traditional good mountain sprite of the Kofel opposite guarded her safely as she walked along the highway, just as he did all inhabitants of the country around.

I am in the valley now and the first person I meet is Saint Peter whose house lies on the outskirts of the village. His old face smiles as he extends his hand to me,—we are old friends,—and as I look into his kind blue eyes and watch his curly white head bow in salutation, I instinctively look to his hands to see if he has there the traditional keys of heaven. I start; he really has them. "Yes, I'm going up to the Castle von Hillern," he explains, "I'm gate-keeper and gardener there, you know." He passes on with a little stoop to his shoulders, but with a strong, elastic step. When duty calls Herr Rendl obeys for he is faithful and true, living his character of Saint Peter in his own peaceful way. He is brave too, for when in the spring the Ammer overflowed and broke its dam, threatening destruction

to this little valley, Rendl and his son were among the foremost to offer their services in the dangerous task of fighting the roaring stream. As I watched him walk along, the thought came to me of how fitting it was that his son should be chosen to play the part of Saint John, the favorite disciple of Christ.

The sun is bright now, and reflected upon the clean, shining windows of the village houses, it glistens and glows, making little halos of light. A religious awe comes into my heart. In front of one of the small whitewashed houses sit a troop of long haired, bright faced boys, the children in the mob of to-day, but the Saint Johns, the Annas, the Merchants of the Temple in time to come. They are boys like all other youngsters, but somehow they seem quieter, gentler than the general mischievous lad. Is it the peace and awe in my own heart that gives me this impression, or is it really the influence of the play and the truly good life of these simple folk which makes this difference in the very children?

Here is the Mayor's house, "the finest in the village." It certainly is a beautiful, artistic structure, of whitewashed lime like the rest, but so prettily frescoed that it is a little outdoor picture gallery. It was painted some hundred and ten or twenty years ago by Zwink, an ancestor of the present Judas, but its colors are as bright as ever and blend softly with the nodding blossoms in the garden below. Perhaps nowhere else will one find such villagers whose very walls speak of art and religion, for of course these frescoes represent scenes from the life of Christ and Mary.

The church, close at hand, is near the center of the village so that the dead in the graveyard around it are separated as little as possible from the living. Here lie all the celebrities of the village and the play: Daisenberger, the good old parish priest, the leading spirit of Ammergau for so many years; Dedler, the musician; Lang, the former mayor and stage director, who died a few weeks after the play had begun, hastened to his grave by overwork. There are brave men in Ober Ammergau as well as good men.

Not far from the church is Mary's house, sweet, peaceful, and homelike, the very house one would have expected to be the home of the gentle girl who takes the part of the Mother of Christ. She is a mere girl, for she is but nineteen years old, and is as simple and innocent as a child of ten. "Come in,"

she calls, but I hesitate, for I know she is perhaps too busy to waste time on strangers. It is not a play day, I know, but so much the worse for her, it may be. She need not be at the theater, but there is mending to do, the washing,—for there are some ten or twelve beds in her house to be gotten ready for the next batch of spectators,—there is the sweeping, the dusting,—for all is as neat as a pin,—there is the cooking, and a hundred other things for the housewives and maidens to do before the next play. Mary and her mother have their share of the hard work and do their duty cheerfully. Every morning at five they rise, and many is the time that they can not go to bed before twelve. It is hard work, but they love it because of their village and their play. “Grüss Gott,” she calls out once more as I start off again. Her cheeriness has a deep strain of pathos in it because of the weariness with which she is fighting.

Now I cross to the central square with its fountain in the middle. Every village in Germany, no matter how small or insignificant it may be, has its central square and its fountain. Fearing to miss Anton Lang, the Christ, if I stop longer, I put off my visit to the little modern post-office, pull myself away from the artistic windows filled with photographs and carved wooden crucifixes, crosses, madonnas, and heads, all the work of the villagers themselves, and come at last to Anton’s house just on the edge of the Ammer and under the shadow of the great theater.

Frau Lang, Anton’s proud and fond mother, is washing linen in the stream. “Grüss Gott,” I call, “Is Herr Lang in?” “Ja, ja. Christus is still there,” she answers, too busy to look up. I enter the low doorway and come upon a tall, strongly built man. This is Herod, Christus’s father. It is hard to believe that this jolly man and proud father is the stern, exacting Herod of the play. We go together to find Christus and discover him in the workshop, finishing off the last of his tiles for the new stove he is to erect in Anna’s house. There is no one idle here; during the interval between the plays the actors try to carry on the interrupted work of the winter. Anton stoops over his work as though he were tired, and his soft, curly hair, which almost hides the face in this bent position, can not conceal the pallor of the features. “The performance of the day before yesterday tired you considerably,” I ventured. He raised his gentle blue eyes, and his lips trembled a bit. The extreme sensi-

tiveness of that face seemed more than ever noticeable to-day. "Yes," he answered simply, "it did tire me a little." That was all. He allowed himself no complaint in spite of the tiredness that I knew oppressed him. To be the chief figure in a play which lasts some eight hours, to hang stretched upon a cross for eighteen minutes, to live through the passion of the play day after day, would tire a strong man; imagine then the strain upon such a delicately built man as Anton Lang. Yet he answered merely, "It did tire me some, I was on the cross longer than usual the last time. I felt myself getting numb and I am afraid I fainted when they took me down." "Come," I said, let's walk a bit in the air. I am sure it will do you a world of good." He got up, took his black slouch hat from its peg, put it on, and followed me out into the air which was still cool in spite of the joyous sun above.

We struck out into a side path which led up the mountain to the "Kreuzigung's Gruppe", a marble statue of Christ on the Cross, with Mary and Saint John, presented to the Ober Ammergauers by their grateful and loving king, Ludwig von Bayern. We walked up, slowly and in silence. Once at the top, we turned and seated ourselves on one of the benches placed before the group and gazed at the scene stretched out before us. The valley was bathed in sunshine, and the hills in front of us on the other side of the valley cast long, creeping shadows over the pasture ground. The Ammersparkled, and the villages lay wrapped in a mantle of golden peace and happiness. Christus turned to me and said softly, "I love it, I love it." Yes, love and peace dwell in Ober Ammergau.

ALTA ZENS.

ALYSOUN

Earl Richard was gone, and the Lady Alysoun turned from her father's last farewell salute with a foreboding of loneliness in her heart. This youth whom her father had brought to Tynton was pale and quiet—like the monks who had brought him up—and she feared that he would make but an ill comrade for her restless outdoor life. As for Edgard, he loved his kinsman, the Earl, and the Lady Alysoun should receive due care

and devotion, but she was a woman, and as such to be shunned—though they had never told him that women were like *that*.

So the first days passed slowly, almost painfully, until the maid came to see that her kinsman was not to be held in light contempt after all, and he in his turn found her company most agreeable, though he doubted not very undesirable for the good of his soul. But they were young, and as they rode and hunted and hawked together, they grew ever closer and closer comrades, so that ere the northern winds had thoroughly bronzed the cheek of the monastery bred boy, they were real friends.

Yet was there a part of Edgard's life into which the girl came not. He had indeed, as their friendship grew, allowed her a few glimpses into the rich fairy-land of his inner life, when he told her wonderful tales and made her eyes grow big and dark with delight; but into the deeper places of his thought she entered not. He had got him a table, rough-hewn from red oak, and had placed it by the hearth at one end of the great hall, and here sometimes he wrote, or studied the parchments he had brought from the monastery.

As the snow grew deep and the wind chill, the youth and maid rode no more together on the downs; Alysoun turned more and more to her embroidery-frame, Edgard to his study corner. At first he was glad that the light laugh and dancing eyes of the maid did not disturb his meditation, and worked steadily and calmly on. But one night he found himself staring over the Psalter page towards the far end of the hall. He turned back to his work with a start, but ever and again his gaze would wander away and away down the long hall to where a bright figure worked by the other hearth-fire.

And the Lady Alysoun herself sometimes loitered over her work with a strange restless desire in her breast. She missed her comrade; Edgard seemed as far away as if he were back once more in the monastery. It was the books that took him from her. Was he to stay away over there alone all winter? No, no, she too would learn that strange art! She jumped lightly up and gliding down the room came and stood behind the bent figure.

"Oh, cousin!" she said softly.

Edgard leaped up to find the vision of his dreams before him. He struggled in vain to quench the glow that burst up from his heart into his eyes. Alysoun looked up at him, laughing at

first, but as his look burned into hers the laugh died out; and then—the restlessness, too, was gone, and instead there was something new—was it joy or pain? She knew not.

“Cousin,” she said, “I am tired of that needle, let me into *your* work; teach me these strange letters and writings.”

“Ah, my lady,” he answered, “it means much toil and hard, yet indeed when one knows the secret there is much joy in it. I will teach you.” But even as he spoke he knew he would not. She bent to look into the great book and was raising her head to ask him to begin the lesson, when there came a clatter in the entry, and Wilfrid, Earl Richard’s youngest squire, stood at the door.

“The Earl comes hither on the morrow before sunset, my lady,” he said, “and with him Sir Mortimer de Brille.”

Alysoun stood a moment, still as marble,—she looked not at Edgard but into the glow of the dying fire. Then she closed the great book, saying—she knew not why there was so little joy in her voice—“My father comes soon; it is a week to Yule tide. We must prepare for his coming and for his guest.”

So she left him, and Edgard stood with tense face watching her till she disappeared. Then he opened the book and passed his hand gently over the page on which she had looked.

On the morrow came Earl Richard and all his troop, and with them Sir Mortimer de Brille, a knight of King Edward’s council. Alysoun greeted them gaily, thinking that she had been truly undutiful when she heard of their coming, for who was so great and good and beloved as her dear father? The Yule tide passed with mirth and good cheer. Their guest was a doughty man and witty, and could tell tales too, not of fairies indeed, but of the great world and of deeds of prowess. He and Edgard had many passages of wit, for the youth was keen as blue steel and matched the Earl’s deeper knowledge of the world by a more brilliant turn of speech. Alysoun laughed merrily at their encounters and almost forgot that anything different had entered her life,—only somehow she always laughed more brightly when Edgard came off the victor.

At last New Year’s was gone and Earl Richard began making preparations to join King Edward who had gone northward to subdue the Scots. Yet had he time for a long converse with his little maid, and among other things he told her that Sir Mortimer was a good man, brave and rich, and that he desired to seek her in marriage.

Alysoun started away like a frightened deer, and cried, "But I can not, my father, I can not—now." The Earl only laughed and put his arm around her, and kissed her, and told her how he had wooed her mother many years before.

The next day they all rode off, and Edgard with them, for Earl Richard had decided to take his young kinsman into the north to see something of a soldier's life. Alysoun watched them out of sight, waving her scarf gaily; but her heart was sorrowful, and she turned back to the lonely hall with tear-filled eyes, and many a time, as the days passed, was she to feel that strange desire in her heart—a feeling not loneliness, but a craving, a yearning for something.

One day she thought of Edgard's books, and spent many hours looking through them. But they did not satisfy her—she could not understand them. She almost hated them, for he had loved them and had pored over them when she had wanted him. In one of the books she found a loose sheet of parchment with script upon it. She wondered if he had written it and what it could be. Some day she was to know.

About a fortnight after her father's departure, as she and her aunt were sitting together one morning, the clatter of horses' hoofs sounded without, and presently an armed figure stood in the doorway, and Edgard strode to greet them. How changed he was,—that was her first thought,—and then a wave of fear swept over her and she cried, "Oh! My father!"

"Nay, nay," cried Edgard, "he is safe. Be not alarmed. He knows not even that I am here."

"Then what is it?" she cried, the color coming back into her cheeks.

"To-morrow," he said, "there is to be a great battle in the north, but I—"

"Oh, Edgard," she broke in, "you did not run away?"

His eyes grew dark and his mouth tightened. "Dame Margaret," he said, "will you order that no one leave the castle to-day?" Then he turned and strode from the room. Alysoun paled. She must have wronged him,—she knew she had wronged him. She too left the room.

Wilfred told her the truth. There *was* to be a great battle on the morrow, but the Scots had sent a small strong body of men southward to plunder the English lands and so perhaps hold off the battle. The English expected them to ride southwest, but

Edgard had discovered in some way that they really meant to ride southeast toward Tynton. Earl Richard was away on a foray, Sir Mortimer had been entrusted with a position of honor on the morrow. Edgard could get no one to believe what he knew, or to share his fear. But he could not stay there and let the castle fall into the hands of those men, so he had taken a few good fighters and had left the English camp, determined to reach Tynton in time.

What he feared came that night; but the castle was strong, and Edgard's men well placed, so that at length the Scots, for fear of too long delay, gave up the attack and turned west.

Alysoun knew not what to think. This was a different Edgard—no monk, no boy, but a man, a warrior. The next day, as he was about to start back to rejoin the Earl, she followed him out to the castle yard. They had scarcely spoken together since he came—he had shunned her, and the pain she read in his eyes had somehow struck into her heart. Now she laid her hand on his arm, "Cousin," she said, "I—I—oh, Edgard, I did you wrong. Yet was it unthinking—I—I knew you were no warrior, and so—and so—oh, forgive me!"

He looked down at her. "It *was* unthinking," he said, "and unknowing. And—we are not even cousins, I fear me. Farewell!"

So he went, and again she watched him out of sight, and as his plumes vanished she felt again the strange desire. A hot wave came over her, and the queer feeling gripped at her heart—and then there was only coldness and a sense of desolation.

But she was not to be lonely long, for that very night her father returned, and with him no less a person than King Edward himself, with his lords and knights, not the least among them Sir Mortimer de Brille. Edgard, too, was with them, high in the King's favor for his wise and valorous deed, and lovingly looked on by his good kinsman. The Scots were vanquished, and all was well. There was rejoicing and merriment at Tynton, and as the King looked at the Lady Alysoun, he clapped Sir Mortimer on the back and wished him well. One day, that good knight asked the Earl's consent to a formal proposal to the Lady Alysoun. This the Earl gave willingly, laughing, however, as he said, "Ask thou mayst, my friend, but the maid shall have her own way."

That night all were gathered at one of the great hearths, the fire was roaring and crackling, the King making merry and

trying to draw out the young Edgard, for he loved his wit. Suddenly Sir Mortimer rose, and as all turned toward him he addressed the King.

"Sire," he said, "this day I offered the Lady Alysoun my heart and my heritage. She said she loved me not" (Edgard had gone white, but at this held up his head) "but she bade me ask her again to-night in the presence of the King and all the guests. So now, Lady Alysoun, I seek you again in marriage. I—"

But he was cut short, for the maid's lithe, red-gowned figure rose straight and slender before the King.

"Sire," she said, "there were two men. One was young, and silent and shy at first, yet brilliant of wit and — and a tender friend. And he guarded and served a lady, and—and—yes, and loved her, yet told no one of it. The other was a great knight and a rich courtier, and he openly sought the maid in marriage. He had lands and wealth and an honorable name, and a noble and courteous nature; and—at first the maid thought that—that she must give herself to him. Then there came a time when one of these men saved her from danger; he left the chance of winning glory and knighthood and returned to guard the woman he loved. But that woman—for she is such now, O my lord—did him wrong, and even as she did it she realized that she was but wronging herself, for she was his. One man offers lands and the glory of ancestors' deeds, but to the other—to the other, who gives only service and devotion and love—to the other shall his desire come."

The voice faltered, the red figure swayed towards the good Earl. "O father, what have I done?" she cried. Then straight from before them flew the frightened little maid, her cheeks pale with something not fear, her eyes wet with something not sorrow. Straight down the hall she flew to the other hearth and threw herself before the red oak table, burying her head in the great chair.

King Edward followed her to where hung the heavy leathern curtain that separated the great hall into two rooms. This he drew and then returned.

Edgard was standing straight and still, gazing, gazing as at something great and glorious beyond the sight of his mortal eyes. King Edward lifted his sword and laid it lightly on the young man's shoulder.

"Sir Edgard," he said, "go, she waiteth for you."

And this has come down to us, to tell us of their love, this song that Sir Edgard used to sing to his wife as they wandered up and down in the spring nights, — the same that she found once among his books. Hark! cannot we hear his melody sounding through the years:

"Bytuene Mershe and Aueril
When spray beginneth to springe,
The lutel foul hath hire wyl
On hyre lud to synge;
Ich libbe in louelounge
For semlokest of alle tynge,
He may me blisse bringe,
Icham in hire baundoun.
An hendy hap ichabbe yhent,
Ichot from heuene it is me sent,
From alle wymmen mi love is lent
And lyht on Alysoun."

ANNA THERESA KITCHEL.

SONNET

Now is the sky of fortune overcast,
Since error doth obscure our virtue's sun;
Hope's morning hath into her twilight passed,
And all the glory of our day is done.
Those tongues of joy which chorused in our praise,
Bidding our valor usher in the light,
Now echoless their stirring accents raise,
And whisper to our infamy, "Good night."
So is my mind from off her throne brought down,
Since anarchy her kingdoms doth possess;
Upon her state doth every evil frown,
And she is captive led by sore distress.
To her no refuge upon earth is given,
But while on thee, my thoughts do rest in heaven.

EDITH LABAREE LEWIS.

SKETCHES

IN MAY

A murmur inarticulate, a drowsy hum,
A sound of many voices linked in one long spell of harmony;
Sweet, plaintive, low, and full of dim suggestion,
Alluring into dreamy contemplation,
This song it is, the song of honey-bees,
Comes floating to me from the apple-trees.

EDITH TURNER NEWCOMB.

THE DREAMERY

There's a garden called the Dreamery,
In the Land of Long Ago,
Where wander all our unthought thoughts,
And tiny dreamlets grow.

The crimson poppies nod their heads,
The grass is soft and green,
And cool between its mossy banks
Glimmers a brook's bright sheen.

The spiders spin a silky web
Around each little dream,
And fitting through the Dreamery
Like spirits pale they seem.

Oh, on some warm bright summer's day
May you and I together
Search out this fairy garden, there
To dream our dreams forever !

ADELE KEYS.

I.

"O violets, within whose veins is pent
 Azure, as if the dreaming skies had bent
 And dreamed themselves to flowers, sad as in part
 All things divine must be upon my heart,
 I give ye peace—breathe unto me content."

There were violets everywhere. Violets on the piano, on the bookcase, violets peeping between the delicate curtains that draped the windows, and the most beautiful of them all at the head of the couch where Althea lay. Summer and winter the room was full of them. It was their faint fragrance which first guided a lonely, miserable little girl to the great west room, where with the fearlessness of childhood she had pushed aside the heavy velvet curtains and looked in.

For months only a few people had been admitted into the quiet room, and they had come in softly, with white, troubled faces; they had spoken in whispers, and then stolen away again as if they were a little afraid of the slender girl lying among the flowers. But this stranger child in her black dress, with her rough tumbled hair and swollen eyelids, did not hesitate; with a little cry she sped swiftly over the rich carpet and flung herself down by the luxurious couch. Unlike the others she came not to pity but to be pitied, and Althea, as if she realized the change and found it very sweet, stretched out her arms, and pillowing the child's head on her breast pressed her lips lightly against the disordered hair, the violets in her dress touching the flushed cheek.

Mother was dead. And Bab had come all the way across the wide ocean to make her home with these strange cousins whom she had never seen. The passionate little heart had been bursting with its great sorrow, but now the bitter sobs ceased. Mother had been right after all. God meant to take care of her; He had sent her his angel. With her head pillowed among the violets she fell asleep, and when half an hour later a servant came rushing in, horrified that the sad-eyed child had found her way into this room, the very Holy of Holies of the Grayson mansion, Althea held up her hand. "Hush!" she said softly, "Bab is asleep; she will stay with me to-night."

Years went by. The little maiden with the dusky hair grew into a tall, brilliantly pretty girl, with a fresh color in her

cheeks, and laughing eyes. She was always very happy, very attractive looking, and very well pleased with herself. Not that she was unpleasantly conceited, but the world is apt to be very good to a pretty girl with plenty of money, and to value her highly, and so she cannot be blamed for following its example. However, there was one place where her all-important little ego sank into utter insignificance, where lovers were forgotten, and where even the number of buttons on her gloves became a thing of secondary importance—and this was Althea's room.

Some part of each day she was sure to spend there, for her passionate, childish adoration for the pale, beautiful girl had but deepened as she grew older. Yet close as was the bond between the two, there was one phase in the older woman's life of which the girl knew nothing.

Althea was only twenty when Bab first came to her, but even then her youth was past. Yet Bab never dreamed of this; it never occurred to her that there had been a time when Althea had had a part in the gay, happy world that was so good to her, Bab. She never thought when, dressed to go out and radiantly smiling, she went into the great west room, that the sight might cause a pang of regret, if not something stronger, in Althea's heart. Not that Bab was cold or indifferent, but she was too young to understand that smiles sometimes conceal a pain too deep for tears. Althea was always so bright and cheery that in her girlish idolatry Bab placed her upon a pedestal and worshipped her as she might a goddess far removed from all human pains and heartbreaks.

One evening, at the beginning of what promised to be an unusually brilliant season, Bab came into Althea's room before going out. She was looking fairly dazzling in her pale pink draperies, and Althea caught the little gloved hand in her own.

"Darling, you are so lovely that I almost want to keep you to look at."

"Do you want me, dear? Shall I stay?"

"No, no, of course I would not have you. But, Bab, you have no flowers?"

"Never mind; there were several bouquets sent, but I did not care to carry any of them, because—"

"I understand," said Althea quickly.

It was marvellous how this quiet woman, shut away as she was from the world, always understood.

"But you must not go without flowers," she said, after a slight pause. "Wear my violets. See, they are quite fresh; only a moment ago I had Marie take them out of the water. I wanted to have them near me."

"Thank you! They are so lovely—only—" Bab looked a little perplexed; Althea had never asked her to wear her violets before—"only I do not like to take them; they seem almost sacred to you, Althea."

"Why should they? They are merely proofs of my extravagance. Here in London they are to be had for gold."

"Yes, of course." Bab gave her a quick glance. She was not a fanciful girl, but she was struck by an odd note in Althea's voice.

"The carriage is waiting, Miss Barbara."

Marie stood in the doorway with Bab's rich cloak over her arm.

The young girl bent down and kissed her cousin; then she stood still a moment by the couch, a tall, straight young figure, with a brilliant color in her cheeks, and Althea's violets, cool and fresh, resting against her round white shoulder.

"It is a glorious night!" she said. And she turned and followed Marie out of the room, and Althea, rising on her elbow, watched her as she went slowly down the broad, dimly lighted staircase. Then she fell back among the pillows, but not to sleep. For hours she lay there thinking, thinking always of Bab, trying to imagine what she was doing, what she was saying, how she was looking, as she moved about under the lights, petted and admired by all. And all that evening Althea's flowers lay like a caress against Bab's smooth shoulder, their perfume reminding her again and again of the slender woman who for years had lived among such as they. It seemed as if there must have been some subtle connection between the cousins that night, for when Bab came home something seemed to draw her to Althea's room; and contrary to her custom she went up, and pausing at the door she listened.

"Bab!"

It seemed hardly possible that the young girl could hear the faint whisper, but she did, and gliding swiftly in, knelt by Althea's side.

"Dear, are you really awake? Are you ill, Althea?"

"No, but I couldn't sleep. I felt that you would come to me to-night, Bab."

"How could you guess? I have never told anyone—not even you—but I am happy—so happy—oh, Althea—you know—"

"Yes, dear—I know."

A strange thrill in Althea's voice penetrated the girl's very soul. In that one moment she became a woman.

"Tell me, dear," she whispered softly.

"It was not much." Althea was looking beyond Bab with eyes in whose depths was reflected all the sweet bitterness of her life. She seemed to be half dreaming. "We had not known each other long—we were seniors at college then—and—one night on the hill—it was when the violets were in bloom, and all the heavens were pure gold—he told me—he—"

The white lips twitched. Unconsciously the woman echoed the girl's words, "You know, dear?"

"Yes, dear, I know." For a moment their positions were reversed.

"We were so happy for a few weeks, and then—my illness came, and—and—he went away."

"Althea!" Bab clinched her hands, and her dark eyes flashed. "He broke the engagement? Oh, Althea, I should despise a man who would do that!"

"Hush, Barbara, you forget." Was that stern voice Althea's? "He was young, he had his life before him—he knew best—besides, he was poor, he knew that he could not do for me what my people could—"

"But you loved each other—would you not rather have—"

The girl was rushing on impulsively; but Althea stopped her.

"Don't, dear, I can not talk of it. Perhaps you had better leave me now, Bab—I am tired."

Bab tried to speak, but a glance at the strained white face silenced her, and with a swift kiss she stole away to her own room.

After she had gone, Althea found lying on the bed the bunch of wilted violets that had fallen from Bab's dress.

II.

"O violets!

All the old thrill of mystery in your scent
Comes back to me with countless memories blent,
I see the poplars wave, the swallows dart,
Feel hope and fear and ecstasy and smart,
And know life's endless longing and lament,
O violets!"

"Althea!"

It was late in the afternoon of the next day. Bab came into the room exquisitely dressed, her eyes sparkling.

"Althea, he is down stairs with Aunt Madeline. May I bring him up?"

"Do; I am anxious to meet him; but, dear," and she looked up mischievously, "you have never told me his name. It has been he—he—he—as if that little pronoun could not possibly apply to more than one man in the world."

"What's in a name?" said Bab lightly. "Besides, it's only fair, since he does not know yours." Then, more seriously, "But oh, Althea, he is so noble and great, so much older and wiser than I, that I can't see how he ever came to care for me."

"You may not see," said Althea, gently, with a little quiver in her voice, "but those who know and love you, dear, can understand."

"Wait till you know him," was all Bab said, as she left the room. It was only a moment before she came back, followed by a well-built, handsome man.

There was a brilliant sunset that night, and Althea's couch had been drawn up before the western window. A clear golden light streamed in, and the air was heavy with the fragrance of violets.

The man paused—it was not a woman who lay there before him, a woman worn with years of pain. It was a girl, a slender girl, with waves of brown hair and roguish eyes. And he—he was not a man of the world, he was a careless young student, with a boy's perfect faith in himself, and a boy's ready smile. And they two were together on the hill; there was a magnificent sunset, just as there was to-night, only then the glorious colors seemed painted for them alone. They had been picking English violets—the girl's lap was full of them—but now they were watching the sky, awed into silence by the dazzling glory of the heavens, which spread its radiance over them like a benediction. And then the colors faded, and hand in hand they went down the hill.

The man roused himself with an effort. The glory of the western sky was fading, and the woman lying in the shadow looked white and old. He heard Bab's voice,

"Jack, this is Althea."

Althea!

He sprang forward now, and the woman stretched out her hand.

"I am so glad," she said, "to meet Bab's friend."

Bab's friend—yes, that was all. Only, if he had known—

Had the other been only a dream? His hand found hers mechanically, and Bab clasped both with her cool little fingers.

"Oh, I want you to be such friends," she said, in her impulsive, girlish way, "my two dearest in all the world!"

The man dropped Althea's hand. He put his arm around Bab and kissed her gently. She was his promised wife; and the woman watching them with brave, smiling eyes—she was only the woman he loved.

LESLIE OSGOOD.

THE PORTUGUESE SAILOR

Here I lie,

Miguel the sailor.

Out on the flats the sea-gulls cry,

And the wave-maids hushed and murmuring lie,

And death goes past on the waters nigh:

Here I lie.

Low I lie,

Sancta Maria,

Mother of God, and the priests sit near.

And, whether the sky be gray or clear,

Ailing, weary, and full of fear,

Low I lie.

Hear my cry,

Sancta Maria;

Give me back, when the winds are low

And the waves go whispering to and fro,

Give the strength that I used to know,

Ere I die.

For 'twas I,

Miguel the sailor,

Whose boat with twenty more was gone

Last night of All Saints—I alone,

I came in laughing with the dawn;

Yea, 'twas I.

Who but I,
Miguel the Sailor,
Lashed all night to the tiller fast
—Saints of God, the roaring blast—
Brought her home with her broken mast?
Who but I?

That was I,
Miguel the Sailor.
Aye, let the baffled storm-winds cry
And the mad wave-maids on the reefs run high,
And the seeking wind go by, go by,
For this is I!

FANNY HASTINGS.

SONNET

My lady's hair is dusky, like the night;
And as the darkness of approaching gloom
Steals from the east, to shadow all too soon
And hide with its dark veil from mortal sight
The glorious sunset in its golden light,
So doth her hair o'ershadow her fair face.
But, as when sunset colors fade apace,
And in their stead a star shines out more bright,
So are her eyes, two love-stars, burning clear,
That light me on the road to that fair land
Of truth and right wherein she doth abide:
And when I've conquered wrong, and steadfast stand
For what is true, from out the darkness drear,
Her radiant smile, like dawn, no night can hide.

BROOKE VAN DYKE.

There was once in the Land a Maiden Fair and Stately. And
this Maiden Fair and Stately was beloved of the Men in the
Land, insomuch that when to a dance she went,

A Fable they came in multitudes, anxious to dance her-with.

One day there came a message in the Land; the
Maiden Fair and Stately had gone to College, to gain for herself
Understanding. Then did the Men speak words of wrath—save
One. “For,” quoth they—save One—“when a maiden goes to
College she learns book-lore, but to cook a man’s breakfast she
knows not. Also, she has opinions. Now, opinions in a maiden
add not to a man’s happiness, nor does the lack of a breakfast
add to his health. Therefore let us no longer strive to win the
Maiden Fair and Stately, but let us choose to ourselves other
maidens, who have no opinions, and can cook unto their hus-
bands a breakfast.”

So quoth the men—save One. Then went they out and chose each for himself a wife—save One.

At this time came the Maiden Fair and Stately home from College. Then quoth the men—save One—"See now, we are happy with our Wives, who have been to no College to gain for themselves Understanding. We are glad that we did not take this Maiden." So quoth they all—save One.

Then went the One and took unto himself the Maiden Fair and Stately, to be his wife. And then was seen among men a Miracle—the Maiden Fair and Stately could cook a breakfast. Thus did she add to her husband's health. As for his happiness, why, she was Fair and Stately, and moreover wondrous Tactful.

Then were the men in the Land unhappy—save One.

MARY ABBY VAN KLEECK.

DANCING-SCHOOL

"I like to go to dancing-school,"
Said Margaret, aged seven,
"And dance with John and Jim and Dick
—You know, Dick's 'most eleven—
And Prentice, too, and Morgan Smith—
—He has real ugly curls,
But he told me the other day
He didn't like *most* girls.
And when we had our Christmas dance
Morgan got awful mad
Because I favored Prentice Cox;
He said that I was *bad*,
And I just stamped my foot at him
And said I didn't care
A single bit for what he said,
And I wasn't *bad*, so there!
The reason I favored Prentice was
He gives my favors back,
Then when the *german's* over
I've more than Betty Mack.
So Morgan said he 'pologized
And I could have his, too,
And he'd tell all the other boys,
And I'd have more'n a few.
That's why I had *most* favors.
I like my dancing-school!"

LUCY HAYES BRECKINRIDGE.

WHERE THE POPPIES ARE BLOWING

Down in the garden sway little beds,
 Down where the poppies are blowing,
 With silken coverlets soft and red,
 Down where the poppies are blowing,
 They nod and sway, and to you they say,
 "Oh, come little maiden, come and play
 In the land of dreams that is far away,
 Down where the poppies are blowing."

Down in the garden are yellow bees,
 Down where the poppies are blowing,
 They drone a song like the lull of the seas,
 Down where the poppies are blowing,
 The bees drone slow, the bees drone low,
 And humming they come and humming they go,
 As the little red beds swing to and fro,
 Down where the poppies are blowing.

Down in the garden falls dewy sheen,
 Down where the poppies are blowing,
 Bringing to you a silver dream,
 Down where the poppies are blowing,
 The air hangs sweet with the summer heat,
 A stillness is brooding over the wheat,
 When day and dream in the twilight meet,
 Down where the poppies are blowing.

MAUDE BARROWS DUTTON.

STORIES OF ASSISTED FATE

I.

It was all the fault of a younger brother. Not Eleanor's younger brother, by the way, nor yet Tom's, but Eugenia Lyman's. Now Eugenia was going to be **The Best Man** married, and Eleanor Weston was to be the maid of honor; Tom Phillips, best man. Not that he was the groom's best friend, but the real best man had inconveniently sprained his ankle a week before the day. So, as Tom was on the spot and a good friend, the groom invited him to fill the vacancy. When he told Eugenia that night that he had asked Tom, the bride delivered a premature curtain lecture. "How could you, Jack?" she said reproachfully. "Why not?" he asked. "I thought you liked him. I'll take it back to-morrow if you say so."

"Nonsense!" rejoined Eugenia. "It's too late now. But tell me, have you forgotten who the maid of honor is to be?"

"Why no, I haven't forgotten Eleanor," said the groom thoughtfully. "Weren't they always the best of friends? I used to think that some day they might follow our example."

"You goose!" she retorted. "That's the trouble."

Now Eleanor lived at some little distance from the town where the wedding was to be, and was on her way thither when the change of the best man took place. If she had heard of the change before starting, perhaps she wouldn't have come, for she felt rather strongly about certain incidents connected with Tom Phillips. She had been a college chum of Eugenia's, and she had met him while visiting Eugenia one vacation. Their friendship developed rapidly, and, as the modern novels phrase it, seemed to be ripening into love, when suddenly a break occurred between them, and now she had been out of college a year and a half, and they had not met. But although they had carried on no personal communication, each was aware that the other remained in single blessedness. So when she heard that he was to be best man she felt inclined to flee homeward; but her better sense prevailed, and she resolved to treat him as an old friend, and somehow to live through the approaching festivities. After due consideration Tom reached the same conclusion with regard to himself, and their indifferent attitude and easy cordiality deceived even the bride, so that she apologized to the groom for raising such a tempest in a teapot.

Eleanor had bravely held her own in the ante-nuptial festivities, and in conversation they had kept upon remarkably safe ground. But the wedding was the crucial test. To walk down the aisle by Tom's side after such a ceremony—it was almost more than she could stand. But she counted upon her pride to bear her up and reflected that all would be over next morning, and she could leave for home on the early train.

The last strains of Mendelssohn had died away; the wedding supper was almost over, and the best man had risen, champagne glass in hand, to propose a toast, when the waiter added another telegram to the little pile by the bride's plate. Without looking at the address she tore it open. An anxious look, which she tried to hide, passed over her face. The best man held out his hand for it, and the bride hesitated a moment before she gave it up. He glanced at it and handed it back without reading it aloud, and then rose to go on with his toast. The groom

responded, a few more toasts were drunk, and then every one rose and stood still to let the bridal couple pass out first. The best man detained the bride for an instant.

"I shall see her off," was all he said.

Eleanor ran lightly upstairs at Eugenia's bidding. "Yes, dear," she said, "can I do anything for you?"

For a moment Eugenia shivered and then clasped Eleanor in her arms, and finally showed her the telegram. It was addressed to Eleanor herself, and read, "Your father very ill, come home at once."

"You can just make the night train, if you hurry, dear. Go out of the side door and take our carriage. It is all ready, and there will be plenty of time for it to come back for us." And Eugenia packed Eleanor's bag and sent her off with a warm embrace.

As she emerged from the side door, she saw a dark form in an overcoat waiting on the porch, and her heart throbbed when she heard a deep voice say, "May I see you safely to the station? If you prefer it, I'll sit on the box."

Now it was a snowy night and most disagreeable, so politeness forced her to say no. Just as she spoke the carriage drove up.

As it happened, Tom had not been the only person lying in wait. Eugenia's small brother had hoped to have the best possible fun out of his sister's wedding. He had collected a crowd of his young friends, and they had busied themselves for the past hour in tying placards and and white ribbons all over the carriage. Without noticing the unusual decorations, Tom and Eleanor started off. The urchins were collected at the gate. As the carriage approached, they whooped like young Indians, and the air was suddenly filled with rice and old shoes. The frightened horses dashed down the road and the carriage swayed to and fro. Eleanor, in her fright, caught at the nearest support, which proved to be Tom's arm, and held on very tight. As the horses slowed down, she loosened her grasp and gasped, "What was it?"

"They took us for the bride and groom. I wish we were," he added bitterly.

Afterwards she declared he took a mean advantage of her nervousness, for she really meant nothing when she answered, "And so do I."

FANNIE RESOR STEWART.

II.

It was all the polo pony's fault, of course, for although he could not decide upon his own name, he must have been pleased because he was to be named

A Runaway Match for the prettiest girl and best rider at the Hunt Club.

"I've got a new pony, Miss Harding," Morse Chappell had said to the aforesaid young lady. "He's the king bee! I'd like to name him for you if you don't mind. Don't you think **Dane** would be a jolly name for a polo pony?"

"Indeed I do," laughed the girl. "What taste you show in naming your horses, — 'The Rat', 'Whirl-of-the-Town', 'Song' and 'Dance', and now — 'Dane.' I am highly honored, I assure you, but I must see him before I decide. I may not approve after all."

"Really? Why, he's all right, — a perfect beauty!" Chappell stopped short and grew rather embarrassed as the girl returned quickly, "Of course that may be taken for granted if you even thought of naming him for me; but how about his character? Is that as admirable as my own? He's probably the vicious little brute my small brother Ray told me you bought from Mr. Lathrop. They say that pony is renowned for bolting, so look out!"

"We won't stop to discuss his character and moral standards," observed Chappell. "I'll bring him out before the hunt tomorrow morning, and you can pass judgment, but I know you'll like him, and I'm going to tell Ray, at least, that I've already named him **Dane**. We're going now to look at Marsh's new heavy-weight hunters, so I can't stay"; and Chappell, whistling to Ray, went out. The girl watched him mount his roan mare and go calmly over the front gate, followed by her young brother.

The next morning, therefore, as was her custom, **Dane** drove down to the club. She looked eagerly about for a certain tall, good-looking young man, telling herself that she must see her namesake the pony. "A good enough name for a pony, although it's a queer one for a girl," she said to herself, as she went into the club house and began to put on her riding habit. She was a little late, and almost all "the crowd" were mounted. The men were looking over stirrup-straps, throat-latches, and curb-chains. The M. F. H., cracking his whip, was fussing over

the dogs, when fourteen year old Ray Harding came down the road, yelling, "Dane's running away with Morse Chappell! Towards Hayville!"

Mr. Harding, a quick-tempered, bluff man, gave his horse a stinging cut with the whip and as it leaped forward he repeated his son's words, "Dane's running away with Morse Chappell! Towards Hayville!" Without a comment the club started. Hounds were forgotten. What was a fox hunt to this?

Meanwhile Dane, glancing out of the dressing-room window, wondered why they had rushed away so quickly. She ran down to where the groom stood with her hunter, and was on in an instant and cantering away, leaving the man speechless.

"The stupid crowd!" she remarked to her horse. "Why have they kept to the Hayville road? We've got one chance. If they turn to the left at the fork we're lost; but if they go toward the town we can head them off by cutting across the hill and back of the woods. Mean of Dad to leave me! Hope I catch them." She headed her horse at a stone wall and went quickly up the hill to the right of the road. When she reached the top, she gave a cry of amazement, for there, right in her line, back of the woods, was Morse Chappell, on a very tired, hot pony.

"Wait there!" Dane called. "You've got to come with me and try to head off the field. I'm trying to catch them, and will, if they keep to the right. We ought to do it about by the village. Come on, now!"

"How did you happen to lose them?" asked the man.

"I was slow, that's all. But how did you land here?"

Chappell laughed. "Dane bolted. I am worried about his character, but I believe his name will have influence, that is, if you are going to let him keep it. When will you decide?"

"Oh, hurry! Here they come! Right toward us! But where are the dogs?"

"By Jove! No dogs? It looks like a paper chase. What idiocy! Could the dogs have gone into the woods? If so, we lead the field; but I should think we'd have seen them."

"Let's go see," said the girl excitedly, and turning their horses they set off at a run, the huntsmen in the rear.

But the pony was tired—of course it was every bit his fault. Dane saw her father's gray just back of her and she whipped her own horse. Then a strong hand was laid on her rein, and she noticed that some one had stopped Chappell.

"I can stop when I wish," she said, in a dignified way. "Did you think it was a runaway? Keep your hands off my reins, father, please. Why, what's the matter, dear?"

Mr. Harding sat up very straight. He looked hot, red, and angry. "I hate scandal," he said at last, as to the world at large, "and to have Dane run away!"

Dane's eyes opened wide, and then the suggestion of a smile came to the corners of her mouth. "Dane run away!" she repeated.

"Mr. Chappell," the old man continued, "I can't understand it. Do you wish to marry my daughter? If so, you may do so. What do you say, sir?"

Morse Chappell looked at Dane. The club was waiting for his answer.

"Mr. Harding, I do wish to marry your daughter and have wished to for a long time; but I really think it is the custom nowadays for the young lady herself to have something to say about such affairs, and Miss Harding may not wish to marry me. Perhaps I had better ask her. Will you, Dane?"

Dane saw her father's nonplussed expression, and laughed.

"It's rather a good sporting proposition," she said. And the club suddenly remembered that they had left the hounds at the stables.

Not long after, the Hunt Club members attended a real hunt wedding, with riding habits and pink coats galore. After it was over, Dane climbed upon the gaily decorated drag, and Chappell took the reins. The grooms loosed the leaders and they whirled out of the gate in a shower of oats and riding-boots.

"It's been a rather unconventional wedding," said Dane, shaking the oats from her hat.

"A very nice one," replied Chappell, cheerfully. "Look," he went on, "there's—Dane?" A groom was leading the polo pony up and down, near Chappell's stables.

"You shan't call him that," Dane remarked reflectively, "for then he and I would quarrel over which was Dane Chappell Junior, and I don't wish to quarrel with that little animal. I like him too well."

Chappell looked at the pony. "We'll get Ray to name him, and then the club need never know—"

"That it was all the pony's fault," said Dane.

SUSAN PRATT KENNEDY.

JOY-IN-LIFE

Joy-in-life tilted on a tulip bud,
Carolled a merry lay, ;
Waited the light of the coming sun
Bringing the untried day.

Joy-in-life nestled in the tulip bloom—
Still was the noontide hour—
Humming softly a sweet low song
To the heart of the crimson flower.

Joy-in-life clung to the dry brown pod,
Mourned not that night was long,
Knew that nor wind nor tempest's rage
Might silence her heart-hid song.

EVA AUGUSTA PORTER.

ATTAINMENT

A hero started to run a race.
His heart's ideal set the mighty pace,
And thousands saw the race begun.

A hero stumbled, a hero fell,
And thousands watched and marked it well.

A hero struggled again to rise,
But the dust of his fall made blind men's eyes,
And they turned away with derisive cries.

A hero strove on, and the race was done ;
But only God saw the goal-post won.

LUCIE ALINE TOWER.

EDITORIAL

So accustomed do we become to having our college course called broadening that we are inclined to accept passively the life as it presents itself to us, and quite ignore the fact that in certain details it is far from meriting this term. We come to college realizing that certain interests which have played an important part in our home life will be excluded from our life here, but we content ourselves with the thought that we are entering into others, whose temporary enjoyment is no less important or beneficial in that it helps us to return to the old interests with new appreciation of their worth and greater knowledge of their use. Thus we have a substitution, rather than a loss, of interests when we enter upon our college life, which we have the right to expect will be broadening.

But, pausing now and then to consider, most of us find that along with the interests that we gave up consciously we have lost, half consciously, half heedlessly, others for which we have substituted those so small and so inadequate that, although they satisfy for the present, they are of no lasting importance. This is when we realize our tendency towards narrowness.

One of the most significant of these interests that we give up without an adequate substitution is the reading of the daily newspapers. There are many excuses for doing this. In the first place, it is much less convenient than at home. Unless we take a paper ourselves we must depend on seeing the one that the house takes or those in one of the reading-rooms. This first plan is usually hopeless, because there are too many to claim the paper at the same time that we ourselves want it, and the second plan is often unfeasible because, while in the vicinity of the reading-rooms we are busy either at recitations or in preparing for them, and once we are at home the papers are forgotten.

So much of our time in college is spent with books that when moments of leisure come we gladly turn to some other recreation than reading. Or, if we do go to books or magazines, we demand fiction or verse as a natural reaction against the world of facts with which our minds have been concerned. Or, again, we contend that an interest in past history takes away the enjoyment of watching history in process of making. Its slowness, its vacillation, its enormous amount of detail does not attract us. We wait for the epitome of time.

These are some of the excuses which many of us give for not reading the papers. They are scarcely fundamental enough to be called reasons. Reasons for a fault are often humiliating, and we avoid them by seemingly more dignified excuses. But humiliating as our reason is for not reading the newspaper to any greater extent, it should be faced. It is because we have substituted for our interest in the events of the world an interest in the events of the small community in which we now live. We turn upon the comparatively tiny matters of college life all the concentration of our natural interest in current events. Many of them are not vital enough to stand the intensity of this interest and are killed almost instantly. Prejudiced by personal contact or carried away by the spirit of loyalty, we see things quite out of their natural proportions. Our discussions fall useless because we have descended to the plane of gossip.

Moreover this habit, for it easily becomes one, has a tendency to grow upon us as we become more absorbed in our college life. We do not realize it until the vacation comes, and we step from the smaller back into the larger circle again. We find ourselves suddenly confronted by those who are perfectly at home in a field where we stand totally ignorant. We catch eagerly at the headlines of the events that have taken place during the past months and try to meet the expectations of those who are looking to us for the broadening effect of the college course. The result is a failure, except in so far as it opens our eyes to a realization that we have not only made for ourselves a narrowing substitution, but that we are lowering the standard set for a college woman.

EDITOR'S TABLE

One's introduction to the vast pile of college publications flooding the Editor's table is like taking a bird's eye view of each college represented. There is a feeling of broad vision, of wide personal survey, and of closer connection with the various college communities from the Atlantic to the Pacific, that comes with the reading of their magazines. College interests and aims are necessarily of close similarity, yet each college has its own peculiar method of expressing itself, and this expression constitutes an individuality as remote from those of other colleges as one person is from another.

It may have been the charm with which the novelty of a task invests it that was responsible for the interest which the exchanges inspired this month, or possibly their general excellence is related to vernal causes. Languor need not necessarily arrive with spring term, for that time of year when "every clod feels a stir of might" may well be the time when the magazine contributor, too, feels some dormant emotion seeking expression, and instincts within him that reach and tower. Something of the freshness and color and life of spring has crept into nearly all the April numbers, and one may find much food for thought and material for entertainment between their covers.

Of the three general classes of contributions, the serious essays and the verse far outweigh in merit the short story. The chief criticism to be made upon the "heavy" essay is that its subjects are mainly those suggested by some course of study and its treatment such as to confine its interest to those students pursuing the same line of thought. An exception to this is found in the April *Inlander* in an essay entitled "Re-interpretation of Democracy", which presents in a scholarly way a consideration of the growth of American Democracy and the factors of its adjustment in our national life. Such a subject has more than a class room interest and appeals to a wider circle of readers than that bounded by college walls.

Another subject somewhat out of the ordinary range is "Japanese Art and Poetry" in the Yale Literary Magazine. The writer dwells upon the aesthetic side of that people living "right against the eastern gate" of the sunrise and describes the essential features of their art.

The short stories this month are not of so much interest as the verse. One of the best of the former, however, appears in the Mount Holyoke, and is called "The Connotation of Peppermint". On the other hand there are examples of interesting verse in nearly every magazine, the Yale Courant heading the list both in quantity and quality. That touching the higher standard of excellence is unfortunately too long to be quoted entire. The following lines taken from "The World's Aflame" in the Courant seem to typify the better elements of light verse. There is beauty of color and form, and the reader is subtly drawn into the atmosphere, swinging into the spirit of the reckless pace in such movement as

"A tress of gold at the balcony vine;
A whispering kiss blown light;
But a moment's flight and the world is mine—
My love keeps tryst to-night.
Gleam of the moon and gleam of the stars,
Gleam of the dew—a thrill;
And the lithe steeds wait by the woodbine gate,
And the road sweeps over the hill,
Spark of the hoof on the crystal frost;
A whistling blithe from the whip:
And swift thro' the pines of the wood, brave-horsed,
We'll swing at a flashlight clip.
For what care we for the swish of the branch
Or the risk of a stumble's plight?
Joy conquers the sturdiest fear, my love,
And the world is aflame to-night."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Hinds and Noble, New York.

How to Attract and Hold an Audience. By J. Berg Esenwein.
Songs of the Eastern Colleges. Compiled by Robert W. Atkinson of Harvard and Ernest Carter of Princeton.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The Western Massachusetts Branch differs in some respects from our other
alumnæ associations. We are a scattered people. Our territory extends
from the middle of the state to its western bound-
ary, and our members are found in almost all the
towns from Palmer to North Adams. This, of
course, works to our disadvantage. It is difficult

to gather our members for meetings and our more distant alumnæ miss the
enthusiasm which comes from a nearness to the center of action. On the
other hand, the fountain head of inspiration for all alumnæ, we have
within our geographical limits. This proximity to the college overcomes
our disadvantages, is the reason for our existence, and gives us a center
where we may rally our forces.

The association was formed in 1898 with its headquarters at Spring-
field. No detailed account of the work of the earlier years can be given, as
the records were destroyed when the home of the secretary, Miss Clara
Palmer of Chicopee, was burned. We know, however, that the aim of the
association was to extend friendly intercourse among the members, to pro-
mote local interest in the college, and to furnish an opportunity for more
effective work in its behalf. Meetings of an intellectual and social order
were held in Springfield each year and the annual meeting was held in North-
ampton during commencement week.

Two years ago, it was felt that since we had the college in our midst, we
were missing much interest which might arise from that fact by not making
our headquarters directly under its shadow. It was voted therefore, at the
postponed annual meeting of 1900, to make Northampton the center of our
effort. There was a strong feeling among the members that we had a definite
work to do. Our close contact with the college gave us the opportunity to
encourage friendly relations between the undergraduates and the alumnæ.
We might also strengthen the bond between the more distant alumnæ and
the college, as no other association could do.

Almost immediately a practical test of our ability to aid the students came,
in a request from them, that our association take charge of the annual fair
for the benefit of the Students' Building, which had become too burdensome
for the undergraduates in addition to their regular work. The alumnæ of
Northampton and vicinity responded most cordially, taking upon themselves
the local management, while money and fancy articles were contributed by
the more distant members.

Last autumn the second fair under the alumnæ management was held in
the Gymnasium, with excellent results to the Students' Building and the
\$100,000 Funds, since the students generously agreed to divide the proceeds
this year.

Our work this winter, in company with the other associations, has been the raising of money for the \$100,000 Fund. Committees were appointed in Springfield, Holyoke, Northampton, and Berkshire, all of whom have worked with good results. Money has been raised by subscription and by entertainments. The recital given by the School of Music in behalf of the Fund has already been mentioned in the *Monthly*. Another recital was given at the home of Miss Clara E. Heywood, in Holyoke, during April, and about a hundred dollars was realized. An earnest desire has been shown throughout our association to do our part toward raising this \$100,000, which means so much to the college.

A word should be said in regard to the work of our News Committee, which has sent to the other associations, at regular intervals, informal letters containing news from the college. We are glad to send these letters to all groups of alumnæ desiring to have them, and the many expressions of appreciation already received by the committee show that this personal word from us is valued by those at a distance.

That Northampton is an interesting center for our annual meeting was shown last autumn, when seventy-three gathered for luncheon. After the business meeting we adjourned to the faculty room of Seelye Hall, where tea was served and a general assembly of the faculty greeted the association. We hope to make this October meeting an especially attractive time for a visit to the college, and the executive committee strongly urges all alumnæ residing in Western Massachusetts to come to Northampton next autumn, not only to attend the business meeting and luncheon of the association, but also, by this glimpse at the well-known buildings and campus, to gain a new inspiration from and a new interest in our Alma Mater.

CAROLINE H. MILLS '82.

The value of that rigorous mental training which is obtained from the study of mathematics has long been recognized, although that special kind of mental gymnastics is as painful to the ordinary student as

Mathematics as a Necessary Requirement in a College Curriculum

ful to the ordinary student as physical training to a rheumatic. But the recent change in the college curriculum which practically makes mathematics required for all freshmen, was made, I feel sure, not only to give freshmen the benefit of such training, but also to make it possible to carry on the work in advanced classes. In other words, a knowledge of at least the elementary mathematics given the first year, has become a necessity if one is to be anything more than an amateur student.

This is particularly true of the sciences. For instance, to attempt to study astronomy without a knowledge of mathematics is like reading "Hamlet with Hamlet left out." One may take a descriptive course, which is nothing more or less than a geography of the heavens, but that is not astronomy. One may spend hours in a physical laboratory measuring heat or electric currents, but that is not physics. To get any definite idea of the fundamental principles of these sciences, one should have a thorough knowledge of mechanics and other elementary mathematics. In some of the scientific

schools calculus is being introduced in the freshman year, because the economists complain that they are unable to teach more than the mere elements of their science without presupposing a knowledge of calculus and analytic geometry. I inquired in a university library not long ago for a certain book on Differential Equations and found that it was in daily use in the psychological laboratory. These new sciences are being put on a firm foundation of which mathematics is a corner stone.

As a study mathematics will always from the very nature of things be unpopular, and the number for which it has its own peculiar charm, always has been and always will be small. But those who pride themselves on being general students, who wish to do something more than dabble at education, should study mathematics because it is of fundamental importance, just as one studies the languages in order to read the masterpieces of literature.

RUTH GOULDING WOOD '98,
Mount Holyoke College.

At however late a date we may suppose the poem in praise of "the Virtuous Woman" to have added itself to the Book of Proverbs, it must nevertheless be all of two thousand years ago that a woman

Woman and Business was judged praiseworthy because

"She considereth a field and buyeth it"

and because

"She perceiveth that her merchandise is profitable".

This lends certainty then, to the idea that wisdom in regard to real estate investment, and ability to balance cost of production and marketing against selling price are by no means a peculiarity of the "new woman", whom we all hold in due abhorrence.

With this consolatory reflection, let us consider for a few moments if we twentieth century women have not been a little too much afraid of emphasizing this side of life,—the business side. May it not perhaps be due to the attitude for which women have so long been reproached, that of looking at questions from too personal and too immediate a point of view? For instance, it is apparently difficult for many otherwise intelligent women to acquire the habit of estimating property by the income which it will produce, rather than by the lump sum immediately available. Two illustrations of this failing I take from personal experience, not from hearsay. One woman, whose family expenditure averaged from three thousand to four thousand dollars a year, considered another "rich" because of a legacy of ten thousand dollars. In spite of the assurance that this meant only from four hundred to five hundred dollars yearly, she clung to her notion that there was little which this "rich" friend could not afford. The other example was that of a woman who reproached a friend for measures of economy when she learned that two thousand dollars had just been paid in to this friend. She too, failed utterly to comprehend that this very payment made her friend slightly poorer, since it proved necessary to re-invest the sum at a lower rate of interest than before, and so to reduce her yearly income from it.

Educated women are coming more and more to realize that their power for good in their own homes and in connection with social and civic duties can be largely enhanced by better grasp of business methods, and to see more clearly that a true education, while it develops the highest traits of womanhood, need not fail to afford adaptability to actual every-day life. Yet I venture to say that in the case of many women in the past who have received the baccalaureate degree, knowledge of business details sufficient for the actualities of daily life has been acquired slowly, painfully, and often with much of mortification, if not of personal humiliation in the process. Within five or ten years after graduation, such a woman may obtain a working knowledge of affairs which in earlier days, with adequate instruction and even a modicum of attention could have been mastered in from five to ten weeks.

It is not true that women differ from men by nature in their inability to understand these details; at all events it is undeniable that men engrossed in such professions as those of healing, teaching, or preaching, are often notably lacking in business knowledge. But why should any one, unless totally unable to comprehend the simplest arithmetical processes, neglect to master the few principles which so greatly facilitate all the commoner transactions of daily living in our modern world? Even the arithmetical ignoramus might learn that a remittance of money in any form should have an immediate acknowledgment, yet a Ph. D. may complacently defer such a duty until the "more convenient season", and continue to defer unless a deservedly sharp reminder follow. A business letter, too, should be understood to demand an immediate reply of some sort. If information be asked in it, search for which may require time, this reply should promise attention at the earliest moment, or express regret at inability to furnish the details asked. No one should claim exemption from these two rules, nor from their inevitable corollary, that on every paper relating to business the exact date, day, month, and year, should be clearly and unmistakably expressed.

Most women nowadays who get beyond the hand to mouth phase of existence find it convenient at one time or another to open a bank-account. Perhaps we were none of us ever so ignorant as the woman of the newspaper paragraph, who fancied that her credit would remain good at her bank so long as there were any blank cheques left in her cheque-book. But the hurried instructions given at the bank, or by some masculine friend, generally leave much to be desired, and sometimes result in dire confusion of mind as to details of procedure. One New York City bank, no doubt in self-defense, issued some years ago an attractive little booklet, "Bank Accounts for Women". It is surprising that more institutions have not followed this excellent example. So small a matter as the correct place for the endorsement may seem unworthy of attention, but if a uniform rule is followed it is easy to see that time otherwise lost in twisting and turning the cheques is saved to all the busy men through whose hands they must pass. That the form of signature once adopted should be invariably adhered to, is another rule with good reason back of it. This of course refers to form of name; that the handwriting should be identical is perhaps too much to ask, though where one is unknown it should be striven for. A curious comment was made to me only the other day by an official of a savings-bank, who said that

women who had little occasion to write were far more apt to produce a *fac simile* of former signatures than were women who wrote much.

With relation to the signature, though not strictly pertinent here, there is one word of caution which in spite of its seeming obviousness needs, I find, to be impressed upon many a young woman—and young man too, for that matter. This is in regard to the great hazard one runs in writing one's name on blank paper. That no paper should be signed without a thorough understanding of that to which the signature commits one, is perhaps sufficiently well known, but that a space of blank paper above one's signature gives opportunity to any knave to insert in such space any form of contract by means of which he can hope to extort money, seems not so generally understood. If you have occasion to test a pen anywhere, remember to write some long geographical name or some pet technical term rather than the signature to which your fingers so naturally impel you.

To go back to our cheque-book, however, there is the additional necessity of knowledge (which does not come by intuition) of correct methods of drawing cheques, of endorsing them payable to a third party, and above all in regard to keeping accurate and detailed records on the "deposit" side and on the stubs. All this has reference to what we may call the technique of our dealings with banks. But just as the student is not content to master the technique alone of some musical instrument, but adds to this some knowledge of the groundwork of music itself, so ought all who avail themselves of banking facilities to learn at least the A B C of the principles of exchange as a result of which banks have been established. Why should not a woman learn for instance how to decide for herself whether a particular institution may be considered safer than another in which to deposit her funds? Of course this opens up the whole question of the worth and comparative risks of various forms of investment. Here we never lack for advice, even if having only a few hundreds to invest; advice of every sort, from the specious printed circulars which overflow our waste baskets, to the kindly meant and often exactly contradictory suggestions of our friends or relatives engaged in diverse lines of business. To one with little capital and scant leisure for investigation in this direction, knowledge of a few broad principles generally applicable is most to be desired.

Successful business men, best competent to instruct in these principles, can be appealed to only by the few, since the value of their time per minute is too forcibly impressed upon the public. So far I personally know of but one attempt to fill this gap. There was published by the Putnams, last year, a book entitled, "The American Business Woman", written by J. H. Cromwell, which can hardly fail to prove enlightening to the tyro and suggestive to those already possessing some business training. It is decidedly conservative in temper and is written with a certain grandfatherly air which more than once proves amusing, but the book as a whole is none the less helpful. As an example of its suggestiveness as well as of the thorough business habits which it inculcates, mention may be made of the emphasis which Mr. Cromwell lays on "the advisability of examinations of the laws of particular states wherein investments are to be made" in real estate. Specially to be investigated, he says, are the laws relative to the right of *Eminent Domain*,

lest some fraudulent company nominally public but really operated for private gain, may through lax legislation, take your property at their own valuation leaving you no means of redress; laws of *Adverse Possession*, otherwise known as "squatter rights", and in general any laws of a state which discriminate against non-resident owners of property therein. It is of course impracticable for the average woman to look up these legal questions herself. Here is a case where expenditure for the services of a competent lawyer may well be incurred to guard against loss of funds, or to avoid a costly and harassing lawsuit. Perhaps we may go further and agree with Miss E. H. Young of Springfield that "All women need to know more of the law of contract and property; it is needed for the woman's protection, it is needed for the good of the community". This quotation is from Miss Young's admirable paper on "The Law as a Profession for Women", which was read at the last annual meeting of the A. C. A. at Buffalo, and has since been printed in the February (1902) magazine number of the association's publications. I would strongly urge upon all who have not done so, that they obtain and read this interesting paper which, while it deals with a more specialized subject, yet emphasizes some of the suggestions I have here offered. Miss Young even adds the following recommendation:—

"There is also a necessity for providing a more general knowledge of business principles for women, especially in the woman's college, where a lecturer could give, no matter how simply, certain fundamental principles of the law of contract and property. Bryn Mawr has had such a course and Wellesley offers one this fall. It should be in all the colleges, as valuable a means of mental discipline as logic or mathematics, and providing also against the possibility of the woman recklessly signing her name to any document, a mistake that is very often made with most unfortunate results. As a source of future protection, this course would be invaluable."

Nor let any one think that attention to such practical matters will result in a hard and unsympathetic attitude towards others. To begin with such attention to one's own affairs is less selfish than to devolve them upon others to whose burdens we needlessly add. Then too remembering that our "Virtuous Woman" of Proverbs 31

"Spreadeth out her hand to the poor;

"Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy,"

we shall be compelled to admit that she who is far seeing and provident in the conduct of her own business affairs, is better fitted thereby to be truly beneficent in her alms-deeds. And in her home, if she have one, is it any less true to-day than two thousand years ago that

"The heart of her husband trusteth in her,

"She doeth him good and not evil

"All the days of her life"?

If further biblical reinforcement for this position be desired, we may appeal to St. Paul, that great teacher of social ethics, who joins with his exhortation to be "fervent in spirit" the admonition, "be . . . not slothful in business."

ANNIE B. JACKSON '82.

The association for maintaining the American women's table at the Zoölogical Station at Naples and for promoting scientific research among women held its annual meeting at Baltimore on Friday and Saturday, April 4 and 5, by invitation

The Naples Table and Research Association of Miss Mary E. Garrett.

This association is maintained by annual subscriptions of fifty dollars each. The General Committee which transacts the business of the association is composed of representatives named by the subscribers. During the current year the following named institutions, associations, and individuals are the subscribing members: The Association of Collegiate Alumnae, Brown University Women's College, Bryn Mawr College, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Mount Holyoke College, University of Pennsylvania, Radcliffe College, Smith College, Vassar College, Wellesley College, Western Reserve University College for Women, Woman's College of Baltimore, Women's Committee of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, Woman's Education Association of Boston Committee on Science; Mrs. Alice Upton Pearmain, Miss Lillian V. Sampson, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Shepard, Mrs. J. Arms Sheldon, and Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman.

The representatives of fourteen of the above nineteen subscribers were present at the meeting, making the largest, as it was the pleasantest meeting, owing to the private hospitality of our hostesses, which the association has ever held.

During the winter just past the table has been occupied by Miss Nettie M. Stevens of Leland Stanford Jr. University. For next year, from December 1, 1902, to June 1, 1903, the table is assigned to Miss Anne Ide Barrows; the first time that one of our own alumnae has been the appointee.

Miss Barrows was graduated in 1897, and received the degree of Master of Arts in 1900. She held the position of substitute assistant in zoölogy at Smith for the last half of the year 1897-98, and has been regular assistant in zoölogy there from 1899 to the present time. For the first half of the year 1897-98 she studied in the anatomical laboratory of Brown University, the following summer was appointed to the Smith College zoölogical table at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole, and was assistant in experimental physiology during 1898-99, at the Boston University Medical School.

The association also offers a table at Woods Hole for the coming summer. This table is assigned, by preference, to one desiring to fit herself for later work at Naples. It has not yet been assigned for the summer of 1902, and application can be made to the secretary of the association, Miss Cornelia M. Clapp, Mount Holyoke College.

In addition to supporting these tables the association was able in April 1900, to offer a prize of one thousand dollars for the best thesis written by a woman, on a scientific subject, embodying new observations and new conclusions based on an independent laboratory research in biological, chemical, or physical science. Theses offered in competition for that prize must be in the hands of the Chairman of the Committee of the Prize, Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, before December 1, 1902. The prize will be awarded at the annual meeting in April 1903.

The association now announces the offer of a second prize of one thousand

dollars under similar conditions, save that the dates of presentation and award are December 1904 and April 1905. The papers presented will be judged by the regularly appointed Board of Examiners, representing the biological, chemical, and physical sciences. Any information with regard to these prizes will gladly be furnished on application to the Chairman of the Committee on the Prize, Mrs. Richards.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE, Treasurer.

The Brooklyn section of the New York committee for the \$100,000 Fund began to plan early in the winter for an entertainment for the cause. The affair grew on their hands till it took the

Work of the Brooklyn Alumnæ shape in which it was given—Old World Idyls and Modern Tableaux, presented at the Germania Hall, Brooklyn, on two successive evenings early in April, with dancing at the close of the second performance. The program consisted of dramatic dialogues in costume, and the Sapolio advertisements of Spotless Town, arranged to form a continuous comedy. The cast included Miss Butler and Miss Watters '96, Miss Kelley '97, Miss Harter and Miss M. Jackson '98, Miss Hall and Miss James '99, Miss Butler '00, and Miss Almirall '01.

Judging from the praises of the audience, the affair was a success as an entertainment. From the point of view of the committee, there is further cause for gratification in being able to report \$600 netted for the Fund. The thanks of the committee are extended to the alumnæ and Brooklyn friends whose generous support has assisted their labors for the Alma Mater.

ETHEL JAMES, Chairman.

The Minneapolis and St. Paul Alumnæ joined forces, and on the afternoon of April 5 gave the burlesque "Julius Cæsar", by Ona Winants '01, which has been given at college a number of times. The play was given in the ball room of one of the Minneapolis residences to a most enthusiastic audience, which numbered fully three hundred people. The committee are glad to report that as a result of the play they had \$216.18 to send for the Endowment Fund. In addition to this amount, \$94 was raised by subscription of the Minnesota Alumnæ, making a total of \$310.18.

ALMA HOEGH.

The Chicago Association of Smith Alumnæ gave a musicale on April 19. The program consisted of songs by Miss Ethel Lane '01, Miss Harkness '94, and Miss Bertha Nixon '96; violin solo by Miss Marjory Gane '01; piano selections by Miss Gane '94, and reading by Miss Hutchinson '01. A business meeting preceded the musicale, at which the following officers were elected for 1902-3: President, Martha Wilson; First Vice-president, Mrs. H. B. Platt; Second Vice-president, Mary McWilliams; Secretary, Gertrude Gladwin; Treasurer, Keturah S. Beers.

Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam read selections from her stories and poems at the Williams Memorial Institute, New London, Conn., on the evening of Tuesday, April 8. The reading was arranged by the Smith College alumnae and students of New London for the benefit of the \$100,000 Fund, and they were able to contribute to it, as a result, \$38.

During the Easter recess the Gloucester alumnae and undergraduates of Smith College organized a club, to be known as "The Gloucester Smith College Club." Its object is to promote interest in Smith College and to raise money for the college or for educational work in Gloucester. Nineteen have already joined, and have as their officers: President, Miss Harriet E. Patch; Vice-president, Miss Adelaide Proctor; Treasurer, Miss Florence Dustin; Secretary, Miss Emma C. Robinson. The first work of the club was to raise money for the Smith Fund, and to this end a musicale was given on the evening of April 15. The proceeds, \$110, were handed by Miss Patch to President Seelye, at the luncheon lately given by the Boston Association at Hotel Somerset, Boston.

EMMA C. ROBINSON, Secretary.

On April 7, the Smith alumnae of Norwich, Conn., arranged a reading by Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam. The proceeds, \$70, were sent to the \$100,000 Fund.

Alumnae who still desire to secure rooms for Commencement can do so by communicating with Miss Mary Waite, Tenney House.

The class of '82 will celebrate their June reunion by a luncheon on Monday of Commencement week at Plymouth Hall.

Our report this month is a brief one. We have received since our last statement four special contributions,—\$38 from New London alumnae, \$70

Report of the
Smith College Alumnae Committee
for the \$100,000 Fund

from Norwich alumnae, \$218 from
Minneapolis alumnae, and \$25 from
the treasury of the Western Massa-
chusetts Association, by special vote.
The New London and Norwich con-

tributions came, we understand, from readings by Miss Daskam of '98. The Minneapolis gift represents the proceeds from a play arranged expressly for the Fund. The undergraduate contribution (not yet reported) has increased considerably and pushes our total well up toward the final goal.

The first of May was set as the date on which all pledges should be in. We go to press a few days before that date and so cannot be sure how much of this outlying sum will have been paid over at the appointed time. As things now stand, however, over \$2000 of the total reported below is in the form of pledges. Until these are redeemed we cannot be confident of success. Both President Seelye and the committee beg that every sum promised to the Fund or intended for it be sent in at the earliest possible moment.

The June number of the *Monthly* will contain our final report. We shall then state the amount of the undergraduate contribution in full and by classes.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE, Chairman.
MARY VAILL TALMAGE,
GRACE A. HUBBARD.

PAYMENTS AND PLEDGES TO DATE, APRIL 25, 1902.

Class.	Paid.	Pledged.	Total.	
1879	\$145 00		\$145 00	
1880	40 00	45 00	85 00	
1881	238 00	20 00	258 00	
1882	266 00		266 00	
1883	306 50	55 00	361 50	
1884	207 00	5 00	212 00	
1885	656 50	5 00	661 50	
1886	190 50	80 00	270 50	
1887	890 50	50 00	940 50	
1888	179 00	1 00	180 00	
1889	242 00	125 00	367 00	
1890	384 00	30 00	414 00	
1891	5,186 00	125 00	5,261 00	
1892	199 25	155 00	354 25	
1893	239 00	15 00	254 00	
1894	805 00	50 00	855 00	
1895	571 50	47 00	618 50	
1896	331 10	40 00	391 10	
1897	718 50	182 00	900 50	
1898	500 00	130 00	630 00	
1899	991 00	210 00	1,201 00	
1900	6,817 50	322 00	7,139 50	
1901	2,257 41	340 00	2,597 41	
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	
	\$22,331 26	\$2,082 00	\$24,363 26	\$24,363 26
Western Mass. Association, additional,				25 00
New London Alumnæ and Students,				38 00
Minneapolis Alumnæ,				213 00
Norwich Alumnæ,				70 00
Clubs or committees, previously reported,				1,427 70
Alumnæ Association, previously reported,				1,307 00
Non-graduates, paid,				553 00
Non-graduates, pledged,				125 00
Amounts paid to President Seelye or Mr. C. N. Clark,				1,431 00
				<hr/>
				\$29,552 96
Gifts secured by President Seelye,				66,000 00
				<hr/>
Total,				\$95,552 96

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the reading room. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'96. Helen M. O'Neill,	April 12
'92. Mary A. Jordan,	" 12
'00. Ethel W. Whitcomb,	" 12
'94. Ada E. Herrick,	" 13
'94. Ellen Burns Thomson,	" 16
'94. M. Geneva Hill,	" 16
'95. Edith M. Hawkes,	" 28
'95. Edith Chase,	" 29

Contributions to this department are desired by the last of the month in order to appear in the next month's issue and should be sent to Elizabeth S. Sampson, Tenney House.

'88. Daisy Blaisdell is teaching in the University of Illinois at Champaign.

Mary Rayner has returned from her European trip, and will live in Niagara.

'91. Mrs. Robert Williams (M. E. Baird) has spent the winter in California.

'94. Frances E. Browne spent July and August, 1901, in Paris, studying French at *L'Alliance française*, returning in September to resume her position as teacher of French in the Druery High School, North Adams, Mass.

'96. Ethel Lyman has spent the winter at Pinehurst, N. C.

'97. Ellen Dodge has announced her engagement to Mr. Edgar Hunter Scott of Omaha, Neb.

Laura Galacar is in a sanitarium at Roxbury.

Edith Montague has announced her engagement to Mr. Henry White of Hartford, Conn.

Frances Seymour will sail for Europe in May. After traveling through the summer, she will spend the winter studying in Rome.

'98. Ysabel Swan has been spending the winter in Chicago.

Cara Walker has been teaching for the year in Sheffield, Mass.

Catherine Farwell was married on May 6 to Rev. Edgar Rhuel Hyde.

Florence Lillie is doing editorial work for the Merriam Publishing Co.

'99. Helen Patton and Agnes Patton '01 sailed for Genoa May 8, remaining abroad about five months.

Mary Seymour is studying in Paris.

'00. Frances Cox has announced her engagement to Mr. Raymond Porter Tarr, Cornell '98, of Gloucester, Mass.

Laurel Louise Fletcher has announced her engagement to Mr. Booth Tarkington, the author of "*Monsieur Beaucaire*".

Aloysia Mary Hoyer spent last year at Radcliffe, and is now teaching in the Dover, N. H., High School.

- '00. Helen Janney has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Case of Minneapolis, Minn.

Sarah Sanderson is teaching in Rhode Island Agricultural School.

- ex-'00. Edith Daisy Jenkins of Chicago was married April 7 to Mr. William Archibald Logan of Keokuk, Ia.

- '01. Corinne Calhoun has announced her engagement to Mr. William H. Gray of Brookline, Mass.

Ethel S. Cobb was married January 1 to Mr. W. Percy Arnold. Address, Morton Street, North Abington, Mass.

Helen West Kitchel has announced her engagement to Dr. Ralph Peabody Daniells of Chicago.

Florence J. Smyth has announced her engagement to Dr. H. C. Reynolds of New York City.

BIRTHS

- '94. Mrs. Stanley Carlton (Mary Davis) a son, Gilbert Davis, born November 28, 1901.

- '95. Mrs. Nathan W. Green (Anna Harrington) a son, Thomas Dudley, born March 18, 1902.

- '97. Mrs. Charles Merriam (Julia Sturtevant), Cohasset, Mass., a son.

Mrs. Ernest DeWolfe Wales (Franc Hale) a daughter, Jeannette, born April 4.

- '00. Mrs. George McCallum (Elizabeth Revell) a son, Revell, born December 28.

DEATH

- ex-'95. Florence A. Butler Roos died of typhoid fever, November 18, 1901, at Marine City, Mich.

ABOUT COLLEGE

We have seen of late a good deal in the advertisement columns about certain cheap commodities, through whose magic power the so-called spring house-cleaning may be done away with. Never-

Spring House-Cleaning theless, this annual upheaval continues to be one of the leading and critical events of the household year, for housekeepers consider it not only an arduous duty, but a peculiar privilege. It is their expression of the feeling with which we all behold the first signs of spring, as the coming on of a very beauteous and gladsome being for whose reception the world must adorn itself in its gayest attire. It is something whose presence brings a blessing; therefore it must be welcomed with wide open windows, that it may dispel with its sunlight the last gray shadows of winter. With some such vague feeling in her heart and a fresh strength in her hand, the spring house-cleaning becomes a source of pleasure and satisfaction to the housekeeper which no amount of advertising will make her willing to forfeit.

But there are other things besides houses which stand in special need of preparation for the coming of spring. For us who own no houses, it is that thing of all work and general receptacle of all impressions which we refer to indefinitely as our "brain" which most needs the clearing out and rearranging. We have been working in our brains all winter, and the sweep-days we have given them in the form of chance periods of skating and walking have been very irregular and inefficient. The thought of the amount of litter we have stored up alongside of the things we value is appalling. We have let the dust gather over many pleasant attitudes and ways of thinking, so long have we left them unused. To recount the mistakes we have made as a result of stumbling over unhealthy thoughts piled away confusedly in dusky corners would only sadden us. There is hardly anything, in fact, that we need so much as a thorough spring house-cleaning.

And, after all, it is very little trouble. One has only to take one's dusty, hard used brain out to the mountains. Once there, let the free winds blow through its thoughts; let the sunlight blaze in at its will; let the new green of the leaves and the clear song of the birds enter that they may charm away all the morbid rubbish. And when one goes back one's head will actually feel lighter in weight, work will go faster, friends will seem nicer, and one will be all ready to receive the best that the full-handed Spring has to give.

The ease with which we, as individuals hailing from all parts of the country, meet the social conditions of college life is a fact which demands our attention. And the harmony which in general pervades

As to Politeness all our college relationships from the very outset, speaks well for our powers of adaptation. There is still, however, a good deal of friction going on between one person and another which impresses itself most strongly upon us in spring term when the novelty of being together has somewhat worn off.

Doubtless it is quite impossible that there should be no disagreeable brushing among so many human beings, with strong wills and far-reaching ambitions. But there is one way at hand by which the inter-personal friction—little as it is—might be still farther reduced. This way is along the line of a more conscientious observance of the commonplace expressions of politeness. For it is not that we lack the true spirit of politeness to any degree, but that we grow lax in many of those expressions of it which we sometimes scornfully denominate as trivial. How great the usefulness of these simple forms is as oil to the great machinery of society, the outside world attests by its adherence to them. And there is no reason to think that their efficacy is not as great in college life.

There are two attitudes which we have a habit of taking which tend to the exclusion of these polite observances. First, in our effort to be utterly straight-forward—to gain the “comrade” air, or perhaps to be amusing and original, we make a practice of being exceedingly abrupt. We turn with complete lack of interest from the girl of so-called affectation and mannerisms; yet the result of our very frankness, strained to a point of brusqueness is also an affectation—representing the opposite extreme. We do not always strive hard enough to add graciousness to our efforts after simplicity and frankness. The amusement that comes from unique, and most often disparaging remarks about the personal appearance of one's friends is thought, for instance, to more than compensate for any sacrifice of courtesy. Possibly it does, for the moment; but in the long run the way of courtesy is beset with fewer difficulties.

The other attitude is the natural outcome of the call which we meet for introspection and self-analysis. We get such an interest in our moods that we do not control them as good breeding would have us do, but on the contrary we intrude them at all times and places upon our companions. We forget that they are not our immediate family and demand from them oftentimes more sympathy and patience than we have a right to. It cannot have escaped our notice, for instance, how much better it has been for both parties when being attacked by the “blues” on the street we have overcome them and bowed very pleasantly to an acquaintance.

It is easy enough to fall into such errors in a community where so much freedom of thought and action is allowed the individual. But they are not deep-rooted faults and with a little more thoughtfulness on our parts might be mended to our very material advantage. For frankness and brusqueness in their extreme forms are only barriers to inter-communication. And it is the practise of the hardly significant acts of politeness which goes a long way toward the making and keeping of firm friendships—which are, no doubt, one of the greatest boons of college life.

MAY WALLACE BARTA 1902.

At the request of the Smith College Association for Christian Work, certain members of the faculty consented to give a series of half-hour talks.

The first one was given by Mrs. Gerald Stanley Lee
Mrs. Lee's Lecture at the Albright, April 21, on the "Art of Idleness."

Mrs. Lee said that our theory in this respect is as likely to differ from our practice as in other questions. We may decide that it is well to spend some time in idleness, but we are too strenuous to succeed. Our ambition is to accomplish things, the more, the better; our one aim in life is to get something finished. On the other hand, her advice (with the hope of not being misunderstood) was, don't accomplish things, don't get something done. Being is greater than doing. The great things in life come unsought, and there is no need to bother about finding them. Birth and death, the two greatest things, we are not consulted about, we do not strive for them. The other great things in life—friends, books and music, the wonders of out-doors—come unsought. One does not in the real sense of the word *make* friends, they come to one. Most of the things that are worth while in life come to us when we are looking for other things. We think to find one thing in a friend, and find quite another much better. We elect a course for one thing, and gain something quite different. But even if we can not elect at all the courses in literature that we would like, there is always a consolation. Being introduced to a master in a crowd of fifty, our chances of knowing him well are rather small. We are after all likely to become better acquainted if we meet him alone.

All great souls are masters of idleness. One notices the long periods of inspired idleness in Christ's life. He might have worked closely and industriously at the carpenter's trade and in time have been a master carpenter. The precept, "Keep busy every minute," will take one just so far. There are much better things lying beyond for the masters of idleness. Walt Whitman said, "I loaf and invite my soul." One could imagine nothing more futile than going about consciously to invite one's soul. But if one merely takes time for pictures and out-doors, music and friends, if one takes time to live, one can, slowly perhaps, grow into the art of idleness.

VIRGINIA ELIZABETH MOORE 1902.

President Seelye, on May 16, at Boston University, will attend a meeting of the board to regulate admission to college by certificate. This meeting continues the discussion of a joint certificate board, the plans

Faculty Notes and progress of which were outlined in the *Monthly* for December and March.

Professor Tyler, on April 29, was present at the annual meeting of the board of trustees of Williston Seminary.

Professor Tyler, on May 9, went to New York City, to attend the annual meeting of the managing committee of the American School of Classical Studies in Athens.

Professor Brady, on May 8, attended in New York City the annual meeting of the managing committee of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome. The reports of the work of the past year were presented at these meetings, and plans for the future outlined, including the election of professors for courses of lectures.

That the interest in Archaeology is increasing in this country is made evident, perhaps, by the formation in Washington of the Washington Society of the Archaeological Institute of America. This society received its initial impulse from Professor Kelsey of the University of Michigan on March 8; and on April 7 met for organization with a membership of some sixty men and women. The first lecture of this new society was given by Miss Boyd at its first meeting on the theme, "American Excavations in Crete, 1901; Discovery of a Mycenaean Provincial Town."

Professor Waterman, on April 21, attended at Columbia University the regular meeting of the American Physical Society. This meeting was of unusual interest to physicists, as Lord Kelvin, who has been Professor of Physics at Glasgow University for fifty-six years, was the guest of honor at a reception given by the American Physical Society and the Institute of Electrical Engineers.

Miss Scott goes to Harvard University May 20, to attend the annual meeting of the Dante Society.

Professor Hazen, on May 17, will present to the New England History Teachers' Association in Boston his report on the use of sources in the teaching of history in secondary schools.

Miss Cutler was elected a member of the American Philosophical Association at its first annual meeting, April 1, at Columbia University.

Edward Howard Griggs has been engaged by the college to deliver during the winter term of next year his course of lectures on "The Moral Reformers."

Professor Mensel lectured at Mount Holyoke College April 28, on "The German Drama of To-day."

Professor Emerick, on March 31, spoke before the Monday Club of Northampton on the "Tariff, with Special Reference to Our Insular Possessions."

Miss Jordan spoke at Chicopee on April 10, on "Browning's Philosophy of History."

Professor Hazen talked informally to the Smith College Alumnae of Worcester April 22 on the development of the College during the last ten years.

Professor Gardiner and Mr. Perry have been invited to lecture at the Summer School of Philosophy at Glenmore in the Adirondacks.

In a forthcoming number of the *Journal of Biblical Literature* there will be an article by Professor Wood, suggesting a new theory of the origin of the Magnificat. His thesis is that the Magnificat is a Jewish Messianic Psalm, in which the first person represents the nation. The word translated hand-maid is the Hebrew word for servant, often used in the Old Testament to symbolize the nation of Israel. The change from the masculine to the feminine gender, whence its application to Mary, happened in the Greek version.

During the past year there has been organized by the members of the Faculty having it in charge a Teachers' Bureau, in the interest of the alumnae who desire positions as teachers. The idea of the Teachers' Bureau is not new, it is but the crystallization into a fixed form of what has been going on in the College for many years with informal efficiency. But now that we have grown in numbers, both as a Faculty and an alumnae body, a systematically organized bureau seems to be the part of wisdom. It is the duty of

this Bureau to recommend candidates to employers who make application, and to furnish information respecting the qualification of candidates who are under consideration. To this end the Bureau keeps a classified registry of alumnæ who are eligible for teaching positions, including both recent graduates and teachers of experience. The alumnæ have it in their power to further the work of the Faculty, and it is hoped that all who wish to be regarded as candidates for teaching positions will register with the Bureau. But, moreover, it is hoped that the alumnæ may find in this Bureau an opportunity for extending widely the activities and spirit of Smith College, by interesting themselves in finding and creating positions for which the Smith College woman has been trained, and by calling the attention of those who wish to employ college-bred women to the new Teachers' Bureau.

OLIVE RUMSEY.

On Monday, April 28, the second of the informal lectures by members of the faculty, arranged by the Smith College Association for Christian Work, was given by Miss Jordan in the Dewey House

Miss Jordan's Lecture parlors. She spoke on "A Heavenly Vision", emphasizing the facts that one's life to a large extent might be governed by dreams, and that one could control those dreams. Men need to be like St. Paul, "obedient to the heavenly vision", doing earnestly and carefully those duties which though old and commonplace to many, are transformed for him by the glory of the dream. Not by desultory fancyings or by hit or miss living, but by constant, prayerful striving, both for purity of vision and for obedience unto it, can men reach the blessedness of those who are "pure in heart."

On Friday, May 2, the realization was brought home to the seniors that they were very soon to be alumnæ and to have a share in their interests.

The alumnæ members of the faculty very kindly invited the senior class to come to the gymnasium on that evening to meet the alumnæ trustees and consider matters of interest to the Alumnæ Association. At about half-past seven the seniors began to assemble, and were welcomed most cordially by the alumnæ members of the faculty.

There was a pleasant half-hour of informal conversation, and then, when everyone was seated, Miss Cushing introduced the first speaker of the evening, Mrs. Mary Duguid Day '84. She gave a brief sketch of the work of the Association of Smith College Alumnæ, and extended a cordial invitation to the seniors to join the Association and to express their loyalty to the college through the channels provided by the branches of this organization.

Miss Cutler was then introduced, and she gave an extremely interesting account of the work that is done by the Students' Aid Society, which carries on a system of loans by which a few students who otherwise would not be able to complete their college course are enabled to do so. The society is one that appeals at once to everyone as very useful, and Miss Cutler spoke of its value to the college at large, besides the individual cases where assistance is given. There are students who are so much in earnest in their desire for

learning that they are willing to incur the obligation of a loan, with the future work that it implies, for the sake of completing their college education. The knowledge of this fact is a stimulus inspiring the rest of the college world with greater respect for their work, and more enthusiastic zeal.

The general work of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae was presented by Miss Cook; she was assisted by Mrs. Justina Robinson Hill '80, who gave a more specific account of the work that has been accomplished by some of the sub-divisions of this organization, in which women who have been graduated from different colleges work together for common ends.

At Miss Cushing's request, the president of the senior class introduced a few of the seniors, who with all the eloquence in their power presented some of the needs of the college to-day. First a plea was made for a new biological building, of which the college stands so sorely in need. At present the departments of Zoölogy, Botany, Physiology, Geology, and Physics are all obliged to use the same building. Needless to say, it is much over-crowded. The Physics department has grown so rapidly in the last few years that it has entirely taken up the room formerly occupied by the Chemistry department, so that the new Chemistry Hall has not relieved so much as was hoped the pressure in Lilly Hall, and the Biological departments are as crowded as ever. They have been forced to improvise laboratories on the third floor, dividing with partitions the one large room originally intended for a natural history museum and planned with a view to having plenty of wall space, rather than the many windows requisite for a well arranged laboratory. The inconvenience attendant upon the use of one laboratory by both the Zoölogy and Botany departments for the work of the first year course is very great. On the whole, the very inadequate provision made for the needs of these two departments seems flagrantly out of proportion to the vigorous interest in them which is growing constantly in the college.

Then another need which has been felt keenly by the students for several years, the need for a larger and better equipped infirmary, was very convincingly presented by Helen Esther Kelley. The building now used for the purpose is too near the college campus, is too small, has no hospital equipments, and is arranged very inconveniently for those who have the care of the patients. The very limited accommodation available in case of contagious diseases might result in quite serious consequences. Here again there seems a lamentable lack of proportion between the growing demands of the college and its equipment.

Eloise Mabury spoke of the imperative need for some enlargement of the seating capacity of the chapel and expressed a widespread feeling that the associations connected with College Hall mean so much to every Smith girl that it would be unfortunate to abandon it for an entirely new building, even if there were plenty of room on the campus. Some mode of alteration of the old building was recommended for several reasons, among others, that the organ might not have to be moved. This plan seemed most in accordance with public feeling generally.

The needs of the Physical Training department were presented by Mary Gove Smith. Even the "new gymnasium" is much too small for the accommodation of the many classes taking gymnastic work to-day. The depart-

ment has so increased in popularity and scope in the last few years that the question is a very different one from that which confronted the college when the *Alumnæ Gymnasium* was built and considered amply large. The old gymnasium has been refitted and pressed into service for overflow classes, but it is not well adapted for the purpose, being very poorly ventilated and poorly equipped generally. The demand for more room is really urgent, and the efficiency of the department is seriously curtailed. The need of an athletic field was also touched upon, for there is not room on the campus for all the tennis courts, hockey-fields, ball-grounds, and so forth, which would be used, and to good purpose, if only there were room for them.

The chairman of the Students' Building committee gave a brief report of the progress made by that committee, and made the welcome announcement that work is to be begun upon the long wished for building in a very few days.

After a short conference, the trustees reported what prospect there seemed to be for an answer to the demands that had been made. Assembly Hall is to undergo thorough alterations this summer, and will be enlarged so that it is hoped that there will be plenty of room in chapel for everyone when the college comes together in the fall. As for the Infirmary question, it is being agitated with a fair prospect of a speedy solution. Concerning the needs of the Biological and Physical Training departments, the immediate outlook is less encouraging, but these needs are fully realized by the trustees, and there is hope for the future.

After the formal part of the program was over, the discussion of these topics of absorbing interest was carried on in small and informal groups, while many of the seniors accepted the cordial invitation that had been given them to join this or that association and signed the membership blanks which Miss Caverno, Miss Cook, and Miss Cutler were gladly distributing.

When the time came to go home, the seniors went away feeling very grateful to the *alumnæ* of the Faculty for this glimpse of the new pleasures and new interests in connection with the college which are waiting for us in the years when we shall be no longer active members of the student body.

GRACE WHITING MASON 1902.

At the annual meeting of the Smith College Association for Christian Work, held April 19, the general work of the Association was reported, including reports of the President, Vice-President, Secretary,

S. C. A. C. W. Notes and Treasurer, and the reports of the Missionary Society, Students' Exchange, Needlework Guild, College Settlements, Consumers' League, and the Home Culture Clubs. The officers for the ensuing year were then elected.

For some time there has been the feeling that in their existing states the S. C. A. C. W. and the Christian Union have lacked the unity and strength which some more definite plan would ensure. A revision of the constitution has therefore been adopted. Articles II and III of the new are those which differ most essentially from the corresponding articles of the old.

Article II of the old reads thus:

"Its object shall be to promote in the name of Christ the development of

a broad and intellectual activity in the cause of humanity and to unite in one central body the organizations already existing in the college, and those to be formed in the future for the purpose of active Christian work."

Article II of the new reads :

"Its purpose shall be to deepen the Christ-life in the college and to promote the development of a broad and intelligent activity in the cause of humanity."

Article III of the old constitution stands :

"Sec. 1. All members of the college shall be members of this general organization, and members of its special organs as they shall desire.

"Sec. 2. The membership fee shall be fifteen cents annually, paid to the respective class treasurers during the fall term of each year."

Article II of the new stands :

"Sec. 1. All students of the college will be welcomed to membership in the association who desire that the Christ-life shall be deepened within themselves and within the college.

"Sec. 2. All students of the college shall be free to identify themselves with any part of the sub-organizations in which they are interested without joining the association.

"Sec. 3. The membership fee shall be fifty cents annually, paid to the treasurer of the association.

"Sec. 4. It shall be the duty of each member of the association to advance the purpose of the association."

Under the new constitution the vice-president will be chairman of the membership committee instead of the Bible classes. Other changes are of minor importance. They are in connection with committee work, but are changes which, it is believed, will tend to centralize and to systematize the work of the association.

The report of the President of the S. C. A. C. W. was in brief, as follows :

The year that has just past has been an eventful one in the life of the association in several ways. Because of these changes we can look forward with confident hope to the work of the future.

For the first time the Smith College Association for Christian Work has been able to count among its officers a general secretary, and Miss Barber '99, who has held that office, has been of the greatest value to all departments of the work. Aside from the definite help given to these departments there has been an inspiration and strength given to all of us who have worked with Miss Barber, which cannot be counted. The Association owes to her its deepest thanks which it most gratefully pays.

In connection with this new office an advisory committee was appointed consisting of faculty and alumnae. This committee holds an advisory position toward the Association and arranges the business relations between it and the general secretary. This year the faculty members of this committee are Professor Wood, Miss Hanscom, Miss Caverno, and Miss Fuller. This committee not only brings the students and faculty into closer touch, but also gives to the Association the advice and wider experience of those who are connected with the college in a different and vital way.

At Northfield last summer Smith had the largest delegation of any college,

forty-two in all. Of these eighteen were undergraduates, the rest alumnae. We also had with us two members of the faculty, Miss Hanscom who spent Sunday there, and Professor Wood who was with us the entire time. It is because the summer conference of the Y. W. C. A. has meant so much to our organizations here at Smith in previous years, that we are hoping to have a larger delegation than ever before at Silver Bay, Lake George, where the meetings will be held this year. The days spent together at this conference not only increase the knowledge of the delegates in regard to the religious work being done by young women, but also binds them together with a strong purpose which is invaluable in deepening the Association work in college.

Again this year rooms were taken in Plymouth Hall, as no satisfactory rooms of the college were available. The advantages coming from having a definite place at which the different committees may meet and where guests may be entertained has simplified matters in many ways.

In September a request came from the people on Hospital Hill asking that the Sunday-school might be opened again in the chapel there. After consultation with the committee from the churches which control the chapel, a superintendent was appointed and the Sunday-school was opened.

From February 26 to March 2, the third convention of the Student Volunteers was held in Toronto. Smith was represented directly by Miss Hanscom, as the faculty delegate, and by three undergraduates. There were 32 Smith women at the convention, however. The inspiration brought back to the college from this convention has been deep and true.

In looking forward to the future of the association work here in Smith College, the prospect for accomplishing the purpose of the organization seems in many ways brighter than ever before.

JEAN GERTRUDE JOUETT 1902.

The signs of the times point to the fact that this is a constitution making epoch for Smith College. The Gymnasium and Field Association, as an exponent of the college spirit, held a mass meeting

G. and F. A. Notes on April 21, and adopted a new constitution, or rather a constitution, for the Association has been without one for some time. The departures from Gymnasium and Field Association tradition embodied in it are comparatively insignificant. The most noticeable ones are, first, that the president is to be elected from the sophomore class, while the physical director is to be advisory member of the executive board; and secondly, that the annual election of officers is to take place during the third week in May instead of in the fall.

On Wednesday evening, April 15, the Lawrence House dance was given in the Alumnae Gymnasium; and on Wednesday evening, April 23, a dance was given by the Lion's Head, 20 Belmont Avenue, and White Lodge. These two are the last of the gymnasium house dances for this year.

On Tuesday evening, April 29, Professor Olds of Amherst College lectured at the open meeting of the Mathematical Club on *Everest Galois*. A reception was afterward given him at the Albright House.

On Sunday, April 20, Rev. Horace Bumsted, D. D., President of Atlanta University, and Mr. Robert Lloyd Smith spoke at Vespers.

Before the open meeting of the Oriental Club on Tuesday evening, April 29, Professor Wood read a paper on Miracles.

This department of the Smith College *Monthly* particularly desires contributions in the form of dramatic criticisms or critical discussions of any events of interest to the college at large.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

S. C. A. C. W.

President, Alice Warner 1903.
Vice-President, Marie Weeden 1903.
Corresponding Secretary, Dorothea Wells 1904.
Recording Secretary, Olive Ware 1904.
Treasurer, Dagmar Megie 1905.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

President, Isabel Norton 1903.
Vice-President, Mary Colby 1904.
Secretary, Clara Porter 1905.
Treasurer, Helen Choate 1904.
Assistant Treasurer, Lucy Macdonald 1905.

PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

President, Klara Frank 1903.
Vice-President, Grace Fuller 1903.
Secretary, Ruth Baker 1903.
Treasurer, Ena Stewart 1903.

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB.

President, Alta Zens 1903.
Secretary, Amy Stein 1904.
Treasurer, Annie May Murray 1903.

CALENDAR

- May** 14, Junior Promenade.
21, Senior Concert.
24, Alpha Society.
28, Junior-Senior Entertainment.
31, Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- June** 7, Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
12, Dress Rehearsal of Senior Dramatics.
13, Senior Dramatics.
14, Senior Dramatics.
15, Baccalaureate Sunday.
16, Ivy Day.
17, Commencement.



Edue U 7310, 17c

Miss Anne L. Hopkins

The

Smith College

Monthly

June - 1902.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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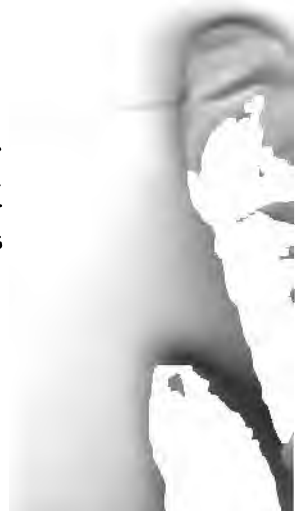
JUNE, 1902.

No. 9.

Subscribers of the Smith College Monthly,
not desiring to continue their subscriptions
during the ensuing year, will please notify
the Business Manager as soon as possible.

...together all the men of a time.

In this paper we are dealing with a man upon whom the impress of the spirit of his age is at once manifest, one who can be understood only by a realization of the tone of Puritan New England of his day. The question as to just what this spirit



was which left its stamp upon the children of New England is too comprehensive to be easily answered. Suffice it to indicate one or two of the prominent traits by which it may be known. On its theological side Puritanism is identified with Calvinism, a faith whose significance lies not so much in any one or more of the grim doctrines embodied in it as in the implied attitude of the system as a whole toward God, the universe, the moral order. The primary assumption seems to be that the order of the universe is within the grasp of human thought—it might not be understood, but it could be thought. Calvinism stands for the craving for an intellectually satisfactory system. Therefore, while such terms as omnipotent, eternal, infinite, are predicated of God and the moral order, there is all the time the attempt by logical definition and deduction to reduce these properly transcendent truths to formulæ intelligible to the human mind. Calvinism assumes not only that the whole truth of God and nature is thus comprehensible by the intellect, but that the intellect is the sole agency for its comprehension; hence the repression of imagination and emotion among the Puritans.

But there is another side to Puritanism besides this philosophical one. On the side of daily life the Puritans were, anomalous as it may seem, practical idealists. Profoundly and constantly ideal, among all men they are thus distinguished, that with lofty but unattained ideals they were not content, but had the wondrous faith to try to put these into practice.

It is this Puritanism, with its intellectual appeal and its demand that the ideal be realized, which found expression in the lives of Cotton Mather and of Samuel Sewall, moulding them and being itself modified by the temper of each individual mind.

In Cotton Mather the priestly temperament sought expression in Puritan forms. It is this which makes him seem a contradiction to many people who are in the habit of associating the term with only one form of religion rather than with a class of minds. The word "priest" is a relative term, more than that, it is a relating term, implying on the one side God, on the other, a people. The priest is first of all a God-seeker; some sort of communion with a higher power is the necessity of his existence, and his constant aim is to make this communion more direct and more perfect. But this search for God, taken by

itself, makes not the priest, but the mystic. The priest feels himself given a divine charge to other men, and his mission is not complete until those to whom he is sent are brought to the same realization of truth as he himself enjoys. With this spirit of the priest reinforced by Puritanism, which demanded that men devote themselves here and now to the affairs of the spiritual world, it is not strange that for Mather the business of life became to know God and to bring others to that knowledge.

It was not, as has been charged, simply because he was ambitious or worldly that he threw himself so vigorously into the life about him. He reasoned, and reasoned truly, that perfect knowledge of God meant the doing of His will on earth as it is done in heaven, and for him this knowledge was the supreme aim of human existence. It is this motive—to know God and to carry this knowledge to the world—which gives consistency and dignity to his otherwise contradictory and possibly grotesque life, to the struggle to maintain the theocracy in New England, the prosecution of witchcraft, and the last despairing effort to keep Harvard College true to the traditions of the fathers. There can be no doubt but that Mather honestly believed that the constitution of Massachusetts under the old charter represented as nearly as possible that doing of the Lord's will on earth which bore witness that in very truth men knew and walked with Him. The old order which Mather wished to preserve was for him a divine order. Again, in that terrible contest with witchcraft which has left so dark a stain on his memory, he undoubtedly thought that he was fighting the Lord's battle. Given his premises, that witchcraft was a direct assault of the devil, an assault threatening the soul's eternal welfare, that man's paramount interest is with what concerns his eternal not his temporal state, what could he do but throw himself heart and soul into the contest?

No event in his life had for Cotton Mather more tragic significance than the passing of Harvard College out of the sphere of orthodox influence represented by the control of the Mathers. The reason for this is easily understood. Harvard had been intended from the first as the training-school for the spiritual leaders of the people. That this nursery of the faith should be kept pure was then of the utmost importance to a mind for which knowledge of the truth involved the acceptance of certain intellectual propositions. When once that faith was cor-

rupted in the least degree, the eternal interests of the whole people were threatened.

So much for the attitude of the Puritan priest toward the world. There are two or three points worth noticing about his inner life. There was in Mather a vein of asceticism, strengthened by Puritan training, and also certain psychical phenomena often associated with it. Thus he believed that he received direct communications from the spiritual realm; he had moreover "particular faiths" about many things the frequent verification of which appeared to him significant of divine favor. All this belongs to that side of the priest nature which we have described as feeling the need for communion with God. No one can read at all in the Mather diaries without realizing how intensely he felt his direct, personal relation to God. He seeks divine guidance in all his daily affairs; his "particular faiths" are reinforced by angelic communications; his books, his sermons he puts into the Lord's hands and at critical moments feels himself the immediate mouthpiece of the Deity. Of these experiences the one apparently most peculiar to himself was of angelic ministrations, for these he notes he will keep to himself—apparently fearful of being misunderstood.

It is interesting to note how close Mather here comes to enthusiasts of another faith whom he would have deemed gross heretics. The vision of the Romanist may be more richly varied—angel and archangel and saint and sacred hierarchs below—but for the Puritan also the heavenly realm is not without its pageantry of angels. And beneath the quaintness of Mather's conception lies a profound truth which he probably never stated to himself, but which he must have felt, that God is not after all an abstract conception, an Absolute Something, to be come at by a logical process, but that for us He is only knowable in relationships with which we are ourselves familiar. Thus, unconsciously, Mather was criticising his creed, finding by personal experience the inadequacy of a purely intellectual interpretation of the spiritual order. But more than this, ardent defendant of orthodox Puritanism as he was, he was not so completely its representative as he believed himself to be. The intensely emotional character of much of his experience was probably not realized by him as a tendency toward reaction, but such it undoubtedly was. The pendulum was already beginning to swing toward the other extreme after undue repression of emotion.

No true knowledge of Mather the priest can be gained without a glimpse of Mather the man. The burning zeal of the one will be better understood when we see the eager, throbbing love of the other, the constant outgoing of his nature on all sides, towards his father, his children, towards all in misfortune. To his father he gave throughout his life unswerving devotion. How grievously he took to heart the disappointments which gathered thick about the later career of Increase Mather comes out in a vivid little note of Sewall's: "Mr. Cotton Mather came to Mr. Wilkins' shop, and there talked very sharply against me as if I had used his father worse than a negro; spake so loud that the people in the street might hear him." With his children Mather's relations seem to have been ideal. None of the harshness commonly associated with Puritan discipline is apparent in this household, but there are frequent notes of "my calling my little daughter Kate" or "my son Increase into my study"; there, in his own room, with his child on his knee, he would talk as he deemed fitting of those great realities to the Puritan mind, sin, salvation, the life to come. Of his system of discipline we have this from his son Samuel: "The first Chastisement he would inflict for any ordinary Fault, was to let the child see and hear him in an Astonishment . . . that the Child could do so base a thing. . . To be chased for a while out of his Presence, he would make to be looked on as the sorest Punishment in his Family." But I think nowhere do we come so near to the heart of the man as in the despairing love with which he followed the downward course of his son Increase. All the tenderness of his nature comes out in his yearning over the boy, all his tenacity, in his refusal to give up hope of his eventual salvation even at the last.

It is always the fate of a reformer to be a source of inconvenience at least, at times a veritable stumbling block, to his contemporaries and not infrequently to those who come after. Mather was essentially a reformer; it is not strange, then, that his fellow townsmen have recorded against him grievances not a few for the benefit of posterity. To many he must always have appeared to be interfering unwarrantably in affairs that concerned him not at all; but when it is remembered how tremendous a significance even trivial matters took on for him in view of their eternal consequences, his eagerness may perhaps be pardoned if not sanctioned. And it should always be kept

in mind that however misdirected his energy at times, the end which he kept always before him, for which he passionately strove, was the realization of the Puritan ideal, the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth.

ALICE EDITH EGBERT.

AN APPRECIATION

As to a stranger, passing on his way
Through fields and valleys, green and kind,
When, at a sudden turning in the path,
The fragrant hill-sides far behind,
A mountain gorge bursts on the view —
A gasp—is it of admiration, joy, or fear?
Just so to me Walt Whitman.

SELMA EISENSTADT ALTHEIMER.

A CHOICE

The bridge at the foot of the hill rumbled, and there was a sound of wheels coming up the crossroad. Mrs. Gleason stopped ironing and smoothed out a wrinkle in the cover of the board. She set the flat-iron upright on the folded newspaper, went to the window and peered out.

In a moment a high buggy came in sight, and the horse slowly made its way to the mounting-stone and stopped. A small woman, who had been perched high up between the two other occupants of the buggy, got out and started up the path to the kitchen door. Mrs. Gleason clasped her hands nervously and turned toward the door, but there was a sudden odor of burnt paper, and she hurried back to the ironing-board.

The door opened, and she turned around with an anxious face. "Libbie!" she said. "They ain't anybody sick? Are the children all right?"

Libbie laughed.

"There, Ma, I said I'd scare you to death, comin' to-day, but I got the chance to come up with Mis' Turner 'n Stella, an' his mother was down for the day, and she said she'd jest as liv stay

with the children an' put supper on, an' I was sorter anxious to get up here, so I came."

"Well, I wondered who it was," her mother commented. "I thought mebbe 'twas Asel Purdy's folks. They went by last Wednesday 'bout this time; an' I thought mebbe 'twas the doctor, though they ain't anybody sick up this way as I know of. How's the children?"

"Oh, they're about as usual," her daughter replied. "The boys are growin' like weeds, an' they eat everythin' I can set before 'em. The baby's worried a good deal the last three days—he's begun on his back teeth. Mabel, she keeps jest about so delicate. The doctor says this ain't the climate for her, but he might as well say this ain't the world for her. We can't take her and start for Floridy. He says she'll be all right if she don't take cold, though, so I keep her bundled up good."

"I'll give you some spearmint for Mabel," her mother said. "Nothin' breaks up a cold like spearmint tea. An' don't you worry about her. I've seen punier children 'n her come up good an' strong. What's the news to the Corners?"

"Old Mis' Hunter's awful bad. They call it pleurisy, but I guess it's the pneumony. They isn't much else goin' on. School's begun again, thank fortune. I said to Jim that if they'd been another week of vacation I believed I should 'a died, I'd got so tired of havin' Harry 'n Jamie runnin' wild."

Libbie looked at the ironing-board and frowned. "Well, I didn't expect to find you ironin' this time o' day—it must be gettin' towards five o'clock an' I smell cake, too. Where's the girls—abed?"

"They're layin' down," her mother replied. "They went to that dance to the Crick last night, an' they're all used up to-day."

"Was it an all-night dance?" inquired Libbie.

"Yes, they didn't get in till jest as your pa was startin' for the barn. Myrtle's about tuckered out. She's ben up a good deal lately. They helped round some this mornin', but after dinner I told 'em to go to bed. This ain't reg'lar ironin'—it's jest Myrtle's new waist I'm pressin' out. I jest finished it. I got it out o' their cashmeres, an' they's enough left for Effie to have one jest like it. It made up real handsome, don't you think so?" and she held up a blue waist with a pink front.

"Yes," replied her daughter, "that's real stylish, an' it'll look

good on Myrtle, too. It sort o' reminds me of that one I had once, only mine was trimmed with fringe—don't you remember? 'Twas that winter I was goin' with Hiram Bates."

"Yes," returned her mother, "you always looked well in pink and blue, too."

Libbie laughed scornfully. "I guess it don't make much difference what I wear nowadays," she said. "Jim's got over noticin', an' I've got other things to think of. I know I haven't looked the same sence I lost my front teeth. Mary Hilliard didn't know me the last time she was to home, an' she wouldn't believe 'twas me. I wanted to tell her that mebbe she wouldn't look so spruce if she'd ben married an' keepin' house for ten years."

"Well, I guess Mary never had many chances to throw away," Mrs. Gleason rejoined. "She was always too homely to do anything but teach school. I must fix for that jell cake, it must be most done. I couldn't get the oven het up this mornin' 'nough to bake anythin'. I s'pose the stove is sort o' wore out. You can see me roll it, an' mebbe you'll learn how," and they both laughed.

Mrs. Gleason disappeared for a moment and came back with a pillow, carefully pinned a clean white towel over it, and laid it on the table. Then she broke off a wisp of the broom, went to the oven and thrust it into the large yellow cake in the dripping pan.

"It's done," she said, and she took the pan from the oven and carried it to the table.

She loosened the edges of the cake from the tin with a thin knife, turned the pan upside down, and the cake dropped upon the pillow. She spread it evenly with jelly, and deftly rolled the flat sheet into a cylinder. Her daughter looked on admiringly.

"Ma," she said, "I'll never be able to do that if I live to be a hundred. Jim always laughs at me every time I try to have it. He always remembers the jell cake he had when he was comin' here courtin'."

"The girls' beaus seem to like it the same way," Mrs. Gleason said. "I made this 'cause of course they'll be comin' to-night."

Libbie shifted in her chair. "I should think you'd have your hands full if you tried to feed all their beaus, from all I hear," she said. "I heard that last Sunday they was a row of five teams in front of the house. Is that so?"

"Yes," assented her mother, "that's jest as 'twas. Myrtle had Russell Stimpson an' Calvin Harris an' John Edgerton, an' George Hilliard an' Wesley Smith come to see Effie. They et a hull layer raisin cake, amongst 'em. Russell says to me, 'Mis' Gleason, it's good, but it isn't your roll jell cake.' He's crazier over my roll jell cake than Jim ever was."

Libbie made no reply, and her mother took the cake into the pantry and put up the ironing board.

"We might as well set in the settin' room," she said. "I'll be through soon as I take some wood in the parlor. It's dreadful cool for September, an' like as not they'll need a little fire this evenin'," and she bent over the wood box.

"I'll take in the wood, Ma," Libbie volunteered.

"No you won't," her mother answered, "you ain't goin' to work when you're to home. You set still an' rest."

And Mrs. Gleason piled her arms high with wood, and staggered toward the parlor.

Libbie went into the sitting room and sat down in the small rocking chair by the table, and her mother returned and dropped into the large wooden rocker opposite. Libbie bit her lips and rocked violently.

"Well, I don't know, Ma," she said, "but it does seem a shame that you shouldn't sit down until five o'clock, an' the girls upstairs abed."

"Oh, I should ha' been through by three if it hadn't ben for the stove," her mother said, "I've begun to talk to your pa about a new one."

"Well, jest the same I don't feel right about it," Libbie continued. "Here you are, just workin' yourself to the bone, an' they not liftin' a finger. Seems 's if you was the one that ought to be havin' a little easy time."

"I'd like to know when they'd get any chance to go if they don't get it now," her mother replied. "I wouldn't think much of a woman that would want to cheat her daughters out of their girlhood—they'll never be young again, an' I want 'em to do everythin' an' have everythin' they can. I don't know what you could expect of two girls like Myrtle an' Effie. You wouldn't want 'em to buckle into the work an' give up all their pleasure. Pretty lookin' hands they'd have."

"I don't say they shouldn't go at all, but I do think they might do somethin' once in a while, an' save you a little."

"Well, Libbie, I don't remember as you did any different when you was a girl," her mother returned with some spirit. "You had all the beaus they was to be had, an' you went to everythin' they was goin', an' I wanted you to, an' they was full as much work then as they is now, with Myrtle and Effie both little."

Libbie sighed. "I know it, Ma. I know I done jest the same, but if I had it to do over I'd do different, an' ten years from now the girls'll wish they'd done different, when they've got homes of their own an' know what it is to work. When I looked at Mary Hilliard the other day, in her summer silk, I couldn't help thinkin' mebbe the homely ones comes out jest as well in the end. Course, *I'm* perfectly satisfied. I've got a good home an' a good husband, an' I wouldn't change places with anybody, but I'd kind o' like to see the girls do different. That's one reason I was anxious to come up here to-day, Ma. I was thinkin' about Myrtle. I was thinkin', why wouldn't it be a good plan to have her learn millinairy? She's so tasty, an' so quick with her hands, and Nellie Herrick's got through to her place in Milford. She's ready to set up for herself, an' the lady she's been learnin' with wants some one else. Mother Howard was talkin' about it this mornin', an' I thought of Myrtle right off, an' then when Mis' Turner asked me to come up with them it seemed like Providence. I could see Nellie to-night, you know, an' she could speak to the milliner about it to-morrow."

Mrs. Gleason looked at her fixedly. "Why Libbie," she said at last, "what put that idear in your head? I don't see what you're thinkin' of. As if I'd let one of the girls go to Milford all alone! I don't know a soul there but the Fox girl that married a Williams, and they say they ain't nobody in Milford."

"She could board with the folks Nellie's been boardin' with," Libbie put in. "She's had a good quiet place—they used to live in Salem."

"Well," her mother responded, "Nellie Herrick's one person an' Myrtle's another. Be different if Myrtle was plain lookin'. My! I wouldn't think of it for a minute. I guess while your pa's alive we wun't put the girls out to work. First place, they ain't much prospect of Myrtle's bein' an old maid after she's twenty, with Russell Stimpson and Calvin Harris both crazy over her, an' plenty of others hangin' round waitin' fer a chance. She'll be married soon as you was."

"That's jest it," Libbie replied, "I don't see any necessity for her bein' married so soon. They's time enough. I think girls are altogether too crazy to get kitchens of their own to fuss in—and they don't all get a good sober man like Jim, either. I think twenty-one's plenty young enough to get married. An' then another thing, Ma,—I hate to say anythin' about it,—but I'm afraid Myrtle's prospects ain't so bright as they seem. If she thinks she's goin' to get Russell Stimpson she'll be disappointed. I don't think for a minute that he don't want her, for everybody knows he does, but I do think that Mis' Stimpson'll never in the world have it. What's more, I know for a fact that Russell's goin' away to-morrow mornin' on the 7.40. He's goin' to a school down Springfield way—it's the same place where the Wheeler boys went. It's all his mother's doin'—his father was willin' he should stay an' go into the shop office with him—an' her one an' only reason is to get him away from Myrtle. I got it straight from Mary Bowen. She sewed to Mis' Stimpson's yesterday, an' this mornin' she came over right after breakfast an' told me all about it.

"Mis' Stimpson never said a word about it to Russell till this mornin', an' she wrote to the school people a month ago, an' she's got his things all ready an' his trunk half packed. 'Tisn't every boy that would be packed off like that, but if his mother says he'll go, he'll go. They isn't a nicer boy in town than Russell—he's clever's he can be, he's friends with every man in the shop, but he ain't the firmest fellow that ever lived, an' if Mis' Stimpson sets out to make him think Myrtle Gleason ain't good enough for him, she'll do it, an' it had better be before they're married than after. Mary said Mis' Stimpson went on about Myrtle somethin' awful, talked about her bein' older than Russell, an' trappin' him."

Mrs. Gleason threw back her head indignantly. "What talk!" she exclaimed. "Myrtle is jest three months an' three days older than Russell Stimpson—as if that was enough difference to speak of! Myrtle was seventeen the fifteenth of August an' Russell'll be seventeen the eighteenth of November. Trappin' him! The idear! As if he hadn't run after her mornin', noon, an' night for the last three months, ever sence he see her to the church sociable. He come up here that next night, an' he's ben settin' up with her ever sence, an' she ain't lifted a finger to get him.

"What makes me mad is Mis' Stimpson's bein' so particular. I guess we're just as good as her folks. She wasn't anybody until she got John Stimpson. The Russells was poor as Job's turkey, an' they wasn't over an' above honest, either. She couldn't even buy her own weddin' clothes—his folks paid for everythin' she had, an' she didn't scrimp herself, either. But she's held her head high enough ever sence as if she'd had property in her own right. In the first place, I'd like to know if Myrtle ain't good enough fer anybody in town? Russell 'll go a good ways before he finds a better girl, an' he certainly wun't find a better lookin' one. Any way, 't isn't as if he was her only chance; anybody that has had the company she's had ought to be able to pick an' choose."

"I know that," replied Libbie, "but she may go through the woods an' pick up a crooked stick."

Mrs. Gleason leaned forward and listened. "Be careful," she said, "I think I hear her comin' out o' their room."

They sat upright and silent. Libbie took a square of patch-work out of the basket on the table and examined it critically. In a moment the hall door opened, and Myrtle came in. Her hair was in curl papers, and she wore a calico wrapper and slippers that flopped noisily as she walked. "Hallo, Libbie," she yawned, "I thought 'twas you — goin' to stay to supper?" and she flung herself on the lounge and pressed her hands to her head.

"O my!" she said. "Every time I go to an all-night dance I vow I'll never go to another. I ain't good for anything for a week afterwards. I wouldn't ha' missed it for anything, though. It was an elegant dance. Those dances to the Crick have spoiled me for kitchen dances. They put candle grease on the floor, and it was splendid to dance on. Music was fine, too. They had a fiddler from Salem, an' he called off so's you could hear him a mile. O hum, I wisht I could sleep a week!"

"I must be gettin' supper on," said Mrs. Gleason. "No, Libbie, you set still and visit with Myrtle," and she went into the kitchen.

Libbie glanced toward the kitchen door. "Myrtle," she said, "I've been talkin' to ma about your learnin' millinairy," and she expounded the advantages of Nellie Herrick's position. "Don't you think 'twould be a good plan?" she ended.

"Oh, I don't know," Myrtle responded wearily. "I don't feel

much like trimmin' hats or doin' much of anythin' else jest now." She sat half-way up and rested on her elbow. "I s'pose you want me to do it 'cause Russell Stimpson's goin' away."

Libbie colored. "Did Russell tell you he was goin' away?" she asked.

"No, I don't s'pose he knew it himself," Myrtle replied. "I didn't until I heard you tellin' ma just now. I wasn't eaves-droppin', but I laid down in the south chamber, so I heard through the stovepipe hole. It woke me up." She sank back on the lounge and closed her eyes.

"Well, I hope you wun't feel bad over it," said Libbie. "'Twun't do any harm if you don't get married right off. O Myrtie, I do wish you'd think about the millinairy! Mebbe if you decide in a week or two it'll be all right, an' even if you didn't get Nellie's place you could go somewhere else. You ain't stout enough to do very hard work, an' after a while you could earn enough so's you could have things real nice, an' mebbe you'd find some one that could do as much for you as Russell Stimpson. I'm perfectly contented with my lot, but I don't see how you'd get along with managin' an' not havin' things, after all you've had."

"Everybody'd say I did it 'cause Russell give me the mitten," Myrtle said dully.

"I know it," agreed Libbie, "but they'll say that, whatever you do."

"Well, anyway," Myrtle continued, "I wouldn't want to—I haven't got the gumption."

For a few minutes she lay still, and Libbie fingered the beads on the lamp mat.

Then Myrtle looked up. "Is it a mixed school where Russell's goin'?" she asked.

"Yes," said Libbie, "it's where Milton Wheeler met the girl he married."

"Well, Russell isn't the only fellow on earth," Myrtle remarked, "an' mebbe I ain't so crazy after him as you think for."

Mrs. Gleason went through the room to the front hall. "I'm goin' upstairs to wake Effie up," she said, "an' we'll have supper right away." In a minute she came back, and Effie dragged along behind her, rubbing her eyes and yawning. They went out to the kitchen and sat down to supper. Mr. Gleason asked Libbie questions about the shop, and Mrs. Gleason looked anx-

iously at Myrtle and Effie, who looked listlessly at their empty plates.

"Why don't you drink some tea?" she said. "It's good an' strong an' it'll brace you up. Take some of the cake to eat with it—you ain't goin' to refuse fruit cake—I cut it for Libbie."

After supper Libbie began clearing the table. "Now, Ma, I'm goin' to help with the dishes," she said, "I wun't feel natural if I don't."

The girls disappeared, and Libbie and her mother stood at the sink and washed and wiped the dishes, and Mrs. Gleason detailed the defects of the cook stove for her husband's benefit. Before the dishes were done a shrill voice from outside called "Libbie!"

"Why, that's Mis' Turner," she said and she rushed to the door. "I'll be right out," she called. "They're early," she said, "but then it's time I was gettin' home."

"I'm sorry they isn't time to get that spearmint," her mother said, "but I'll send it down by the girls next time they go."

An hour later Effie came downstairs in her crushed strawberry waist and her brown poplin skirt. Mrs. Gleason lighted the lamp in the parlor and started the wood fire. As she left the parlor the door bell rang. "It's George," she said to Effie as she went through the sitting-room. "I heard him speakin' to your pa."

Effie went to the door and admitted a tall youth and ushered him into the sitting-room. "Russ Stimpson's just behind me," he said. "He'll be in in a minute."

The bell rang again and Effie opened the door. "'D'evenin'," she said, "wun't you have a seat in the parlor? Myrtle! They's some one here to see you!" and she returned to the sitting-room.

In a few minutes Myrtle appeared. She had on her new pink and blue waist, her hair fell in fluffy yellow rings about her face, and her cheeks were pink. As she went into the parlor she smiled brightly. "'D'evenin', Mr. Stimpson," she said gaily. "How's your good health?" Russell was white and dejected. "Good evening," he said, and he made a place for her on the sofa beside him. As she sat down he looked at her timidly.

"Myrtle," he said, "I'm afraid I won't be very good company to-night. I can't stay very long. I—I've got some bad news for you—least I hope you'll think it's bad—it's bad enough for me."

Myrtle looked up innocently, and he swallowed hard and went on.

"I hated to tell you, but I've got to go away—they're going to send me to Appleton Academy, and I've got to go in the morning. I never knew a word about it till to-day. It's mother's idea—she's set on my going to college. Course I don't want to go, but I wouldn't mind so much if it wasn't for leaving you." He took her hand and pressed it.

"O Myrtie!" he exclaimed, "I don't s'pose you care anything about me, and you'll probably be glad when I'm gone, but you're the only girl I've ever cared about, and you're the only girl I ever will care about. Don't you care anything about me? You said you did, last night."

Myrtle smiled archly. "Oh, I like you all right, and I'll miss you, of course. But you needn't take on so about leavin'—you'll get another girl down there, 'fore you've been there a week."

"Myrtle!" he protested, "I will not!"

Just then the bell rang again and Myrtle took her hand away. "Effie," she called softly, "go to the door. It's probably Calvin," she added.

"You'll write to me, won't you?" Russell implored in a distressed whisper.

Before she could answer, Calvin walked in, and Myrtle greeted him cordially.

"How de do? Here's a chair for you!" and she pulled a rocking-chair around and placed it opposite the sofa.

Calvin muttered a good-evening, nodded at Russell, and sat down in the rocking-chair.

"I guess I'm interruptin'," he said grimly, with a glance at the sofa.

"Oh, not at all," Russell said hastily, and Myrtle smiled beamingly. "Oh no," she said politely, "we're real glad to see you. We missed you at the dance last night—you ought to have gone—I had the best time I ever had in my life."

Calvin frowned and drummed nervously on the arm of his chair.

"How's the going on the West Road?" Russell inquired, in an evident attempt to make conversation.

"'Bout the same as 'tis on the main road, I guess. They ain't usually much different," Calvin responded ungraciously.

"Well, you needn't be so grumpy about it if it is," Myrtle said saucily, and she turned toward Russell.

"Isn't that Portland Fancy a nice dance?" she said. "I

danced it with that gentleman from Milford, and he says it's old there. He was an elegant dancer—so polite, too," and she looked reflective.

Myrtle chatted on about the dance, Russell looked absent and ill at ease, and Calvin took up the photograph album.

In a few minutes they heard a light cough from the hall. "I guess that's Ma," Myrtle said, and she went to the door and came back with a silver plated cake basket piled with pieces of jelly cake. "There, mebbe this'll cheer you up a little," she said.

"I—I'm not hungry," Russell said, and Calvin refused it with a gloomy shake of the head.

"Well, did I ever see two people so glum!" Myrtle exclaimed, and she laughed gaily. "I guess Russell's homesick, already. Did you know he was goin' away?"

Calvin roused himself. "Where you goin'?" he inquired more socially.

"To Appleton Academy," Russell said miserably.

"Somethin' sudden, ain't it?" Calvin continued.

"Yes," replied Russell, "I didn't decide to go until this morning. I guess I must be going home," he added. "I've got a good many things to see to, and mother'll be expecting me. I just came up to say good-bye," and he looked at Myrtle appealingly.

Calvin shook hands with him awkwardly, and Myrtle followed him to the front door. Out in the hall he turned quickly to Myrtle. "Will you answer my letters?" he said in a whisper. "I'll write to you as often as I can. You don't know how I hate to go. Promise me you'll write."

Myrtle giggled. "Oh, I never expect to hear from you," she said, "you'll have a girl there by Saturday night."

"You'll see whether you hear from me or not," he answered, "I'm not going to forget you. Myrtle," he said half aloud, "won't you promise me you won't go with anyone else while I'm gone?"

There was a sudden sound from the parlor. In a second Calvin stood before them, his eyes blazing. "Look here!" he said fiercely, "this has gone far enough. I want it settled, an' if he's goin' away it's all the more reason it should be. I want to know who has the first place. I don't want to play second fiddle. If you like him best I want to know it, an' you come aout an' say so. Here we be—chewse between us!" and Calvin

folded his arms and stood beside Russell, looking down at him haughtily.

Myrtle's face grew white, and she looked helplessly from one to the other.

"I like you both," she said weakly, without looking up.

"That wun't do!" Calvin declared sternly. "Chewse between us!"

Myrtle leaned over the baluster post and began to cry. In a moment she cast a frightened glance toward them.

Russell was looking down, but Calvin's eyes were fixed upon her. "I'll choose you," she said quickly to Calvin.

Russell gave her one glance, stammered a good-bye, and went out. When he had gone, Calvin went into the parlor and Myrtle followed. She threw herself down on the sofa and sobbed convulsively.

"Myrtle," said Calvin hesitatingly, "I didn't mean to make you take on this way. I couldn't help doin' it, though," he went on decidedly, "I couldn't stand the thought of his gettin' you. I ain't got anythin' against Russell, but I couldn't let him have you. Course I know he's rich, an' I know I can't do for you much as he could, but he couldn't begin to think as much of you as I do. Can't anybody know how much I think of you. I'll do what I can to give you a good home, an' I know you wun't be discontented if you don't have things like the Stimpsons. I guess you'll never regret your choice if I have anythin' to do with it."

The sitting-room door opened, and George called out in a loud, jovial tone, "Cal! you needn't eat up all that cake—we want some!"

Myrtle looked up at Calvin. "Take it in to 'em," she said, and Calvin took the cake basket and went out.

Myrtle stopped sobbing, rubbed her face with her handkerchief, and went to the looking glass. She arranged the curls around her forehead and carefully smoothed the wrinkles in her waist.

Calvin reappeared at the door. "I guess the next cake your mother makes had better be a weddin' cake," he said jocularly. Then he went over to her and said earnestly, "Can't it be next spring?" and she nodded and smiled.

LAURA MARY ROGERS.

HOW THE BRIG CAME ASHORE

Late it was in the day,
Late in a long, dark day,
And a great black hand loomed up
To drag the sun away.

The fishing smacks rounded the neck,
Drove past the shoals on the neck,
And the piles of a half-built dock
Gaped like the ribs of a wreck.

Hard white clouds drove high,
Like skeletons drove they high,
And the dune-grass circled the sand
As the wind went round the sky.

A seagull crushed its breast,
Flung its soft gray breast
Against the lonely light,
While the young lay dead in the nest.

There sounded that night a groan,
Up from the water a groan,
And a wild, wild shriek rang out
On the ocean's sobbing moan.

A cold, still dawn broke clear,
The day rose cold and clear
To light a hulk on the shore,
A brig standing lonely and drear.

Again the night was dark,
The night hung low and dark,
And up from the hungry sea
The same sad sobbing—hark!

Another sun rose bright,
The day gleamed clear and bright
On a lonely stretch of sand,
For the brig had passed from sight.

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE.

WORDSWORTH AS A LOCAL COLORIST

"Local color" has become almost a cant phrase in modern literary criticism, and before we take it lightly upon our lips we should be careful to know just what we mean by it. It signifies the quality by which the setting of a poem or story or play, or whatever the literary work under consideration may be, is differentiated from any other imaginable setting.

The setting for most of Wordsworth's poems is the English Lake Country, his real home, so we will pass by those where the scene is Germany, France, Scotland, or even English Alfoxden and the Quantock Hills, and will confine ourselves to the study of his intimate relations with the country around Hawkshead and Grasmere. Wordsworth and this region have been so closely connected in our minds all our lives that when we stop to question it is hard to point out the exact causes of what we have accepted almost as an axiom, but it is not just because he lived there that we connect him with the place, or even because he frequently mentions in his poems prominent features of the local landscape. It is something more than this: his lines are full of the peculiar beauty of the locality, and the life of that humble people.

When still a child he expresses his affection for his early home in the verses beginning:

"Dear native regions, I foretell,
From what I feel at this farewell,
That wheresoe'er my steps may tend,
And whensoe'er my course shall end,
If in that hour a single tie
Survive of local sympathy,
My soul will cast the backward view,
The longing look, alone on you."

The close and loving way in which he knew this land of rugged mountains and simple village life is shown in an almost infinite number of lines. Of the passages which are frankly local descriptions, one of the most suggestive is this:

"And there I sit at evening, when the steep
Of Silver-how, and Grasmere's peaceful lake,
And one green island, gleam between the stems
Of the dark firs, a visionary scene!"

Especially does he note the little celandine, coming out so early in the spring,

"Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth or none."

In the poem called *Resolution and Independence* there is a very exquisite picture of this sort :

"All things that love the sun are out of doors ;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth ;
The grass is bright with rain-drops ;—on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth ;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run."

Even such ordinary things as

"the bird whom man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English robin :"

and the butterfly, "friend of our summer gladness", are not thought too common to deserve notice, and it is just these light touches, bringing in the small but essential elements, that make his whole picture so satisfying. It is not easy to know where to stop in enumerating instances of this kind. Surely we can not leave out the "crowd, the host of golden daffodils", and the "wandering voice", the cuckoo.

In *The Excursion* are these lines, full of "the Vale's peace which all her fields partake":

"He, many an evening, to his distant home
In solitude returning, saw the hills
Grow larger in the darkness ; all alone
Beheld the stars come out above his head,
And travelled through the wood, with no one near
To whom he might confess the things he saw."

From the poem called *Michael* we have this :

"he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists."

It is by lines like these that Wordsworth has made his hill-country live for us. We understand it through his interpretation so much better than we should from a brief tourist's visit that it is not enough to say that he has made us know it as well as if we had seen it with our own eyes. If ever we go there,

we shall find many of the places which he has consecrated for us in his poetry, and they will not be new to us; we have known them always. It is not only the aspect of inanimate nature that he describes, but he also shows us the life of men there in those quiet haunts. Their homely affection appeals to him very strongly. The life that he loves so well is suggested in these words about Mary Hutchinson, written just before their marriage:

"A gentle Maid, whose heart is lowly bred,
Whose pleasures are in wild fields gathered,
With joyousness, and with a thoughtful cheer,
Will come to you; to you herself will wed;
And love the blessed life that we lead here."

In all his work there breathes the spirit of peace and gentle living, hardy, out-of-door labor, and freedom from every belittling influence of so-called civilization. In this little corner of the earth, apart from the rush and the bustle of a more complex world, live real shepherds and tillers of the ground, with their primitive, simple social relations. One is reminded, by Wordsworth's treatment of all this, of a criticism passed upon "The Sowers" in which the critic said that Millet seemed to have painted the picture in the very soil which he was depicting. The great hills, the lonely lakes, the winding roads, and the green fields are all a part of the whole—Rural Life in the English Lake Country. They all enter into his conception of it, and no one of them is lacking in his interpretation. This being true, he can not fail to have local color. In his poetry this life is presented sometimes directly and sometimes indirectly, but always with unmistakable vividness.

GRACE WHITING MASON.

EVOLUTION

Each day dispelling clouds of pain
Emerging from our self-made night
We seek to grow more pure within,
Until our souls reflect that light
Of Love divine, and quicken to the breath
Of Life omnipotent that knows not death.

FLORENCE EVELYN SMITH.

INSPIRATION

Across the moor a rush
Of wailing wind,—
Within the heart a hush
With fear combined,
As if alarmed to find itself upon the verge
Of a new world whence sounds emerge
That course the veins like wine.

Across the sky a cloud
Of silver light,—
A soul in worship bowed
To angels white,—
For it doth seem as if pure messengers of peace
Were hovering near to bid earth's troubles cease
And shed a joy benign.

A lyre awakes and sighs
At quivering call,
Soft trembling notes arise
As fingers fall.
The heart and soul in timid ecstasy are filled
With heaven-sent strains until the world is thrilled
With a new song divine.

FLORENCE EVELYN SMITH.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

It was a delicious day in April. The sun shone, the robins sang, and thousands of little blue and white violets lifted their delicate heads amongst the last year's leaves. A light haze hung over the golden landscape, and through this veil the woods, the pastures, and the little leaping river, all appeared enhanced, idealized. However, the scene lacked something. What was it?

Ashton Miles laid down his brushes and yawned. Those glowing fields, that blue, untarnished sky seemed all at once

to have become touched and disenchanted with a shade of *ennui*, of boredom. He tried to analyse the change; it was in vain. But he felt that his brushes no longer responded to the direction of his hand, that his colors had lost their light, and that his imagination failed any longer to penetrate beyond the smooth and banal surface of things.

Inspiration had evidently taken a jaunt in the other direction.

He sat considering the situation, when suddenly there came from behind, a rustle of leaves, the flutter of feminine garments, and a voice of great sweetness cried, rather impatiently, "Oh, dear — another artist!"

Miles turned and beheld a milk-maid.

She was not an ordinary milk-maid. On the contrary, as he looked, Miles began to wonder, and as he wondered, he began to smile. Rising from his camp-stool he bowed, lightly, yet ceremoniously.

"You've solved my difficulty," he remarked.

The milk-maid eyed him curiously. She was dazzlingly pretty. Her hair was a reddish gold. Her eyes were a bewildering hazel. To look at her was to think of sunlit gardens, perfumed, warm, and glowing. When she spoke, it was like the sound of thrushes in an orchard.

"Ah!" she said, "how I wish that you were able to solve mine."

There was something so pensive, so appealing, and withal so captivating in her tones, that Miles, with a sudden rush of sympathy, felt his heart beating quite fast.

"It would give me the greatest pleasure —" he began.

"Ah, you couldn't possibly," she interrupted. "It's too daring."

"If it's a question of danger —" he cried boldly.

"Alas! it is a question of dress-suits," she returned, glancing at his velveteen attire; and as this plain comment met with no reply, she set down her pail of milk, perched herself upon a fallen tree-trunk just behind him, and proceeded to contemplate his canvas.

There was a moment of silence.

"Well?" she said presently.

"Well?" said Miles.

"Why don't you go on painting?"

"What is there to paint?" he asked disconsolately.

She began to laugh; and so sweet, so irresistible was that laughter, he found himself smiling too, albeit ruefully. Slipping down from her perch, she approached him.

"Come," she said, "I've a bargain to offer. Help me out of my quandary, and I'll help you out of yours."

"Done!" he cried.

"But not all in a moment," and she frowned upon his rashness. "There should be questions—preliminaries. In the first place, I don't know who you are."

He bowed. "I am an artist."

"And your name?"

"It's not yet famous enough to bring me large sales of my pictures."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I am Jaqueline, the milk-maid," she said. "I live over there in the great house, and Miss Crittendon is my mistress. Have you ever seen her?"

"I've heard of her," he replied.

"Ah, well, she is a hard mistress. She's cruel, she's capricious, she's exacting, she's tyrannical. I want no more to do with her than I must. She's giving a great ball a week from to-night, and we poor maids are not even allowed to peep."

He nodded gravely. "She may well fear you," he observed.

"It will be a wonderful affair. They say—they say it's given in honor of her cousin, who's just come over from London. They say he's a very great lawyer and wins celebrated cases. They say she's never seen him. They say—"

"Do they say there will be a match?" he asked innocently.

She turned suddenly scarlet.

"Do you think I listen to their gossip?" she cried, with scorn. "The bargain is this: I wish to dance at the ball. I ask for nothing more—but to dance once at the ball. That's a little thing, isn't it? Well, manage it for me—in spite of the dress-suits—and I—and I—"

"And you—?"

"I'll sit to you for my portrait."

He jumped up from his seat. "Your hand on that!" he cried. Smiling, she gave him her hand. "You're very confident," she observed. "What if you fail?"

"I'll not fail," he declared.

"You must have a card," she said, "or the footman will turn you away."

He regarded her with sparkling eyes. "I shall have a card," he said simply.

"You speak with such an air!" she mocked. "You might be Miss Crittendon's cousin."

He only laughed.

"Then I'll come to-morrow," she said. But he still held her.

"You'll come every day," he declared.

"Oh, that's impossible," she protested. "There's my work—there's my mistress."

"There's my work," he retorted, "and our bargain."

"I can find some one else," she cried, tossing her head.

"I can find—no one else," he admitted. But he still held her hand.

A little smile crept into her eyes. She glanced at him fur-
tively, and as quickly looked away. The smile overflowed,
and she laughed. Shrugging her shoulders, "Oh, well—since
it's not of the least consequence," she said.

Her portrait progressed but slowly. There were a thousand complications. Those eyes, by turns pensive and gay, scornful and sweet, capricious and tender—that smile, frank as a child's, or enigmatical as the face of the sparkling river—these were things outside his power, beyond his range. Her moods eluded him as birds elude a hunter, fluttering just out of his reach and ever on the wing. Moreover there were great gaps when he never painted at all.

"What are you doing?" she asked him suspiciously one morning. The day was cloudy, the light was dim, and perhaps for that reason he had dropped his brushes, and his hands rested idle on his knees.

"I'm probing the mystery of the universe," said Ashton Miles.

She glanced down at her cotton frock and sun-browned hands, then back at him again.

"Has it told you its secret?" she asked with a mocking smile.

"It's suggested a paradox," he replied.

"I should like to hear it," she said invitingly.

"I am thinking," was his answer, "that I should like to see you milk a cow."

There was a moment's silence. Her lashes drooped, and a flush of wild-rose mounted to her cheek. When she spoke her voice was trembling a little.

"It's not in the bargain," she said.

"No, to be sure." He shrugged his shoulders and resumed his work.

She sprang to her feet with flashing eyes.

"Oh!" she cried, "though it's not in the bargain, I'd not for the world disappoint you. You wish to see me milk a cow! Come then, we will go to the pasture where the cows are."

He hesitated. "It won't inconvenience you?" he asked.

She drew herself up superbly. "Inconvenience me? I'm a milk-maid, am I not? That's my business."

He rose from his camp-stool. "At least let me carry your pail for you," he offered.

"Thank you," she responded, "I'll carry it myself."

She walked away, her head high, her lips tightly closed. To Miles, lagging slightly behind, that lovely line of averted cheek and lip, that proud color which came and went with each breath, were the most charming things their intercourse had yet shown him. But all at once something startled him out of his pre-occupation. He stood stock still, looking up at the cloudy sky.

"A drop of rain!" he cried.

She paused a moment, irresolute, then walked steadfastly on.

"What harm?" she threw back over her shoulder. "It's only a shower."

It began to sprinkle. The buttercups closed their petals and bent their pretty heads to the pattering rain. The robins overhead had ceased to sing. Threads of lightning began to play about the tree tops. For a little Miles watched the slender figure hastening on before him, her light garments blown backward by the breeze, her curls clinging with moisture. Then with a decisive step he reached her side.

"Come and stand beneath the hemlocks until it's over," he said imperatively. "It's absurd to think of going on."

She turned defiantly, wilfulness written in each small feature. But as she met his glance her mood changed. Silently she submitted as he led her to the thick shade of the fir trees and disposed her in the driest spot they afforded. For a moment they stood looking in silence across the misty fields. Then he spoke. "I got my card," he remarked.

She glanced at him indifferently, but said nothing. He went on: "You must tell me where to find you. I shall be like a mariner without a compass—among all the dress-suits."

"Are you afraid?" she asked with scorn.

"Afraid of one thing—afraid that you'll not be there."

"After our bargain—and all those sittings—so tiresome and hot?"

"I'm afraid of your mistress, who, you say, is both capricious and cruel. If she should banish you—send you away to some unknown nook and corner and keep you there out of sight, out of reach—"

"To hear you speak, she might be an ogress!"

"Ah, you forget I've never seen her. To me, she is in truth—not an ogress—a magician, who can change Paradise into a desert with a word, a flutter of her fan. Little milk-maids and poor Bohemians, who found the spring sky and the green world hospitable and gracious, may find the ball room a cold place—all frowns and difficulties. Have you reckoned with that?"

She regarded him enigmatically. "Ah, I can't answer for Miss Crittendon," she said.

"She's the unknown quantity who may wreck all our calculations," he went on musingly. "How to propitiate her—that's the problem, the riddle. Gifts won't answer—for how am I to make them costly enough? Prayers won't soften her—when once they've made up their minds they're invincible. Flattery—she's a woman, and used to it. No, there's but one way, I'll swear."

"What is it?" said Jaqueline.

He stood for a moment looking down at her until all at once she raised her lashes and met his glance.

The rain had stopped, and the sun, flashing from beneath a cloud, had stretched a jeweled arch across the sky. The light fell upon her face; something he saw there seemed to satisfy him; and moving forward he took her in his arms.

"To defy her," he answered; and kissed her on the mouth.

The next moment she had broken from his clasp and was gone, flying off across the fields. She did not come the next day, or the next.

The sky hung like a pearl over the darkening landscape, full of dreams and stars. Behind the birches a little moon shone sleepily, half-hidden by flying clouds. The wind, blowing lightly through the silent garden, carried with it the breath of tulips and young narcissus.

Inside there was music and laughter, the blaze of a hundred

lights, the perfume of hot-house flowers. But from that whirl of ceaseless murmur and motion two silent figures presently slipped away. Through the stillness and poetry of the night came walking Miss Crittendon and her cousin, Ashton Miles. They reached a garden bench which stood beneath the birches, and there they stopped.

"Pray sit down," said Miss Crittendon.

"Thank you, I'll stand," said Ashton Miles.

She seated herself, drawing her white draperies more closely about her, as if to keep out the chill of the night air. In the soft light she was bewilderingly pretty; but Miles was gazing morosely at the moon, and he did not look at her. After a while she spoke. "There's no reason to be annoyed," she said.

He did not reply. All at once she made a petulant gesture.

"Deny that you took advantage of my situation!" she challenged him.

"I don't want to deny it," he returned.

"We were on equal terms. I knew that you were no artist—no artist ever drew like that. You knew that I was no milk-maid—"

"For no milk-maid ever looked like that," he offered.

"But if I had dreamed that you knew—"

"And if I had known that you didn't—"

She drew a long sigh. "It would have been better," she observed pensively, "if we had never met."

There was silence. A whippoorwill began to call in the distance. Miles paced a few steps up and down the path. Jacqueline moved restlessly on the bench.

"When you came the other day—to explain—I couldn't see you, for I was ill with a fever. I took cold in the rain."

He turned suddenly. In the moonlight she could but dimly see his face.

"May I sit there—beside you—on the bench?" he asked.

She nodded silently.

"Shall I tell you of what I was thinking while we danced together in the ball-room? I was thinking that all my fears had come true—the magician had banished the milk-maid and put a changeling in her place. A very beautiful changeling, I admit, all satin and stateliness, with hundreds to worship at her feet, but still at heart a changeling, and I sighed for the milk-maid."

She smiled. "I sent her away," she said. "She was out of place among the lights and gew-gaws. My cousin had just arrived, and I was afraid lest his eyes should light on her and he should—scorn—me—because I let a milk-maid dance at my ball. But I did not send her far."

"Only to the garden," he observed contentedly.

They were silent for a moment.

"And the portrait?" she asked him presently.

"I looked at it yesterday," he answered, "and there were only meaningless lines. I shall finish it—when I have seen you milk a cow."

"Ah, cows!" she exclaimed. She sighed softly. "Always," she said plaintively, "all my life, I have been afraid of—cows!"

EDITH LABAREE LEWIS.

ROSETTI'S BEATRICE

Like a gray day with light beyond,
Like high, sweet tones from violins,
Like water as I glide through streams
The beauty of that face enwraps my sense,
Yet leads my spirit on to heavenly dreams.

VIRGINIA ELIZABETH MOORE.

SKETCHES

LONELINESS

"Tis not because I love thee more
When thou, dear heart, art near,
Close by me here,
Or that when far apart we drift
Between my soul's far-seeing eyes
And thy dear face aught can arise,
That my whole heart cries loud in loneliness :
"Oh, haste to me, thou dear one blest,
And to the yearning of my heart give rest."

But just because when thou art nigh,
A resting-place from strife
Thou mak'st my life,
That those who look to me for strength
Shall find no struggle there—no tear
Or trace of fear,
But only a perfected life—'tis then I cry :
"Oh, haste to me, thou dear one blest,
And to the yearning of my heart give rest."

EDITH EUSTACE SOUTHER.

The afternoon sun beat down upon a band of men as they
climbed up the mountain trail. Their iron-tipped bamboo
staves clicked against occasional
flint-stones or sank into the sand.
They Teach the Rain .
God a Lesson A gust of wind blew the dust lodged
on the leaves into their faces and
rattled the parched bamboo stalks by the roadside. The appear-
ance of the men betokened long travel, and the expression of
their faces was set. Now and then one stopped to cast aside his
sandals for fresh ones, while a companion sipped the tepid water
in his gourd.

Their trip up the sacred mount was this time to have some
effect. Too often had they dragged themselves over crags and

sand-slides with the help of the twisted pine tree roots and the swinging wisteria vines. Yes, by "Benkei's Bell, and the Sacred Feet of Shaka", they would teach the Rain God a lesson if he did not heed their prayers this time! For it was two long months since they had had rain; and that at the time when it was most needed. The ripening fields were withering for lack of water; and if the rice crops failed?—the sunburnt faces of the men grew more stern—moreover the mulberry trees, and the radishes, and the beans were dying, and they must have rain!

What marvel of nature could this be? Week after week they had climbed the sacred mount to its summit and at the shrine of the Rain God had burned incense and offered prayers; the best of their food they had placed before him; they had sung and danced in his honor; they had done penance even, and had promised a portion of their increase if he would but send rain. But to no purpose. And now—the leader clenched his hand—the little ones were sickening—and they must have rain!

They had left the cryptomaria grove behind them, they had crossed the last ravine, and now silently trod through the bristling grass to the mountain's summit. Twice the men were for turning back from the dreaded deed; twice a look from their leader, the man of wrath, forced them on. They halted in front of a stone shrine within which sat the Rain God. Placed before him were bamboo vases of withered flowers, and food and wine in lacquer vessels, betokening a recent offering.

"Go, look thou toward the west!" was the leader's command, and prone upon the ground in the attitude of prayer the little band remained motionless, while a lad looked off a projecting rock, his eye leaping from cliff to cliff and range to range, till it reached the distant mountains delicately tinted in the rays of the setting sun. There his gaze rested as he watched the red ball drop behind the hills; then he scanned the sky from the horizon to the zenith.

"No rain clouds, sire!" was the reply. A gust of wind swept over the knoll, and a locust gave his shrill call in the grass. The man of wrath lifted his bowed head, looked long and angrily at the stone image, and clenched his fist. "Go thou, scan the eastern sky!" he repeated to the lad. Again the group assumed the attitude of prayer, clapping their hands to

call the Rain God's attention, for perchance he slept. And now toward the east the August moon was rising, and her face was mirrored in the lake below. The lad scanned the sky; not a cloud could be seen; the stars alone peeped out as if in mockery. Again the answer was sent back; again the men looked at the Rain God and then into each other's faces. What could it portend? Had he drunk too much wine, or had the Rain God gone on a journey, that he took no notice of earth-born creatures? Two of the band rose, gathered a few fagots, and lit a bonfire. Perchance the god would see a light on the sacred mount and descend to his shrine. And now they muttered over their beads and clacked a little bell.

The night wind sighed in the long grass about the lad's feet as he looked to the south over the city at his leader's behest. He noticed the lights as they came out. The city twinkled and glittered like a gem in its mountain-bound setting. He strained his eyes to discover a cloud in the clear sky. Back again went the answer and the hill re-echoed—"No rain, sire!" A moment, then uprose the man of wrath. "Men, prepare ye!" he cried, and they knew what it meant. For a moment they drew back—but only a moment, while a prayer was muttered over the beads. A hempen rope was borne forward. A few strides brought the leader face to face with the stone image of the Rain God. The eyes of the one, flashing anger and indignation, met the stony gaze of the other, and rested there as if they would burn life into them. A silence—and the men bowed in fear. The man of wrath broke the chopsticks, flung aside the withered flowers, and dashed the lacquer dishes to the ground. He seized the rope, bent forward and bound the Rain God from head to foot; bound him so that it was impossible for his spirit to escape; tied and knotted the rope—there! and there!—and with each wrench the muscles of the leader's face knotted and twisted themselves in uncontrollable anger. Another moment and he would have—; but down the trail he strode, while his men cowered in the grass as they followed, and glanced furtively upward, as if in terror of divine judgment.

The grasses swished in the night wind. A toad hopped up on the shrine and peered in. The stony face of the fettered god flushed an instant in the glow of the dying embers—as if repentant.

KATHERINE FISKE BERRY.

TWILIGHT

Twilight ; — the gray nun, Dusk,
Steals upward o'er the hill ;
At her gently-whispered word of peace
The trickling brooks are still.
The flowers she softly kisses closed ;
The tree-tops, 'neath her hand,
Drowsy and yet more drowsy sway,
At length in slumber stand.
The striving toil of the restless life
That o'er earth's surface lies
Grows calm 'neath the softly radiant smile
Of her fathomless gray eyes.

Twilight ; — the evening star
Waits, high above the hill.
The gray nun's spell enshrouds the land,—
Life's panting hearts lie still.

ETHEL WITHINGTON CHASE.

She stood at the head of the great, wide steps of the veranda,
one delicate, blue-veined hand pressed against the massive white
pillar beside her, as if for support, and

Reconstruction steadily waving a handkerchief, but with
fainter and fainter motion, with the other.

There was still a smile upon her lips, but the eyes that gazed so
fondly down the poplar-lined avenue after the galloping young
horseman in Confederate uniform, were swimming in tears.
He was at the gate now, and when he had turned his horse on
the other side to shut it, he looked back at the house, at the
quaint little old figure at the top of the steps, at the old colored
woman flapping her apron vigorously, the old colored man wav-
ing a bandanna, and the little darkies by the side of the house.
Then with a jaunty wave of his wide-brimmed gray sombrero,
he turned and galloped down the road, a gallant young figure
against the sunset. And still waving her handkerchief until a
bend in the road hid him from her sight, the little old lady
looked after him, seemingly lost in a sad reverie.

The silence was broken suddenly by a sob from the old col-
ored woman, but with a quick glance at her mistress as if of
self-reproach, she made fiercely towards the little darkies who
still lingered, in order to cover her grief.

"Heah, you lil' Samwell an' 'Meely an' Gawgy, y' all git right back now where you b'long. Y' all mus' think you's qual'ty, sho' 'nuff, comin' in white folkses' front yahds. Kite, now!" But long before she had finished they had fled before her angry eyes. Then she waddled back to the porch.

"Miss Vahginya, honey," she said softly, "ain' you gwine tuh eat no suppah? You ain' et er smouch sence mawnin'."

"No, Lummy, I'll just sit out here for a little while and then go to bed. Don't worry about me, old friend." Her voice, when she spoke, was as gentle as the expression of her face.

The old woman hesitated a moment, and then started laboriously back towards the kitchen, shaking her head.

"Eph'um," she said solemnly to the old man who was tilted back in a rickety cane-bottom chair outside the kitchen door, "Eph'um, I knows what de Lawd done sont me'n you intah dishyer vale er teahs foh."

"What dat, Lummy?" he asked.

There was a pause while she put a few potatoes in a bowl and then sat down on the doorstep to peel them.

"Eph'um, He done sont us heah tuh stan' by Miss Vahginya, an' tuh git 'ligion f'om knowin' huh. An' Eph'um,"—her voice sank to an awesome whisper—"lemme tell you, *Gawd* made Miss Vahginya—yassuh, wi' His own han's, careful, an' He ain' nevah mek no ur'r 'oman like huh, nur'r. Yassuh, she's wuth mo'n er thousan' doz'n mens, Miss Vahginya is,"—Eph'um winced—"Gentermen, Eph'um, I 'lay *she* could lick dem Yanks off'n de face er de yeth, an' she ain' ez big ez er pint er soap aftuh er hahd week's wash. An' nobody ain' had mo' trouble'n she is. I reckon de Lawd is jes' tryin' tuh see how good she *kin* be ennyways."

"Yassuh, dat's so, dat's so," murmured Eph'um.

"An' jes' look at huh now," she continued. "When de wah broke out an' Ferginny succeeded, she sont off old Marse an' Marse Phil tuh jine de ahmy an'—dey ain' come back. Is she pin'le an' pine? No, suh! She sont off Marse Greyson, an'—Law—sie, Eph'um, will you *fergit* dat day—po' lil' Miss Vahginya! An' den all dem no 'count fiel' han's an' dem ur'r fool niggahs goin' off tuh jine de Yanks, an' no tuhbaccer crop tuh speak on sence, tuh sen' to Richmon'. An' now lil' Marse Ran's ole 'nuff tuh go, an' she's sont him. An' all disyear time, dough Miss Vahginya's hyar gittin' whituh an' whituh, she's a-gittin'

mo' sweetuh an' mo' mellerer ev'y day. Don' yuh know dat yaller-faced niggah what cooks fer de Trollingers had de impudence tuh tell me *she* din' think Marse Ran ought tuh a-gone an' lef' Miss Vahginya, ez long ez he de onlies' chile lef. Huh! Ennybody ez wuz qual'ty 'ud know we all wuz gwine tuh fight ez long ez de las' man lef' had er leg tuh fight on!"

"Amen, bless de Lawd!" responded Eph'um fervently.

"An' what's mo', I lay Miss Vahginya ain't a-feared tuh go an' fight huhse'f ef ennythin' sh'd hap'n tuh Marse Ran, an' dey ain' nobody lef' tuh sen'. Po' Miss Vahginya! Don' you reckon she's gittin' mighty lonesome settin' out yondah, all by huhse'f? I wish tuh goodness Marse Ran an' Miss Cyalvert hadn't a-fussed, an' dey might a-gotten ma'ied, an' Miss Vahginya'd a-had somebody tuh keep huh comp'ny. But now I reckon hits too — Sh! Eph'um, what's dat! I heahed a hoss a-comin up de drive. Git yo' gun, Eph'um, quick! Mebbe hit's one er dem Yanks!"

They hurried around to the front of the house, as quickly as Eph'um's rheumatism and Lummy's stoutness permitted, in time to see, through the fast-gathering dusk, "Miss Vahginya" enfold in her arms and kiss a sweet-faced girl, who was murmuring something they could not hear. The horse was nibbling at "Miss Vahginya's" favorite marmosa tree. So of course Eph'um, with a queer little look at Lummy, had to take him around to the barn.

Still later that same night another horse was put in the barn, and Lummy almost shrieked aloud when she was awakened by a rapping upon her cabin door. Then she heard her name called in the familiar voice of her "Marse Ran," and, lamp high in one hand, she opened the door for him.

"Marse Ran, what in de name er goodness —"

The young fellow outside fairly staggered into the room, and falling into a chair by the table, buried his head in his arms.

The old woman stood by in respectful silence.

Then he raised his head and looked at her with haggard face.

"Aun' Lum," he said finally, "it's all over. I got as far as Wesley Cote House, and they told me there that General Lee surrendered at Appomatox yesterday. Poor mother! I don't know how I'm ever going to tell her!" And then nothing was heard except the ticking off of the passage of time by the fat brass clock on the mantel.

Finally the young man slowly arose. "Don't bother about me, Aun' Lum, I'll sleep on the front porch."

He was awakened in the morning by the noise that the great door made as it was opened, and his mother stepped out on the veranda. She started towards him with an exclamation of love, and then seeing in his eyes the news, she stopped a moment and bowed her head. Her eyes as she raised them were full of tears, but her voice was strong and sweet, as she said with a smile and with wonderful self-control, indicating some one behind her, "My son, we have a guest with us here," and raising her voice she called "Cyalvert!"

She was standing in the door and holding out her hand; she came towards him, and then — well, after the surrender comes the reconstruction!

MARY MACDONALD BOHANNAN.

TO THE WIND

Blow, wild wind, blow,
And in thy tireless blowing
Oh, teach me now
Thy careless liberty,
That I henceforth may be
As free as thou.

Blow, wild wind, blow,
And in thy tireless blowing
Cool my hot brow;
Touch with thy balm the smart
Of sorrow's stinging dart,
My healer thou!

Oh, wild wind, blow,
But in thy tireless blowing
My soul release!
On glad wing let me soar
To find with thee once more
Forever — peace!

EDITH TURNER NEWCOMB.

Harriet Lewis set the cup and saucer she had washed in the china closet. "Seems sorter cur'us only to wash one cup," she said half aloud. "I declare, I don't see what keeps him. He said he'd be back to dinner. Well, it's a terrible hot day. I guess he thought he wouldn't start in the heat of the day." She hung up the dish-towel and took off her soiled kitchen apron.

"Guess I'll go in the settin'-room and set a spell. See if I can't cool off some. My, but I'm het up!" She rubbed the back of one work-coarsened hand across her flushed forehead.

She dropped into the calico-covered rocker by the sitting-room west window with a sigh of relief. A little breeze was languidly ruffling the white curtains. She leaned her head back against the chair wearily and looked out over the brown, scorched fields to the western hills beyond, all in the glare of a noonday sun.

"Days like this," she said in that strange, monotonous half-whisper which people who are much alone fall into the habit of using, "I can't help thinkin' of Robert. It was a day hot like this when they brought him in. The medders was all burnt up, and the sun hurt your eyes." She continued pitilessly, as though she took a grim pleasure in thus wringing her own heart-strings. "He'd been to work all the mornin' in the awful sun, and he got a stroke. They couldn't do nothin' for him. He died, and we was to be married in September. Seemed 's if I couldn't hev' it so. Seems so now. I never cared for anybody like I did for Robert. He's real good and kind. I ain't got any fault to find with him—but he ain't Robert. But there, I must n't talk so."

She drew up a little work-stand, took up some crocheted lace, and went to work on it. She worked steadily, her lips drawn in a firm line. The afternoon wore on. The heat seemed to have voices. Long rasping sounds came from the fields. A bumble bee flew by the open window with a whirr and hum. Now and then there were mysterious creaks in the old house. The very air seemed vibrating and giving out a dull, monotonous note. The sun sank lower and shone into the west windows, but the woman in the rocking-chair did not seem to notice it. From time to time she glanced at the old clock on the mantel. When the quaintly fashioned minute hand pointed to four she could restrain herself no longer. "Seem's if he'd ought to be here. He said he'd git back before dinner. It's an awful hot day. I

can't help thinkin' of Robert. Mebbe he's started and got—a stroke." Then she pulled herself together. "Harriet Lewis, you quit thinkin' of that! There ain't nothin' happened to him. He's just waitin', so he won't hev to start in the heat of the day."

Then she worked on silently until the old clock with its shrill, quavering voice struck five. She thrust the lace into the work-basket and got up.

"Seem's if I couldn't stand it," she said. "He's allers come when he said he would. He didn't say anythin' about waitin' if it should be hot." She walked restlessly through the darkened kitchen out onto the little back porch, and scanned the dusty road with anxious eyes. In the distance was a moving speck. Her straining eyes never left it. "It ain't old Dick," she said finally. "This horse has a white face."

Slowly it came nearer, and she could make out the portly form of a neighbor behind the white-flecked horse. When he came within hailing distance she called out: "You ain't seen my husband, hev' you?"

"No, I ain't," he called back. "I ain't been way to town—just up to Miller's. But don't you worry none about him. He shows sense not to start back in all this heat. Dolly ain't got a dry hair on her. She's about did up. It's powerful hot, ain't it?"

"Yes, it is," she said, and went back into the house somewhat comforted. Perhaps he was only waiting for a while, after all. She opened the kitchen blinds and set about getting supper. When the cold tongue, bread, preserves, and a cold apple pie were set forth on the white-covered table she went into her bedroom, cooled her hot face, and put on a clean print wrapper. Thus freshened, she sat down by the kitchen window and with her idle hands in her lap, watched the road. The shadows cast by the young trees on its side lengthened, but he did not come. When at half-past six there was no sign of him, she left the supper as it was on the table, and went once more into the sitting-room. With a curious set look about her mouth she watched the gorgeous colors of the sunset. There was something melancholy in its beauty as it rested upon the lonely hills. She had always felt it, but to-night it seemed like a forewarning of evil. "Somethin' dreadful hes happened," she muttered, "somethin' dreadful hes happened."

To keep her restless hands employed she got out her crochet work again, but suddenly with an impulse she could scarcely have defined, she flung it down and went and got an old coat of her husband's. She looked it over with anxious care, and when she found a rip in one of the sleeves she sewed it up with strong, nervous stitches. The old coat across her knees seemed in some way to soothe her. She felt comforted without knowing why. And then suddenly she found herself on her knees with her face against the rough cloth. She took no heed of time. She was scarcely conscious of her own body. But it came over her with tremendous force that she loved the owner of the old coat.

The red of the sunset slowly changed to a gorgeous purple, and that in turn deepened into an intense grey, and still she had not moved. The soft light faded, and twilight rested on the western hills. A drowsy sing-song came from the fields, the cows were lowing at the pasture bars, but she heard nothing. The darkness deepened. The trees became black blotches against the paler darkness of the sky. Suddenly there was the rumble of a wagon over the little bridge below the house. She lifted her head. She scarcely breathed. She did not dare to hope. The sound of wheels came nearer and nearer, and turned in. She heard the familiar rattle and squeak of the wagon, and his cheery voice calling, "Harriet!" She felt that her face was transfigured in the darkness. But before she went out to him she bowed her head for an instant to the old coat. "Thank Goodness!" said Harriet Lewis.

SYBIL COX.

CYCLAMENS

Where the rays of winter sunshine
Fall with softened mellow light
Stands a pot of silvery greenness,
Crowned by flowers of purest white.
But look closely at the blossoms,
And you surely must confess
That in truth they're little women
In a quaint and foreign dress,
Just a group of little whitecaps,
Like a bunch of tiny nightcaps,
All a-dancing and a-prancing in the sun.

In a little mountain village
Far away across the sea,
Lived a race of humble peasants
Just as happy as could be,
Till one day the women grumbled
At the work they had to do,
And the men who sauntered homeward
When their daily toil was through
Found a group of little whitecaps,
Like a bunch of tiny nightcaps,
All a-fluttering and a-sputtering in the sun.

Week on week the women chattered,
Till the men despairing swore
That the way to end the trouble
Was to see their wives no more.
So they called a fay to aid them,
And, behold ! before their sight
Stood no band of noisy women,
But a clump of blossoms white —
Just a group of little white-caps,
Like a bunch of tiny night-caps,
All a-shivering and a-quivering in the sun.

And I sometimes sit and ponder
What became of those rash men,
And I wondered if they wouldn't
Like to see their wives again.
But the women seem quite happy
On the sunny window-sill,
And, unless I'm much mistaken,
They are surely chatting still.
Just a group of little white-caps
Like a bunch of tiny night-caps,
All a-bobbing and hobnobbing in the sun.

HELEN ESTHER KELLEY.

THE FAIRY PRINCESS

My father the king has palaces grand
Of shining marbles rare,
And vases of gold, and jewelled cups,
And purple robes to wear,
But of daughters or sons he has only me—
And I am wondrous fair.

I stand in state by my father's throne
 In my gold-embroidered gown,
 And at my feet the suitors kneel,
 Princes of high renown ;
 They sigh forth prayers and vows of love,
 But I greet them all with a frown.

They are hurried away to the headsman's block ;
 They will never again be bold
 To lift their eyes to a princess fair ;
 The shining steel I behold
 With never a smile and never a tear,
 For I am wondrous cold.

And never a smile and never a tear
 Do the suitors win from me,
 But if one should come who can make me smile
 Though a churl of the lowest degree
 My father hath sworn I shall be his bride,
 If I perish of misery.

And still I stand by my father's throne,
 And I can not smile if I will ;
 And my suitors' sighs and vows of love
 My wearied senses fill,
 And I wish one would come who can conquer my pride,
 Whom frowning can not kill.

RUTH BARBARA CANEDY.

3.30 P. M.—“I don't like him, I don't, I don't, so there!” said the real girl, as she vigorously applied a silver hair-brush to a soft mass of wavy brown curls.

The Girl in the Mirror “I'll be independent this afternoon, though. I'll show him I can't bear him, stupid old thing! How I hate his name—Don—good enough for a dog, that's all. He's so big and solemn and stern and reserved. He never makes any effort to entertain me, just stares and stares, and won't talk. I'll show him I like Jack better.”

The girl in the mirror looked on with big, defiant blue eyes and rosy lips puckered up into something very much like a pout. Soon the same mirror girl was twisting and turning a mass of curls into shining coils and was concealing an endless

number of hairpins in the soft masses. Then she held a blue ribbon under her chin and looked back at the real girl critically, with tilted head. She tied it around carefully, pulled it off and tried a green, then put on the blue once more.

"I wonder if he likes blue," the real girl murmured—"Jack, of course, I mean,"—looking up just in time to see the mirror girl blush and dimple and flash back a twinkle from merry dancing eyes. "Oh, I'll show him," she continued, and the mirror girl, vigorously pulling and patting her ribbon, looked straight back with a firm, defiant glance.

5.30 P. M.—The real girl leaned back in her chair before the mirror, listlessly pulling off her ribbons and staring at the mirror girl. The mirror girl stared back with big mournful eyes, the corners of her mouth drooped pathetically.

"I hate him, I hate him," the real girl was saying. "I didn't want to sit with him and got on the back seat on purpose. I thought he'd sit there though. No, I didn't; I didn't want him to, anyway"—she hastily corrected herself. "What a bore that old Jack is, and how I did snub the poor inoffensive boy! *He* seemed to be having a good time on the front seat with Nan. I wonder if he could possibly like her, silly little simperer—she's cross-eyed, too, I know she is. Oh, how horrid I am! I'm despicable—but he seemed to like her—he did, he did."

Just then the mirror girl made a very wry face. Her mouth drew down further and further at the corners and her eyes began to fill with tears. Altogether she was far from being the daintily pretty maiden of two hours before.

The real girl looked at her. "Oh, you ugly old thing!" she cried insultingly. The mirror girl suddenly disappeared from sight. A rush of skirts was heard. The bed in the corner began to creak and heave suspiciously.

8.30 P. M. — The real girl stood before the mirror looking at a card. She glanced up quickly at the mirror girl just in time to catch a furtively happy glance from glistening and somewhat "teary" blue eyes.

"You must be firm," she said severely. The mirror girl immediately pressed her full rosy lips into a straight, set line and stared back with a firm, determined expression. "You mustn't give in—you know perfectly well he likes that Nan," the real girl continued, and the mirror girl ran a comb through

her hair and glared back, her delicately flushed face rigid and severe.

12.15 P. M.—The real girl was pulling out hairpins. "How mussed my hair is on that side," she murmured. The mirror girl flashed back a bright smile. She shook her head and the brown curls fell in thick, soft masses about her face, partly veiling her shining eyes. "Oh," the real girl said, with a quick indrawn breath, "I'm going to be so good, so good, and so true to him!" And the mirror girl's eyes shone back, soft and luminous.

ANNE HARRIET COE.

EDITORIAL

Although the senior class are wont, and justly so, to mark off as peculiarly their own those last few days in June which bring to a close their college life, still the true spirit of commencement refuses such confinement. While to the senior it comes with a deeper significance, yet the joy that is the essence of the real commencement spirit is felt by all students and graduates of the college.

To the undergraduate the season brings the satisfaction of attainment. We are at an age when ends reached seem more to be treasured than the toil which won them; at an age when success gained by a flying leap has a far greater charm than success that is won by long and patient hours of labor. College life, marked off as it is in definite steps, comes as an answer to this demand. Its measure of apparent success is doled out more freely to some than to others; but to each and all, to those who gladly and to those who reluctantly yield to the fetters of regularity, there comes at the commencement season the joy of having accomplished some concrete, definite object, and the satisfying realization that, after all, their efforts have been worth while.

To those to whom the time of commencement is especially dedicated, this joy of attainment is but the earnest of greater things to come. The gratifying sense of completion is united in the senior's joy with rejoicing at the onward step. Wherever there is regret over lost opportunities, there the thought of a new field and another chance brings courage and hope. Wherever there is a certain irresistible sadness at the leaving of associations and sources of inspiration that have grown to mean steadily more and more through four rich years, there the promise of a larger outlook and larger activities more than compensates. A taste of success in the limited college world only incites a thirst for more, to be won in the greater world outside. If we have won the battles here, we are the more

eager for greater victories to come. In the same spirit of adventure that led our fathers to this land, we go forth at the end of our college course strong in a new confidence, guided by new knowledge, spurred on by new aspirations, and ambitious to make the most of the unexplored country that is waiting.

The seniors are not alone in turning to their Alma Mater at the commencement season with especially grateful hearts. It is the season of college spirit. The youngest members of the student-body, whose one year of college life has been but the verifying and correcting of anticipation; those of us to whom college has become a living reality; and those to whom it has become a memory, wherein time flashes like a searchlight upon the greatest joys and leaves hidden in obscurity the failures and the sorrows,—all these rejoice in their right to a share in the general loyalty. Class rivalries are forgotten. Class spirit joins with class spirit and all are merged in one common enthusiasm. As naturally as in these long summer evenings we wander across the campus to hear the Glee Club singing on the steps of Music Hall and leave every care behind, so now we turn from smaller interests instinctively, and unbidden, unguided, enter into the unity of devotion to the college.

The Editors of the *Monthly* announce the resignation of Ellen Gray Barbour from her position on the board on account of ill-health. Fanny Hastings has been appointed Sketch Editor, and Lucy Webb Hastings Business Manager.

EDITOR'S TABLE

The college is never too busy to take an interest in those who have gone out forever from her sheltering roof. And as the number of these increases there come back in greater multiplicity proofs of the value of her work. By thought and by deed her children show that the lessons learned in undergraduate days are not final ones, but merely rich incentives to know and to do in the world outside the college, where the critics are far more numerous and far more prone to adverse comment or worse, indifference, that chill attitude of spirit which paralyses incipient activity.

Books are the form of testimony which the college most expects and least frequently gets, the prevailing returns being of chairmanships and reports of college settlements. So it is with pleasure that we greet this spring, the appearance of a novel written by a graduate of Smith College, Adele Marie Shaw.

Miss Shaw, in choosing her field of fiction has followed painstakingly in the footsteps of Mary Johnston, and has produced a story of the days when New England was yet composed of colonies under royal governorship and when the reason and judgment of the sturdy Puritans were held in temporary, yet in several instances, fatal abeyance, by that terrible phantasm, witchcraft.

The book is called "The Coast of Freedom", and runs along the conventional lines of such novels as "To Have and To Hold", "Richard Carvel", and others of that type. Though not actually so divided, the story falls into two parts, the first dealing with the adventures of the hero, Roger Verring, upon the ship *Araby Rose*, commanded by the gallant William Phipps; the second part has the scene of action laid in Boston.

The attempt at the introduction of the villain and the suggestion of a complicated plot in the first two chapters is sufficiently vague to be bewildering, but the reader forgets to wonder what it all means, in following the fortunes of the

Araby Rose as she cruises among the islands of the Caribbean sea, seeking sunken Spanish treasure.

The writer has marked ability in descriptive writing, and the book contains many vivid word pictures that glow with color and impress themselves on the attention because of unusual expressions and odd conceits.

The *Araby Rose* encounters pirates in the tropical waters and a terrific sea fight ensues, during which enough blood flows in the scuppers to satisfy the most gory-minded, and which suggests an intimate acquaintance on the part of the writer with "Westward Ho" and "Treasure Island." Captain Phipps bravely rescues from the sinking pirate ship, the heroine, known as "The Little Maid", and eventually finds the coveted treasure.

From this the scene shifts with little apparent connection save the slight one of history, to Boston; and there the story runs on with the usual complications wrought by the villain, the usual hair-breadth escapes of the heroine made possible by the usual well-timed appearance of the hero. Not the least of the "Maid's" troubles is the accusation of witchcraft, and in this connection we have Cotton Mather introduced in an interesting light.

The book is as worthy of popularity as many others that have recently achieved distinction. Its chief fault is languid construction. There are breaks in the sequence of scenes; one instant we are in one place with one set of characters and the next we lose our grasp of the situation by being abruptly plunged into an entirely different scene with another group of individuals. It takes an agile mind to carry the threads of the story through such gaps in framework. Otherwise, there are many points of merit, one being the conversation which is extremely realistic and easily managed, another, the unforced and natural development of the characters through the action of the plot.

Miss Shaw acknowledges the aid of her brother in writing the book, but the feminine touches are predominant. We owe thanks to Miss Shaw for a dignified effort at something considerable.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Boston.

The Diary of a Goose Girl. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The plan pursued by the previous *Monthly* board in regard to the branch contributions to the Alumnæ Department has proved so successful that the present board wishes to continue it, and asks for equally cordial coöperation of the alumnæ in insuring its success. The assignments for the coming year are the same as for the previous, and are as follows:—November, Syracuse Club; December, Chicago Association; January, Worcester Club; February, New York Association; April, Hartford Club; May, Western Massachusetts Association.

It is only within the last generation that philanthropic work has begun to take rank among the professions. Even to-day, when constantly increasing

numbers of our most highly trained university men and women are devoting their full powers to the practical solution of the social problems involved in charitable and correctional work, there prevails a surprisingly widespread ignorance concerning this great field and the possibilities which it offers to the ambitious and enthusiastic student. A recent graduate of one of our first women's colleges has confessed to me that she reached her graduation day without once having had suggested to her the idea that there was any such thing as charity work other than that done by voluntary unpaid workers. It is with the thought that there may be a few among Smith's present undergraduates who, if not equally uninformed, yet fail to realize fully the scope and variety of philanthropic activity, that I have undertaken to map out briefly a few of the main outlines of the charitable field, and to suggest some means whereby any one desiring to do so may inform herself more fully concerning it.

The openings which charitable work offers to women may be roughly classed as those within and those without institutions. Of the former I shall not attempt to speak—not because they are less numerous than the others, but partly because I have no first hand knowledge of them, and partly because they seem to me to demand the matured powers of women widely cultured and deeply read in life, women who can carry into the narrow institutional walls a vast fund of knowledge and experience upon which to draw for inspiration in a life singularly resourceless and self-dependent. For the beginner, especially the beginner fresh from academic pursuits, those branches of philanthropic work which bring one in touch with the greatest variety of activities and interests are unquestionably the most valuable.

The forms assumed by charitable organizations are so numerous as to be bewildering. Three of the most comprehensive and progressive types of association, the Charity Organization Society, the State Charities Aid Association, and a number of the latest group of child-saving agencies, will sufficiently indicate the lines along which the advance guard of philanthropic workers are pressing.

The Charity Organization Societies, one of which is established in nearly every considerable city of the North and West, offer in some respects the most profitable field to the beginner. They deal directly with families and individuals in acute or chronic distress; endeavoring, by careful investigation of the circumstances of each applicant for aid, to determine precisely what method of treatment is most applicable, and either to apply such treatment themselves, or where special agencies for certain classes of cases exist, to place such cases in their hands. Starting as an investigator for such a society, and later assuming full charge of the treatment of cases, the worker gains a first hand knowledge of the nature and to some extent of the causes of every conceivable social malady which afflicts those who fall behind in the race of life. She watches the operation of the forces, internal and external, which cause men to drop out of the industrial struggle, or which lead to the breaking up of family ties. She learns by constant coöperation with them, the true functions and proper field of the great state and municipal institutions—almshouses, prisons, reform schools, hospitals, etc.,—and of the multitudinous private institutions which supplement their work; she observes the reaction, both for good and evil, of these institutions upon the life of the poorer classes—those bordering on the line, and those just above the line of pauperism; she seeks to search out in each case the one remedy which under the limitations imposed by existing social conditions seems most likely to work a cure. And inevitably she is driven to inquire into the origins of these conditions and the reasons for their existence; and, observing the forces at work all about her, to speculate as to the probable and the right outcome of their conflicting play. In other words she becomes a student in a new and larger sense—a student not merely for the joy of study, but for the hope of furthering the great ends which only through study can be wrought out in human life.

In the special field of child-caring work—perhaps the most hopeful of all forms of philanthropic endeavor—numerous agencies both public and private are springing into life, whose common central aim is to place every normal child who through misfortune or the fault of others has been thrown into the dependent classes, in a normal home. This movement is the expression of a tardy but intense realization of the disadvantages under which the institutionalized child, coming out into a world with whose most ordinary activities he is unfamiliar, has to labor. The agent of such a society is called upon to use her judgment in many and diverse ways:—by painstaking investigation to determine whether the child is properly dependent, having no relatives capable of giving it proper care; by careful study of the individual child, and careful searching among the homes available for placing out, to fit the child into an environment where he shall have the best possible chance of developing into a healthy member of society; and by close watching and personal oversight to further in every possible way that development.

The work of the State Charities Aid Associations, as yet few in number, has as its unit not the family or the individual, but the institution. It seeks, by visitation of state, county, and city institutions, penal, correctional and charitable, by study of the needs of each and of all methods anywhere employed to meet such needs, and by suggestions based on such study, to exert an educational influence which shall result in more enlightened management of existing institutions, and in the establishment of such other institutions, upon advanced and scientific plans, as the needs of the time may call for.

In each of these fields much good work has been done by women. In each of them a vastly greater work remains to be done, and no limitations save those which she herself may impose restrict the woman who enters upon them. Larger interests, more varied opportunities for the use of every gift and power, could hardly be desired by the most ambitious. If her special strength lies in personal influence and the educational passion is strong within her, the direct good she can accomplish is immeasurable; if she possesses executive ability and rejoices in conflict with opposing forces and the exercise of the arts of persuasion, she has here full scope for her abilities; if she is blessed with a gift of literary expression, the public press and all the scientific and sociological journals are open to her, and the possibilities in the editing of state and special reviews of charities and corrections, and in the writing of essays and more extended studies are unlimited.

It is possible (though from my knowledge of the Smith College audience, I should say improbable) that some may have questioned, as they read the preceding pages, "What place among the incentives to philanthropic work has the charitable impulse, pure and simple? Is it not crowded out by scientific and scholarly interests?"

I would answer by a counter question. What place among the incentives which lead men into the medical profession has the desire, pure and simple, to save life? Or what place among the incentives that lead men into the legal profession has the desire, pure and simple, to right wrong?

The truth would seem to be that a course of action is seldom decided, in our complex modern life, by an impulse pure and simple. Every man free to choose is determined in his choice of a profession by a combination of tastes, intellectual interests, moral convictions, ambitions, and the consciousness of special powers, most difficult to disentangle. The philanthropic worker who does not possess an active form of that intangible something which we call a social consciousness, who does not accept the modern world in its full complexity, thoroughly believing in organization, and feeling, at least at times, a joy in the conflict of opposing forces, will soon be exhausted and overpowered by the tremendous rush of the struggle and the bewildering view of its changing aspects. The worker who has not a passion for the solution of a scientific problem for its own sake will quickly slide into a rut, and kept there by the pressure of practical daily work, fail to rise to any very high place in the profession. He who, having the tastes and the intellectual interests, lacks the essential moral conviction and enthusiasm, may here as elsewhere gain some place and power, but can never gain the full approbation of the best spirits in philanthropic work, or know the full satisfaction of the heart-whole worker.

Even the most prominent features of philanthropic activity have been most inadequately dealt with in the foregoing pages, while a series of articles would be needed to set forth the attractions of the various allied forms of civic and social work—such as that of the probation officer or the sanitary inspector—which the philanthropic worker who chooses may readily take up. In conclusion I wish only to offer a few suggestions to any who may care to follow them up. The Charity Organization Society of the city of New York conducts each summer a School of Philanthropic Work, full information as to which will be furnished to any one applying to the society. (Address, 104 East 22nd St.). Six weeks of hard work during July and August is a fairly stiff test of interest, but will more than repay any one who undertakes it. To those less actively disposed, the reading of Warner's *American Charities*, the standard work on the subject, will offer much material excellently organized, and many valuable suggestions to guide in further reading.

MARY BUELL SAYLES '01.

As the "Tomas Brooke" lay at the dock in Santiago harbor, with a background of calm water and more peaceful mountains, she wore a look of positive innocence; she fairly irradiated an air

A Glimpse of Jamaica of mildness and good seamanship from her neat, though small, white hull, and her weather-beaten deck and brine-worn irons. To be sure she bore, on the nameplate of the makers, "Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1871." But thirty-one years of service only served as a proof of her sea-worthiness to credulous, unsuspecting minds; and when Alexander, our negro waiter, who spoke French, Spanish, and English, and hailed from Jamaica himself, said in tones fairly awestruck, "Going over in the 'Tomas Brooke'?" She's a bad boat. She rolls," we only laughed at the expressive shrug of the shoulders with which he emphasized his statement. We remembered that afterwards.

Outside of the harbor three vessels of the North American Squadron lay at anchor, and a boat crowded with white-suited sailors danced up and down in the heavy ground swell that sweeps by the base of Morro Castle, in through the narrow harbor entrance. It was such a graceful movement; and we watched first the little boat, then the battleships lying farther away, with an absorbing interest which for a time rendered us unconscious of the increasing agitation with which the "Tomas Brooke" viewed the same spectacle. Alexander's characterization was verified; in simple English she *rolled*, but simple English is quite incapable of expressing the motion in which that capricious little boat indulged. The mortifying part of it was that it was not even, in seafaring terms, a high sea; a warm, steady wind blew up from the south, and the swell which swept by us over the surface of the indigo water would have been ignored by any one of the smaller ocean liners. But not so the "Tomas Brooke"; she bowed, she dipped and curtsied, she buried her bow in the water and then, thinking better of the process, she shook herself violently and careened merrily from side to side, with atrocious lurches. The afternoon wore on and the sun set brilliantly in a cloud-banked horizon; the darkness came and stars shone dimly through cloud vapors, and still that little boat rolled. Through a sleepless night we lay watching the square of

the open door — our cabin opened directly upon the side deck — travel up, up, up, past a "waste of waters," a dark horizon line, and a wall of sky faintly sprinkled with stars, then down again until it seemed to our bewildered senses that our line of vision must be at right angles with the ocean floor! Toward morning the horizon line grew heavier, and presently the irregular outline of peaked mountains appeared against the sky. By daybreak we had passed the white lighthouse which stands upon a point of land running out upon the southeastern end of the island of Jamaica, and were steaming westward toward the harbor of Kingston.

The rounding of this point brought us into calmer water, where our unballasted little boat pursued a career sufficiently violent, but mild in comparison to the night's adventures. Intelligent observation of objects directly before one's eyes again became possible. The surface of the water was in places so smooth that we could plainly see the sponges and seaweeds growing far below, and fish swimming about, sometimes far down, sometimes near the surface. Schools of flying fish rose at our approach and went skimming over the water, to drop back again with a splash as suddenly as though pulled in from below the surface. We were not more than half a mile from the shore, and a Cuban planter on his way to Kingston, acted as Baedeker. The mountains had much the same peaked, jagged outline as those along the Cuban south shore between Santiago and Cape Cruz; but they were much greener, and more heavily wooded, giving the impression of a country at once more fertile and more tropical. Stretches of pale green sugar cane lay along the lower slopes, and we were told that one of the finest grades of coffee grew up on some of the higher peaks. With the aid of a glass we could study the details of the houses along shore; a low, broad, vine-covered house, with a broad field of cane stretching down to the sea beach, attracted our attention, and we were told that an Englishman and his bride were spending their honeymoon there. One of the big coffee plantations far up above the valley was the home of a retired English officer, whose two interests in life were coffee growing and music.

The dwelling house and the chimneys of the refinery on one of the largest cane plantations were plainly visible, the huts of the Indian coolies lying off to the right, those of the negro workers, up the hillside in the opposite direction. Near this plantation, in a group of palm trees close by the shore, the colored pilot lived who came out in a little brown dugout and boarded our boat. "The best pilot along the coast," said our Cuban informant, giving a needed reassurance to our wavering faith in the ability of the "Tomas Brooke" to make her port.

It was a little after noon when we lay at the entrance of Kingston harbor, awaiting the inspection of the quarantine doctor. A negro among the steerage passengers, who had persistently and lugubriously performed upon an accordion during the morning, ceased his musical ministrations; the untidy, sure-footed Spanish crew pattered up and down the deck and the gangways, making preparations for the landing; the dozen or so cabin passengers hung listlessly over the rail, avoiding the hot sun, eager only in their desire to escape from the miserable little boat. On the right lay the long, narrow, palm-fringed coral reef, which encloses the harbor, forming one of its sac-

like sides, and off the end of which sunken Port Royal lies. We were anchored almost directly over it, but the most persistent peering into the depths revealed no sign of its existence. The harbor beyond offered more attractions; the line of wharves, the tangle of shipmasts interspersed with the plumes of royal palms, the city of Kingston spread out on the slope extending from water front to mountain side, behind, the heavily wooded, precipitous mountains themselves, flecked with shadows from passing clouds. Honesty compels the mortifying admission, however, that most pleasing to our eyes of all the sights in Kingston harbor that February day was the graceful outline of the Hamburg-American cruising yacht lying at anchor in the harbor, with swift little launches hurrying back and forth from her side to the landing dock. We knew the next point in her itinerary to be Santiago de Cuba; and to us she meant an escape from a return trip which already loomed before us like an approaching doom.

The escape meant for us only a shortened stay in Kingston, however. But into that busy day and a half we crowded a week of ordinary sight-seeing and observation. From the moment the colored runners poured like an avalanche over the side of the boat before she had fairly reached her dock, until the *Victoria Luise* steamed out of the harbor the next day, with flags flying and band playing, we behaved, as some one remarked, like "argus-eyed centipedes." We were fortunate in landing on Sunday, for the entire native population of Kingston was to be seen upon the streets; negroes of all sizes, sorts, and colors, from the purest Ethiopian type to the beautiful half-breeds, whom Lafadio Hearn has praised so highly in his description of Martinique. Everywhere were bright colors; gay print dresses, brilliant bandannas, the flaming scarlet of the turbans and bloomers of the Imperial Guards. The English soldiers are forced, on account of the climate, to live in barracks built for them up on one of the mountain sides, but the native regiments are quartered just without the city itself. Even after the coloring of Cuban towns, the color in Kingston seizes and holds one's attention from the first. The multiplicity of strange flowers and fruits was bewildering; flowers quite unknown to us, and fruit whose identity we half established by dint of questioning, bread-fruit, mango, star-apple plantain, luscious in appearance and sometimes to the taste—the last by no means an invariable rule!

Kingston, in construction, is typically English. No more complete contrast to the Spanish type of town seen in Cuba could be found. Each little villa in the city has its tiny garden, primly and properly laid out and guarded by a wall, at the gate of which an ornate name is carved, while the larger homes on the outskirts of the town have most elaborate grounds and gardens, the latter almost invariably disfigured by borders of variegated coleus leaves, grown big and rank in that soil and climate. Up into the mountains we could not go; nor across by rail to Port Antonio, where the fruit is shipped; but we came away wondering why we had ever planned so strangely as to make Jamaica a side rather than a main issue. For it is a veritable treasure island of beauties and novelties, every part of which is accessible either by splendid government high roads or by rail. Our glimpse into its resources and possibilities was a mere tantalization. But then, there was the "Tomas Brooke". We looked at each other and said nothing, and we took our passage

back on the Victoria Luise. Dugouts filled with natives offering their wares—corals, long strings of seeds and shells, puffs of palm fibre, great baskets of fruit—followed the launches to the ship, their occupants crying their bargains in shrill voices; bargains which grew greater as the moments passed, until as we weighed anchor, I think that we could have carried off the whole for the price of a street car fare!

As we gained speed down the harbor channel a great rainbow spanning the city suddenly appeared with almost melodramatic effect. And the final long look at the island was from that triangle of the ship's deck far up by the bowsprit, which on a yacht-built boat overhangs the water. A warm, sweet breeze blew from the south, bringing up from the water below us an occasional touch of spray; the Big Dipper struggled to untangle itself from a thin bank of cloud along the northern horizon; while off to our left the jagged volcanic outline of Jamaica's mountains grew less and less distinct in the moonlight. When next I came on deck the kodak enthusiasts were in despair because the sun was not yet right for "taking" the entrance to Santiago harbor.

CAROLINE MARMON '00.

The Smith Students' Aid Society is just completing its fifth year of active work and it seems desirable, in this last issue of the *Monthly*, to present a general review of the work.

Report of the Students' Aid Society After the annual meeting last June, when it was learned that \$100,000 was to be raised within the year, by the students, alumnae, and friends of Smith College, in order to secure a gift of the same amount, it was decided not to press the claims of the Aid Society this year, but to use to the best possible advantage the funds available. It has been a great gratification to the members of the Executive Committee, and I know it will be to all interested in the Aid Society, to find that with practically no solicitation there are friends willing and glad to support its work. Early in the autumn the generous check for \$250 from Mr. James B. Dill of East Orange, New Jersey, gave the Executive Committee great encouragement, for it had been something of a problem how to make the loans applied for. About the same time a gift of \$125 was received by our treasurer, but thus far the donor's name is unknown. The class of 1901 showed its kindly interest by its liberal gift of \$125, and our faithful supporter, the Smith College Club of Hartford, Conn., has recently sent us \$35. These gifts and the membership dues have made possible sixteen loans, varying in amount from \$10 to \$50 and giving much needed assistance to ten different girls.

As is doubtless well known, these loans draw no interest and are unsecured, from three to five years being allowed for their return. Within a few months a loan made in 1901 has been returned and with a most grateful note. How valuable these loans are to the girls, even though the amount in many cases is small, is best appreciated by those who come in close touch with the girls and who know well the many sacrifices that are cheerfully made to obtain the advantages of a college education.

Within this past year a change has been made in the Membership By-law and it now reads, "Any graduate, non-graduate, or undergraduate student and any present or former teacher of the college may become a regular member of the Society by the payment of an annual membership fee of \$1." This was done because we felt that there were many girls who would be glad early in their college course to help on this good work. This matter of undergraduate membership will not be unduly pressed, for we fully realize the many demands upon a girl's purse while she is in college, but we shall be heartily glad to welcome any would be members from the undergraduate body.

Early in May the alumnae members of the faculty invited the senior class to be their guest for an evening, and at that time the claims and needs of the various alumnae organizations were presented, among them those of the Aid Society by its director, Miss Cutler, and then and there the class of 1902 showed its interest by giving us a goodly number of members.

Each year brings fresh evidence of the great need of just the work that this Society is trying to do. Those who have kept pace with educational advance know how the demand for college-bred women as teachers is growing. Many girls, even with the strictest economy, find it difficult to meet the necessary expenses of a college course; others think they have planned to meet successfully their financial obligations, but some unforeseen circumstance upsets their arrangements. To these girls, often popular students, often the ablest scholars, with unquestioned ability to make their way in the world once they have their equipment, the Aid Society gladly lends a helping hand.

Plans for the future work of the Society are under consideration and it is hoped to make it more efficient, more valuable, and to bring it into closer touch with other closely allied college interests.

In July, Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, the efficient chairman of the Fund, who has given so generously of her time and strength to that work this past year will assume her duties as president, and under her guidance we feel sure that the larger usefulness so earnestly desired by all its friends will open before the Aid Society.

On behalf of the Executive Committee,
(MRS. JAMES A. WEBB, JR.) NELLIE PACKARD WEBB, ex-'85,
Acting President.

The Students' Aid Society will hold a meeting on Monday of Commencement week, June 16, in No. 4 College Hall, at 11 A. M., or immediately after the Ivy Exercises.

A chafing-dish party for the benefit of the \$100,000 Fund was given on the evening of May 24, by the graduates and former students of Smith College living in Dorchester, Roxbury, and Milton. The proceeds were \$84.50.

The Greek Club will hold its annual reunion on Monday, June 16, from 4 to 5.

It was our intention to publish in the June number of the *Monthly* a full and detailed report of that portion of the Fund contributed by the graduates,

Report of the
Smith College Alumnae Committee
for the \$100,000 Fund

non-graduates, and undergraduates of the college. As the *Monthly* appears but a few days before Commencement, however, President Seelye requests us to defer announcements

concerning graduates and non-graduates until Commencement morning. We therefore confine this report to the undergraduate contribution.

When as a committee we decided to ask the undergraduates for their help in raising the \$100,000 Fund we did so somewhat reluctantly, realizing that they were obliged to meet many and heavy demands incident to their college life, and also that their interest was very naturally centered in their own special fund for the Students' Building. We knew, too, that the Students' Building itself was to be begun this spring with a large deficit still to be made good, and that in a sense the undergraduates were pledged to make this their first consideration. We felt, however, that the importance of the larger fund justified some slight appeal, and we therefore called together last October the presidents and vice-presidents of the classes and the senior members of the council. Their response to our suggestion was most hearty and sympathetic. A simple plan of action was adopted, since when the work has gone quietly on, the contributions passing through the hands of the collectors and class presidents to this committee and thence to the treasurer of the college.

We on the central committee in thinking over this matter, allowed ourselves to hope that about \$1000 might come to us from this source. Such a sum would represent something like \$1 from each student, which seemed to us all that could reasonably be expected. We have been both surprised and delighted therefore with the rapid growth in the contribution, and it is a very real pleasure to announce to-day, as the undergraduate gift to the college, the sum of \$6,865.88.

This is an important contribution and pushes the Fund well up towards its completion. It is an inspiring one, too, for it testifies to the deep loyalty of the students to their Alma Mater and to their willingness to set aside their own special projects in the interest of a larger good. It is the second time, too, since the Students' Building Fund was started that they have dropped their own work to help out the Alumnae Association. We wish, in our own behalf and in behalf of the alumnae at large, to give them our warmest thanks for their generous and sympathetic coöperation.

We are glad of this opportunity to extend our thanks also to the many parents who have manifested in one way and another an interest in our work. And finally, we desire to express to the editors of the *Monthly* our appreciation of their courtesy and patience in assisting us to publish these many and often delayed reports.

The *Monthly* for October will contain our final report. In this will be found a full statement of all contributions of whatever nature that have passed through the hands of this committee.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE, Chairman.
MARY VAILL TALMAGE,
GRACE A. HUBBARD.

UNDERGRADUATE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Senior Class,	\$ 2,128 70
Junior Class,	2,028 00
Second Class,	1,808 00
First Class,	567 25
<hr/>							
Total contributed by classes,	\$ 6,531 95
Glee Club,	50 00
Gift from a friend,	250 00
Interest,	83 88
<hr/>							
Total contributed through the undergraduates,	\$ 6,865 83

All alumnae visiting the college are requested to register in a book kept for that purpose in the reading room. The list of visitors since the last issue is as follows:

'94. Anne Marie Paul,	.	.	.	April 30
'84. Mary Duguid Dey,	.	.	.	May 2
ex-'88. Harriet Duguid Amerman,	.	.	.	" 2
'01. Marian C. Billings,	.	.	.	" 3
'01. Janet Sheldon,	.	.	.	" 5
'95. Bertha Bennett Denison,	.	.	.	" 5
'99. Bertha A. Hastings,	.	.	.	" 6
'01. Anne L. Forsyth,	.	.	.	" 8
'98. Effie Comey Manson,	.	.	.	" 9
'98. Esther Woodman,	.	.	.	" 7
'98. Alice E. Gibson,	.	.	.	" 7
'01. Marion G. Holbrook,	.	.	.	" 9
'86. Bertha Ray Harriman,	.	.	.	" 10
'01. Laura S. Thayer,	.	.	.	" 10
'01. Ethel Y. Comstock,	.	.	.	" 12
'01. Elisabeth S. Brown,	.	.	.	" 12
'99. Mary C. Childs,	.	.	.	" 9
'01. Helen Shoemaker,	.	.	.	" 20
'01. Ellen T. Emerson,	.	.	.	" 23
'00. Annie L. Torrey,	.	.	.	" 23
'01. Clara Everett Reed,	.	.	.	" 24
'83. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke,	.	.	.	" 23-27
'79. Kate Morris Cone,	.	.	.	" 28-29
'00. Gertrude Henry Mead,	.	.	.	" 29
'01. Jane Mercer Kerr,	.	.	.	June 2

Contributions to this department are desired by the last of the month in order to appear in the next month's issue and should be sent to Elizabeth S. Sampson, Tenney House.

'91. Olive R. Garland has just completed her junior year at the New York University Law School.

- '97. Margaret Elmer Coe has received the A. M. degree from Columbia. Her subjects were English and Comparative Literature.
Florence Low has announced her engagement to Mr. Harlan Page Kelsey of Boston.
Lucy Stoddard received her A. M. degree in English Literature and Egyptology at New York University, June 5.
- '98. Louise Harrison and Winifred Knight sailed for Europe May 10 for a five month's tour on the continent.
Mary Helen Lathrop and her mother will spend the summer in Europe. They sail from New York, June 28.
- '00. Madeline Zabriskie Doty has just completed her junior year at the New York University Law School.
Bertha W. Groesbeck was in Florida and the Bahama Islands during February and March. In April she sailed for Europe where she will spend the next four months.
Clara E. Heywood has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Ernest Scott of Michigan, at Princeton Theological Seminary.
Helen R. Stont spent the winter months in Cuba and the Bahamas. She was married April 14 to Dr. William Church Griswold, assistant surgeon U. S. A.
Florence Whittin was married June 4 to Mr. Theophilus Parsons. Address, Hempstead, Long Island.
- ex-'00. Elizabeth Howe Keniston was married January 18 to Dr. Kennedy Furlong Rubert of Owego, New York. Address, 17 Lake street, Owego, New York.

BIRTH

- '92. Mrs. Philip Wardner (Mary Poland Rankin) a son, Philip, born April 28, 1902.

ABOUT COLLEGE

COMMENCEMENT

There isn't much left
When the end of it comes.
We've eaten our cake,
Perhaps found a few plums.
We know less,
We love more,
We're all children still,
And we laugh till we cry
At our memorabil—

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE 1902.

If there is one danger which at present seems to threaten the evenness and dignity of life at college, it is the growing tendency toward demonstration.

Lack of Proportion in our College Point of View

There appears to be either some difficulty or a certain unwillingness on the part of the students to recognize the bounds between college loyalty and that which is merely an exaggerated form of enthusiasm. Such enthusiasm is insincere. It springs not so much from a real joy as from the delight in demonstration. There are things at college to arouse our spontaneous appreciation, which ought to make it unnecessary that we should resort to such a mechanical kind of rejoicing. It is always safer not to push demonstration,—when it is warranted it will come without the seeking. Noise merely for its own sake can be easily dispensed with. We are not yet ready to admit that the girl who claps loudest and calls oftenest across the campus is the one who possesses most college spirit. Such a girl, on the contrary, is sometimes in danger of playing rather a melodramatic part, beside failing to see college life at its real value.

One form of demonstration which is least necessary is the present method of taking girls into societies. The custom is one which has sprung up within a few years, and it is to be hoped that in a few more it will have died down. When there were only one or two societies in college the appearance of a body of girls marching about the campus, while perhaps it caused an unnecessary amount of excitement was too infrequent to be really harmful. The number of clubs is now increased to more than twelve, while their demonstration has increased proportionately. There is the liability that rejoicings

will become too wholesale to remain sincere. Certainly their manifestation is becoming a disturbing element not only outwardly but also—which makes the problem a really grave one—they tend to change a quiet sense of real pleasure to a mechanical hilarity. It is this which makes the societies often appear at a disadvantage and is unworthy of the students.

This spirit of demonstration takes many phases. It is apt to hurt class as well as college loyalty. It has always been one of the features of Smith College to try to further the kindest feeling between the classes. Such a danger as the one which now confronts us might very soon turn loyalty to prejudice and so hurt the splendid spirit of unity which ought to exist. Whether it belongs to class or college, loyalty is alive everywhere, and is founded on a keen sense of appreciation and never on explosive and extravagant utterance. Unguarded demonstration, then, is not a necessary part of our loyalty. Such a quality is really inconsistent with a body of people uniting in the search after what is worth while. There is no reason why every student should not feel a spontaneous desire to recognize the restraints as well as the freedom of college, and if they will bring to their careful consideration this growing element of uncurbed enthusiasm and remember that there are times when "Do Not Disturb" signs hang over the campus itself, their real loyalty will reveal itself.

ETHEL HALE FREEMAN 1902.

On the evening of May 10, Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi presented "The Amazons" in the Alumnæ Gymnasium for the benefit of the Students' Building. In so doing they followed the exam-

Alpha-Phi Kappa Psi Play of the preceding year, when the joint play was so successful. The play is one of Pinero's, clever and bright as his always are, but perhaps lacking in force, since it has no distinct hero and heroine. Instead there are three of each, a very *embarras* of riches. The scenery was excellently done and the stage committee is to be congratulated upon the truly rustic effect of the "Tangle" and the austere contrast in the gymnasium scene. The serving of tea in the second act is a piece of stage setting which is a trifle hackneyed, but how could we have a Pinero play without something to eat! As a whole the play is witty and amusing, and not beyond the amateur company. The cast was as follows:

Lord Litterly,.....	Sue Kennedy
Lord Tweenways,.....	Sarah Schaff
André de Grival,.....	Eda Bruné
Rev. Roger Minchin,.....	Margaret Mendell
Fitton (gamekeeper),....	Lucy Hastings
Orts (a poacher),... ..	Margery Ferriss
Lady Castlejordan,	Florence Snow
Lady Noeline Belturbet,	Jessie Ames
Lady Thomasin Belturbet,	Anna Holden
Lady Wilhelmina Belturbet,.....	Emma Otis
Sergeant Shuter,.....	Ethel Freeman
Youatt,.....	Ruth French

In the main the play was very well presented when one takes into consideration all the limitations. Eda Bruné's acting was almost above criticism. She was perfectly at home upon the stage, and showed in every word and gesture excellent conception and careful study of her part. Sarah Schaff was fair as Lord Tweenways. Her chief fault seemed to be want of confidence, and it was undoubtedly due to this that Tweenways lacked sufficient individuality. Jessie Ames also was not quite at her best,—she hurried too much, and consequently failed to emphasize several telling situations. In the first act her appearance lent charm to the scene, and as the play progressed she gained confidence, so that in the last act she did some excellent work. Anna Holden perhaps did not get as much out of her part as there was in it, but her acting was throughout well sustained and suggestive, in spite of the difficulties of the part. Sue Kennedy failed to give us an adequate presentation of the young Englishman. Instead she was the debonair Frenchman and much too fond of side play for a somewhat stolid young Anglo-Saxon. Emma Otis's rendering was not remarkable, but the part did not call for much acting, and what she did was in the main good. The minor characters were well sustained; Florence Snow, Margaret Mendell, and Lucy Hastings being particularly good. The play as a whole showed careful work for so limited a time, and the usual attention to details helped to preserve the harmonious effect.

On Monday, May 12, the third in the series of informal talks to be delivered by members of the faculty was given by Miss Caverno at the Lawrence House. Her subject was "The College Girl
Miss Caverno's Lecture at Home."

Miss Caverno said that she did not consider it a crime for a girl to be dependant upon her parents, provided it were no burden upon them; and she advised such girls to stay at home at least for some time. The college girl will find enough to do at home, she said, for there is needed in cities and particularly in small towns just the kind of efficient work that a college girl can do. She referred to the philanthropic work outside of the settlement, work for the uplifting of the individual rather than of the mass.

Furthermore, in our own homes, though no great glory attends, there are many duties which we are competent to perform, provided we assume them in an unobtrusive way. The chief danger is that since for four years we have been independent and to a greater or less degree in responsible positions and have become accustomed to directing affairs, we may forget that the home belongs to our mother, and that she is capable of managing it without any reformation of her housekeeping methods on the part of her daughter.

One of the chief benefits to be gained from the four years spent at college is that the relations between a girl and her mother become adjusted at a time when neither of them knows exactly how to treat the other; the mother learning that her daughter is able to care for herself in many ways, while the latter comes to realize the value of her mother's experience. This adjustment gained, life at home becomes much more harmonious than if the daughter had never been away.

In the church, also, there are many hard places which can be successfully filled by the college graduate, but in which she must consent to work according to the methods of other people who have had more practical experience. Neither the church nor the town desires to be reformed, so that all work must be accomplished unobtrusively, and perhaps not for years or even ever will the girl herself know how well she has done her part in the community.

HELEN FAIRBANKS HILL 1908.

The problem that confronts a person who is trying to give a brief, and at the same time an adequate representation of a Young Women's Christian Association conference is twofold. In the

The Silver Bay Conference first place, she is afraid of becoming so enthusiastic over her subject as a whole that she will entirely omit dates and time-tables, while on the other hand, she runs the risk of making out a list of dry statistics that bear no vital relation to the real spirit of such a gathering. The simplest path out of the difficulty, perhaps, will be to dispose of the driest facts first.

This summer the tenth annual conference of the Young Women's Christian Association will be held at Silver Bay, Lake George, and will last from June 27 to July 7. The meeting place speaks for itself to any one who loves the beauty of lake and woods and hills, while on the practical side there is the inducement of a large summer hotel, fully equipped, given over unreservedly for the use of the delegations. The expenses for these ten days, including a registration fee of five dollars, are sixteen dollars, and all railroads offer the delegates reduced rates.

The various meetings of the conference take up many kinds of work. For the alumnae, there are discussions of the various phases of philanthropy in the great cities; for the students, outlines of Bible class methods and comparisons of different college associations and the arrangements of their committees. On the more universal side, the Missionary Institute represents work done in all portions of the world, and there are daily meetings beside in which many of the best speakers and preachers in the country take part. Best of all, perhaps, are the delegation meetings where the girls of one's own college get together for a little informal chat over the practical problems of college life.

But by no means all the time is taken up with meetings. The afternoons are left perfectly free, and the girls use them as they please, in resting, walking, rowing, or more active athletics. Here is where the jolliest kind of intercollegiate rivalry comes in. As for basket-ball, it is as exciting as the big game, when the red and the green, the purple and the yellow, fight side by side for the glory of "fair Smith." The climax comes on College Day, when the girls gather from all sides, each delegation proudly bearing its colors, singing the praises of its Alma Mater, and gaily saluting its many friends.

After all, the spirit of the convention is very like what we all love best in college, hearty good-fellowship, common ideals, and the inspiration that comes with both. For every one knows every one else, and formal introductions are brushed aside as superfluous. And because of the general atmosphere of friendship and understanding, mutual helpfulness seems only natural, and the "deeper things" follow just as simply because they lie at the heart

of all the rest. Religion is to each one of us a personal matter, yet I think no girl can attend such a gathering without finding much that meets her individual need. There is the inspiration of a great company of people, gathered together from all parts of the world, but united in a common aim and purpose. There is the personal uplift that comes from being in the presence of men and women who have given their talents and labor, and have even risked life itself, in loving self-sacrifice for those around them. If it were possible to estimate the influence of such an experience in terms of one idea, I should say that it is the realization of personal responsibility, whether great or small, and with that comes the possibility of living one's own life nobly. "And this is the reward: that the ideal shall be real to thee."

HELEN ESTHER KELLEY 1902.

The one event which gives one the truly upper-class feeling, namely the Junior Promenade, came at last on May 14 and went all too quickly. In

the afternoon the pretty scenes approved by cus-

The Junior Promenade tom were again enacted on the back campus, and everything conspired to make it delightful.

The weather was warm enough to permit of summer gowns and a flourishing ice-cream sale beneath the apple-trees, while at one side the musical clubs rendered their pieces. It is always difficult to hear the clubs out-of-doors, but they made up in quality what they lacked in quantity. From the green and white of the outdoors we turned later to the green and white of the Gymnasium, and though one was the work of nature and the other of an artificer, yet each was admirably suited to its part. The heaviest part of the decorating did not fall upon the sophomores, as usual, this year, but instead a professional decorator was hired for the main hall. The ceiling was hidden from view by the long strips of bunting which however gave full play to the lights, so that the result was a brilliant ball room, quite different from the place where many a time we've swung the double-booms. From seven until seven-thirty the reception took place; the class president, Miss Bartle, and the vice-president, Miss Parker, receiving in the box with Mrs. Bartle, Mrs. O'Neil, Miss Czarnomska, Miss Jordan, and Mrs. Williams. The other patronesses, Miss Eastman, Miss Berenson, Dr. Brewster, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Blanchard, and Mrs. Fletcher received at the fire-place. At promptly seven-thirty the class president opened the dance, and then followed the merry evening with its inspiring music furnished by the Springfield Philharmonic Orchestra. In every detail the evening was a success.

The sophomores had as usual decorated the little rooms opening off the main floor and the staircase. The junior class extends to their committee its grateful thanks for their work, which showed much artistic taste and careful thought. The rooms with their oriental or antique hangings furnished pleasant retreats and were all fitted up with delightful cozy corners. At promptly eleven-thirty the lights were out and the juniors went on their way rejoicing. The next day the faculty kindly excused the junior class from recitations and so, as the day was beautiful, "we took to the hills" and spent the day in following out the time-worn but joyous command, "eat, drink and be merry".

ANNA CHARLOTTE HOLDEN 1903.

On Wednesday evening, May 21, the annual concert was given to the senior class by Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen, Mr. Charles N. Allen Senior Concert and Dr. B. C. Blodgett. At 7.45 the class marched into Assembly Hall in a body, led by two ushers from the class of 1908. The following programme was rendered :

VORSPIEL to "Lohengrin," }
 SIEGMUND'S LOVE SONG from "Die Walküre," } *Wagner*
 (Violin and Piano.)

SONGS :

- a. My heart ever faithful, *Bach*
 b. Pastoral, *Veracini*

SONATA in A minor, op. 19, —(Violin and Piano), *Rubinstein*
 Allegro con moto. Scherzo, Allegro.
 Adagio, non troppo. Allegro molto.

SONGS :—(Texts by Robert Browning).

I send my heart up to Thee, }
 Ah, love but a day, } *Mrs. Beach*
 The year's at the spring. }

ORGAN SALUTATION to the Class.

VIOLIN SOLI :

Elegie, *Franz Ries*
 Mazur, No. 1, *Mlynarski*
 Canzonetta, from Concerto Romantique, op. 85, *Godard*
 Meditation, op. 25, *Allen*

SONG CYCLE,—(with Violin obligato), *Landon Ronald*
 Daybreak—Morning.
 Evening—Night.

It is again time for the annual report of the Students' Building committee. Although many are familiar with its history and plans, we review, for the benefit of those who have forgotten or never

The Students' Building known, the work of the various committees. The raising of the fund began in 1895. Last fall the amount on hand was \$26,704.98. The results of this year's work already are \$1,000. If the committee decides to make its usual spring collection, we hope there will be another generous sum to add to the above. In order to aid the raising of the \$100,000 Fund this year, the Students' Building committee has not pressed its demands.

With the above mentioned amount, work on the building has already commenced. The site chosen for the building is on the back campus directly behind the Tyler House. A framed copy of a drawing of the proposed building hangs in the Reading Room in College Hall. The plans include an entertainment hall (which will seat 500 on the floor and 300 in the balcony), a general assembly room, several society rooms, a music room, and some offices.

The following members have been elected to take the places of the 1902 members on the Students' Building committee : Annie Eaton 1903, Alice

Berry Wright 1904, and Ellen Richardson 1905. Marion Evans 1903 has been made chairman of the committee for the coming year. The outgoing seniors extend to the next year's committee their deep interest and best wishes.

MAY WALLACE BARTA 1903.

On Wednesday evening, May 28, the annual entertainment was given to the senior class by the juniors. A platform dance on the back campus had been planned, but although the platform was ready in time the weather wasn't; so the brass band for the occasion took up its quarters in the Alumnæ Gymnasium and the dancing began in-doors at 7.30. The music was very good and so were the refreshments, served by the freshmen. The dance was an especially pleasant one, and the Junior-Senior Entertainment was once more a great success. There is a reason why it should be so since it is here that the two classes bury the hatchet of class rivalry forever, where past differences are forgotten and future friendship is pledged. At the end of the entertainment the juniors deposited their partners in the middle of the floor and dancing in a circle around them, sang the health of the class of 1902 and some of her prominent members. Sudden darkness finally put an end to the singing.

This spring has ushered in a revival of interest in tennis playing throughout the college, and the courts, especially those on the lower part of the campus, are in better condition for use than they have been for some time. That their good condition is appreciated is shown by the fact that all the courts are engaged for two days ahead within a very few minutes after the time for their engagement has been set, and this in face of the difficulty that the old rule limiting the use of courts to members of the G. and F. A. is being strictly enforced. The college is evidently applying the maxim—"Make hay while the sun shines" to tennis in the form of "Play tennis while there are yet courts", for the Students' Building—and there is probably no great blessing which does not bring in its train some paltry sorrow—will temporarily at least endanger the existence of all the courts on the lower campus.

The annual spring tennis tournament began with about the usual number of contestants, and Gertrude Beecher 1903 won the finals. Marion Aldrich 1902, however, who won the championship cup last year, won it again this year.

At the annual mass meeting of the G. and F. A., held on May 23, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Alice Boutwell 1904; Vice-President, Gertrude Beecher 1903; Secretary, Helen Dill 1905; Treasurer, Alice Evans 1905. The class representatives elected were Jessie Ames 1903, Margaret Hotchkiss 1904, and Beatrice Springer 1905.

On Monday evening, May 12, Dr. J. A. Thompson of Amherst College lectured before the Physics Club on "Determinations of High Temperatures."

At the annual meeting of the Société Française the following officers for next year were elected: President, Alta Zens 1903; Vice-President, Esther Conant 1903; Secretary, Marion Page 1904; Treasurer, Bessie Boynton 1904; Executive Committee, Candace Thurber 1904, Mary Wadsworth 1904, Anne Chapin 1904.

On Sunday, May 25, Bishop Vinton of the diocese of Western Massachusetts spoke at Vespers.

The 1902 editorial board of the *Monthly* wishes to announce that it has given \$100 to the Students' Building Fund and \$75 to be used for furnishing the new editors' room in the Students' Building when it is completed.

The alumnae who were in the Lawrence House during Mrs. Woodruff's residence there, have placed a water color picture in the Lawrence House parlor in memory of her. The picture is a scene on Lake Como by Charles W. Sanderson.

Since Miss Carolle Barber is unable to return next year, Miss Alice Jackson '98, who has been working for the past year in the Christodora House, New York, has accepted the invitation of the Advisory Committee to become General Secretary of the S. C. A. C. W.

PROGRAMME FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK

Dress Rehearsal of Senior Play,	Thursday, June 12,	7.30 P. M.
Senior Play,	Friday, June 13,	7.30 P. M.
Senior Play,	Saturday, June 14,	7.30 P. M.
Baccalaureate Sermon,	Sunday, June 15,	4.00 P. M.
Ivy Exercises,	Monday, June 16,	10.00 A. M.
Art Reception,	“ “	4.00-6.00 P. M.
Glee Club Promenade,	“ “	7.00 P. M.
Reception,	“ “	8.00-10.00 P. M.
Commencement Exercises,	Tuesday, June 17,	10.30 A. M.
Alumnæ Collation,	“ “	12.00 M.
Alumnæ Meeting,	“ “	3.00 P. M.

Orator, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, S. T. D. LL. D.

